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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 7 • 1963 20c

ON THE WATERFRONT today

Budd Schulberg finds it still rotten to the core

Stella Stevens, one of the
FAIR YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GIRLS
who claw their way to stardom

Exclusive survey: **How anti-Negro is the North?** / A congressman speaks out: **The test ban is a trap!**

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POST

SEPTEMBER 7, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 30

Articles

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What the North thinks about Negroes . . *by Stewart Alsop and Oliver Quayle* 17

The fair young Hollywood girls . . . . . *by Richard Warren Lewis* 22

The waterfront revisited . . . . . *by Budd Schulberg* 28

The headline-making exposure of the Mafia appeared two issues ago in the *Post*; then came Quentin Reynolds' dramatic account of New York's current gang wars; and now Budd Schulberg reveals how mobsters still infest the nation's largest port. Schulberg, who won fame for such hard-hitting novels as *What Makes Sammy Run?*, *The Harder They Fall*, and *The Disenchanted*, first got to know the crime-ridden New York docks ten years ago. His screenplay for *On the Waterfront* won him an Oscar. When he returned recently to take a new look at the old battlefields, friends warned him his life might be in danger, but Schulberg ignored the warnings to produce this report on the sickness in a great city.

The Kennedy clansman nobody knows *by Alan L. Otten and Charles B. Seib* 69

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The authors. *Post* Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** joined forces with professional pollster **Oliver Quayle** and interviewed 500 Americans from coast to coast for their startling report on white reaction to the Negro revolt. . . . Free-lance writer **Richard Warren Lewis,** who tells how pretty girls become stars, found the starlets ready for anything. During an interview, one beauty ran out of purple-papered cigarettes and calmly switched to the author's cigars. . . . English-born writer **Margaret Bonham** has had 94 short stories published. . . . **Alan L. Otten,** coauthor of the story on President Kennedy's "unknown" brother-in-law, covers the White House for *The Wall Street Journal*, and **Charles B. Seib** is assistant managing editor of the Washington *Star*. . . . Food expert **Esther Riva Solomon** attended the Cordon Bleu in Paris. . . . **Richard Llewellyn,** who describes a priest's fight against poverty, is the author of the famous best-seller, *How Green Was My Valley*. . . . Free-lance writer **Edward Linn**, who collaborated on Bill Veeck's story of trying to buy the Washington Senators, also collaborated with the former Cleveland and Chicago owner on the autobiography, *Veeck as in Wreck* . . . . **C. P. Gilmore**, who reports on a city's fiery ordeal, covered disasters for TV

The cover portrait of **Stella Stevens** is by **Allan Grant,** a well-known movie-star photographer.

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Psoriasis symptoms—13 common trouble spots:

(1) scalp
(2) neck
(3) shoulders
(4) elbows
(5) arms
(6) hands
(7) chest
(8) back
(9) mid areas
(10) knees
(11) thighs
(12) legs
(13) feet

No matter where itching and scaling of psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings guaranteed relief.

LETTERS

Goldwater's G.O.P.

Regarding the article by Jackie Robinson [THE G.O.P.: FOR WHITE MEN ONLY? Aug. 10-17], may I say, as a former staunch Republican worker, marvelous! This is the need of the hour, for honest, forthright, simple truth to set the nation to thinking seriously about the way our leaders treat the civil-rights issue.

MARILYN BOSS
Charlevoix, Mich.

• With all respect to Jackie Robinson and the Negro cause, I feel this article was a smear on Senator Goldwater. Goldwater is not and has not been "the oracle of the white-Republican movement." In fact he was a leader in the civil-rights movement in Phoenix, Ariz., and was once a member of the N.A.A.C.P.

ROBERT M. JONES
West Lafayette, Ind.

• Clear, concise and convincing, Mr. Robinson's plea on the civil-rights issue will surely help his cause along with many fair-minded fellow citizens.

HJALMAR GRAFF
El Monte, Calif.

• I do not always agree with the junior senator from Arizona, but he has yet to produce anything as bad as this long, loud foul by a once-great ballplayer who apparently fancies himself the Walter Lippmann of the basepaths. Thank God that Barry Goldwater is not the Jackie Robinson of the United States Congress.

DEAN RUSSEL RINDY
Houston, Tex.

Mafia exposed

Peter Maas's article, THE MAFIA: THE INSIDE STORY [Aug. 10–17], is one of those too-rare forward steps in the area of public information that this country so sorely needs. Honest and decent people all over this land will thank you for giving these slimy hoods what they detest most: publicity and heat.

JOSE H. LOWRY
Milwaukee, Wis.

The flying jackasses

As representative of the nation's 14,000 commercial airline pilots, whose safety record is indisputably the finest in the world, GET THE JACKASSES OUT OF THE AIR [July 27-Aug. 3] presents a distorted picture of what goes on in the cockpits of our airliners. By omission of essential facts, the editorial implies that the incidents it depicts are current, which they aren't, and that they are typical and widespread, which they never were. The subcommittee report upon which the editorial was based is a report of hearings held over a year ago and involving alleged instances occurring as long ago as seven years and not less than two years. It is significant also that of several hundred allegations—brought by an organization with an ax to grind against pilots during a labor dispute and therefore of questionable motivation—only 13 were substantiated to any degree after thorough investigation some time ago, and [illegible] were imposed in these instances before the report.

The competence, health, conduct and abilities of airline pilots are already constantly checked by both the federal agencies and airline companies through periodic demonstrations of proficiency and examinations as well as in-flight observations on a reasonable number of regular flights. In addition, pilots subscribe to a code of ethics governing their conduct and police themselves through a continuous professional-standards program established by the Air Line Pilots Association.

The safety record, practices and contributions of the pilots and the association speak for themselves. These are safety-minded men whose efforts and job performance have played important parts in establishing high standards and safety levels in air transportation. Maximum efforts are constantly being exerted by them to achieve and maintain optimum air safety.

The public can place its complete confidence in the men who fly our nation's airliners with the assurance that passenger safety is a paramount consideration both to A.L.P.A. and to the individual pilot who does not take his responsibility for the lives entrusted to his care lightly.

CHARLES H. RUBY, *President*
Air Line Pilots Association
Chicago, Ill.

A poet's life

You are to be complimented on Yevgeny Yevtushenko's article [A PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, Aug. 10-17]. Whatever one's private or public feelings might be with respect to Communism, the vigor and richness of this man's writing transcend both national boundaries and ideological differences.

ROBERT W. RUSSELL
Reno, Nev.

• No matter what his ideology teaches, Yevtushenko is alive with a visionary and sensitive idealism. He is a young man with courage.

BEVERLY REED
Red Bank, N.J.

Ye olde Tin Goose

Cheers that Anne Chamberlin landed in *The Post* after her trip in the Tin Goose! Her account [LAST GASP OF THE TIN GOOSE, Aug. 10–17] is perfectly delightful—and a rare laugh-out-loud treat.

MRS. ELLEN W. CLARK
Belvedere, Calif.

• Miss Chamberlin quoted me as making a very uncouth statement: "We carry it up on a tray and bring it back in a vomit can." During one of my conversations with her she asked me about the number of passengers that used to get airsick when I was an [illegible] hostess compared with today. I repl[illegible] "On the fast, modern planes of tod[illegible] rarely, if ever, is there an airsick passenger. In the DC-2, and especially over the Grand Canyon, we always told the

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The American eagle is a symbol of freedom. Once this noble bird was seen flying almost everywhere. Now he is vanishing. Is the free and independent spirit that he symbolizes vanishing as well?

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Yet some other people think that our federal government—rather than individuals—should own certain businesses. Our investor-owned electric light and power companies are one of their chief targets. These are companies built, run, owned by and employing people who believe in individual effort. They have served you well, and you helped them grow by your support as a customer.

When you consider what our country has always stood for, can you see why anyone should want our federal government to do any job it doesn't have to do—such as owning and managing the electric light and power business? Isn't it best to leave that to individuals, like you, who believe individual effort is the quality that will always keep our nation strong?

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LETTERS

passengers before serving that there was going to be turbulence; but they usually ate. So we carried the food out on a tray and back in an airsick container."

MRS. THELMA JEAN HIATT HARMAN
Kansas City, Kans.

• What does *The Post* mean, "Last Gasp"? The Tin Goose goes faithfully on, in the service of the Island Airline (shortest in the world). This unique airline serves the Lake Erie islands of Kelleys, South, Middle and North Bass with a schedule that reads like bus service—in fact, the kids on the islands ride the Tin Geese (they have two of them) every school day of the year. To them it's an aerial school bus.

ROBERT W. STAILEY
Westerville, Ohio

Hidden cancers

The article entitled COLOR MOVIES FIND HIDDEN CANCERS [by George J. Jaffe, June 29–July 6] attributes to Dr. Henry Colcher the pioneering work done by others in developing and making possible the Gastroduodenal Fiberscope. . . . [This instrument] was developed by L. E. Curtis, Basil Hirschowitz and C. W. Peters, and the instrument was first presented at the national meeting of the American Gastroscopic Society May 16, 1957. From the beginning the Gastroduodenal Fiberscope has been manufactured by us and has carried the name, Hirschowitz Gastroduodenal Fiberscope.

F. J. WALLACE, *President*
American Cystoscope Makers, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

It's still hurrah

Having known and admired Happy [Chandler] for over 40 years, I question the requiem intonation of this article [HAPPY'S LAST HURRAH, by Harold H. Martin, Aug. 10–17] and point to the philosophy of Seneca: "Great men rejoice in adversity just as brave soldiers triumph in war." Hold the line, team! Happy is not out of the political game.

GUY HAMPTON SOWARDS
Tryon, N.C.

Christina without a cause

Christina Paolozzi [LOST LITTLE RICH GIRL, by Gay Talese, Aug. 10–17] said, "It's incredible that a person with as little talent as myself can become a public symbol. . . . How did it happen?" My sentiments exactly.

ERNEST F. ALLEN
Vicksburg, Miss.

• Why do you do it? You give us outstanding articles like MAFIA and PRECOCIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, beautiful pictures of ZOO'S WHO, a fine commentary like SPEAKING OUT. And then you throw in this story of a millionairess who is "s-o-o-o bored." Who wouldn't be bored with so idiotic and aimless a life?

MRS. SHIRLEY WOLF
Los Angeles, Calif.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Last chance for our schools?

By MARTIN MAYER
A searching appraisal of our crisis in education

Is the space race costing us needless billions?

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST

Triumph and tragedy

A poignant story by

Bernard Malamud

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SPEAKING OUT

Congressman Hosmer, 48, Republican of California, is ranking minority member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. During World War II he saw combat with the Navy as commander of an assault transport ship. A lawyer, he has served as counsel for the Atomic Energy Commission's Los Alamos laboratories.

Beware the test ban!

By Rep. CRAIG HOSMER

Speaking for the alarmed minority, a congressman charges that the nuclear-test agreement endangers America.

The limited nuclear test ban is a Russian bear trap. It will help the Soviet Union and hurt the United States. It will allow the Russians to catch up in nuclear-weapons development, in which they are behind, and prevent us from catching up in areas in which they are ahead. This topsy-turvy treaty raises the ominous possibility that, in time, the Soviet Union could gain the clear-cut nuclear supremacy it needs to achieve Communism's unalterable goal of world domination.

Despite serious ideological differences between Moscow and Peking, neither has abandoned the idea that the West shall be buried. Their dispute is over how, when and how deep.

For a decade and a half America's over-all nuclear superiority has deterred the Kremlin from seeking its goal quickly and explosively with nuclear weapons. Our ability to retaliate with fearsome damage to the Soviet Union has made that method too costly. Our deterrent also has curbed Russia's cold-war activities. Fears that limited wars might get out of hand and escalate to nuclear war have tempered Soviet adventurism.

America's superior nuclear arsenal has been maintained by American scientists in unrestricted competition with Russian scientists. Now the rules of competition are to be changed. All testing is to go underground. President Kennedy has said this will be a "first step" toward reducing world tensions, freeing us from the fear and danger of fallout, preventing the spread of nuclear weapons and limiting the arms race in ways that will strengthen our security more than unrestricted testing. He has argued that it is a step toward peace well worth taking, because the terms of the treaty will allow the United States to retain its present nuclear superiority.

But will it allow us to retain superiority? Is it a step toward peace as we understand it—or as the Hungarian Freedom Fighters savagely were taught it?

Here is the nub of the matter and here there is room for discussion—and dissent. Power, not good intentions, rules the world. No one knows this better than the Russians. Why, after all these truculent years, have they suddenly decided there shall be a test-ban agreement? What is behind Khruschev's quick change from the frowning Russian rocket rattler of last October's Cuban crisis to the smiling Russian treaty peddler of today? Has the wolf jumped out of his skin and a lamb jumped in? Hardly. He obviously believes the pact is giving him something at the expense of the United States. Khrushchev thinks he is getting a bargain. He is.

While allowing underground testing, the treaty bans explosions in the atmosphere, underwater or in space. For the Soviets, nothing could be better. With underground tests they can develop the kinds of small, tactical weapons that the United States has been building successfully for years. They will have the unrestricted opportunity to equal or surpass us. In the atmosphere the Russians already have made tremendous advances with strategic weapons far more powerful than any that the United States has. In 1961, when Khrushchev coolly broke the testing moratorium, Russian scientists detonated one weapon with a force of 58 megatons. It can be scaled up to a yield of 100 megatons and safely placed in Soviet arsenals without further testing. The exact yield of the biggest American weapon is a military secret, but a good bet is that the Red Army calculates it at not over 30 megatons.

During the 1961 series of 31 atmospheric shots and continuing with last year's series of 49, the U.S.S.R. also made some startling advances in the development of more sophisticated nuclear weapons. Caught flat-footed by the sudden Soviet test resumption in September, 1961, we could not get our own atmospheric series under way until April, 1962. With nearly 90 tests, we made some significant advances on our own, but technical difficulties cut our high altitude experiments severely. On balance, we need to continue testing far more than the Russians. These are the reasons why:

First, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara has testified that the Russians, like ourselves, are rapidly hiding their missile bases and other military installations far underground in protective cocoons of concrete. Without atmospheric testing we cannot increase the yield of our warheads. Knowing the limitation on those yields, the Russians easily can pour enough concrete to protect against them. When that is done, our retaliatory strike-back forces will be left threatening empty launching pads and invulnerable fortresses. That kind of threat against the Soviet homeland is hardly sufficient to deter the Kremlin. Nuclear war will become more likely, not less.

Second, our nuclear deterrent will be weakened in yet another way by a ban on atmospheric testing. To pose a credible retaliatory threat, we must be strong enough to absorb a surprise Sunday punch and then rally to devastate the attacker. The enemy's nuclear attack will create weird disturbances in all unprotected electrical circuitry. Yet to strike back convincingly, millions of electrical circuits at SAC bases, in our bombers, missiles and Polaris submarines all must work in unison and function perfectly—beginning with transmission of the command to retaliate through every step of the massive strike-back operation, right down to triggering our warheads over enemy targets. We know a good deal about nullifying these electromagnetic disturbances, but we need to know very much more. That knowledge can be learned only from atmospheric testing.

Third, the United States starts with the sobering knowledge that, if war comes, we will be on the defensive. This means we will be using defensive nuclear weapons over our own territory and that of our allies. Dr. Edward Teller, the "father of the H-bomb," has pointed out time and again that these weapons must create little or no fallout. Otherwise we will severely hurt ourselves in our own defense. We have made a good start toward developing cleaner nuclear explosives. But we need to learn much more and, again, we need to test in the atmosphere to do the job.

Fourth, we need to test in the atmosphere to perfect the antimissile missile, the weapon that we may need desperately to preserve our nuclear deterrent. The

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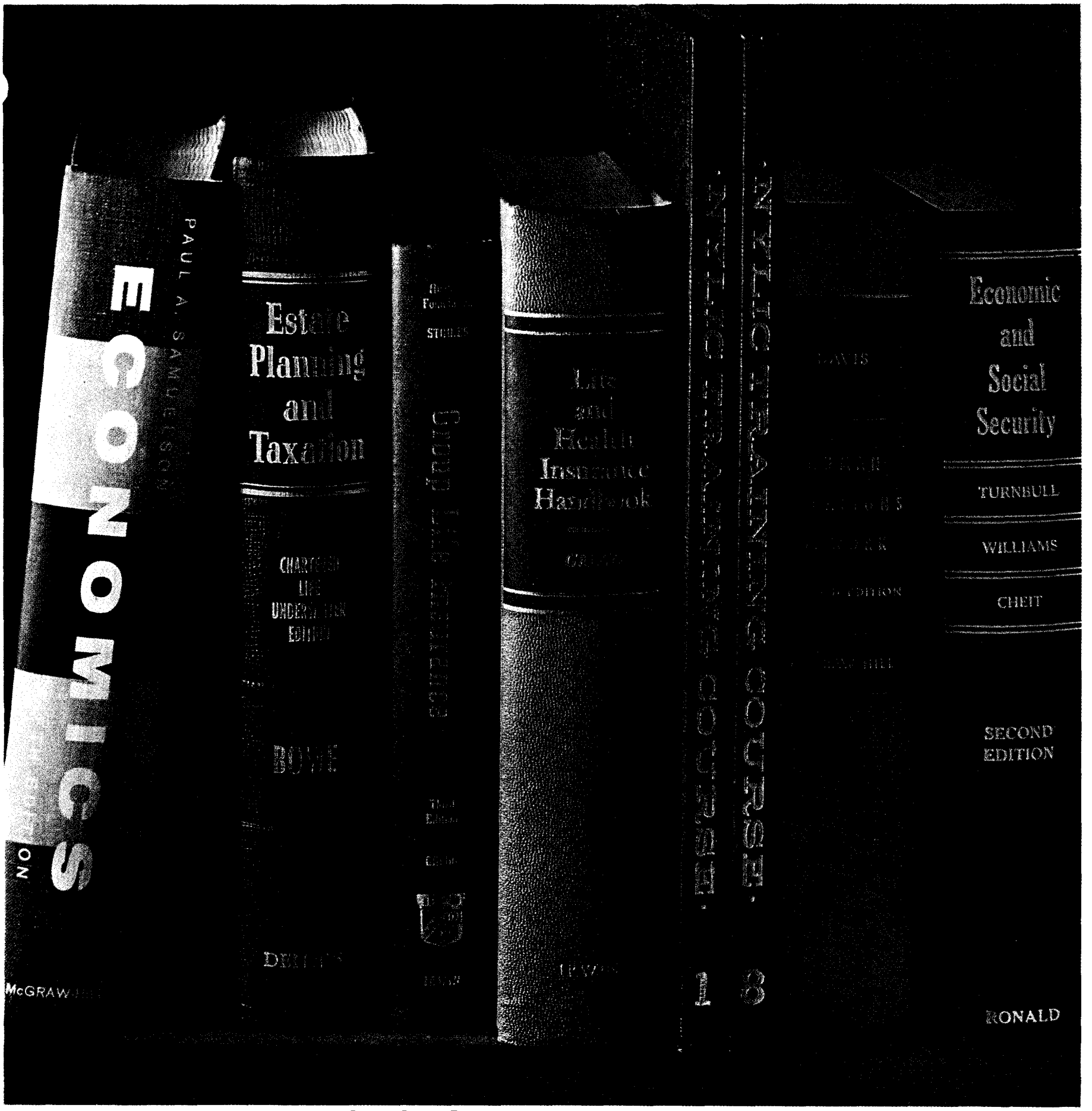

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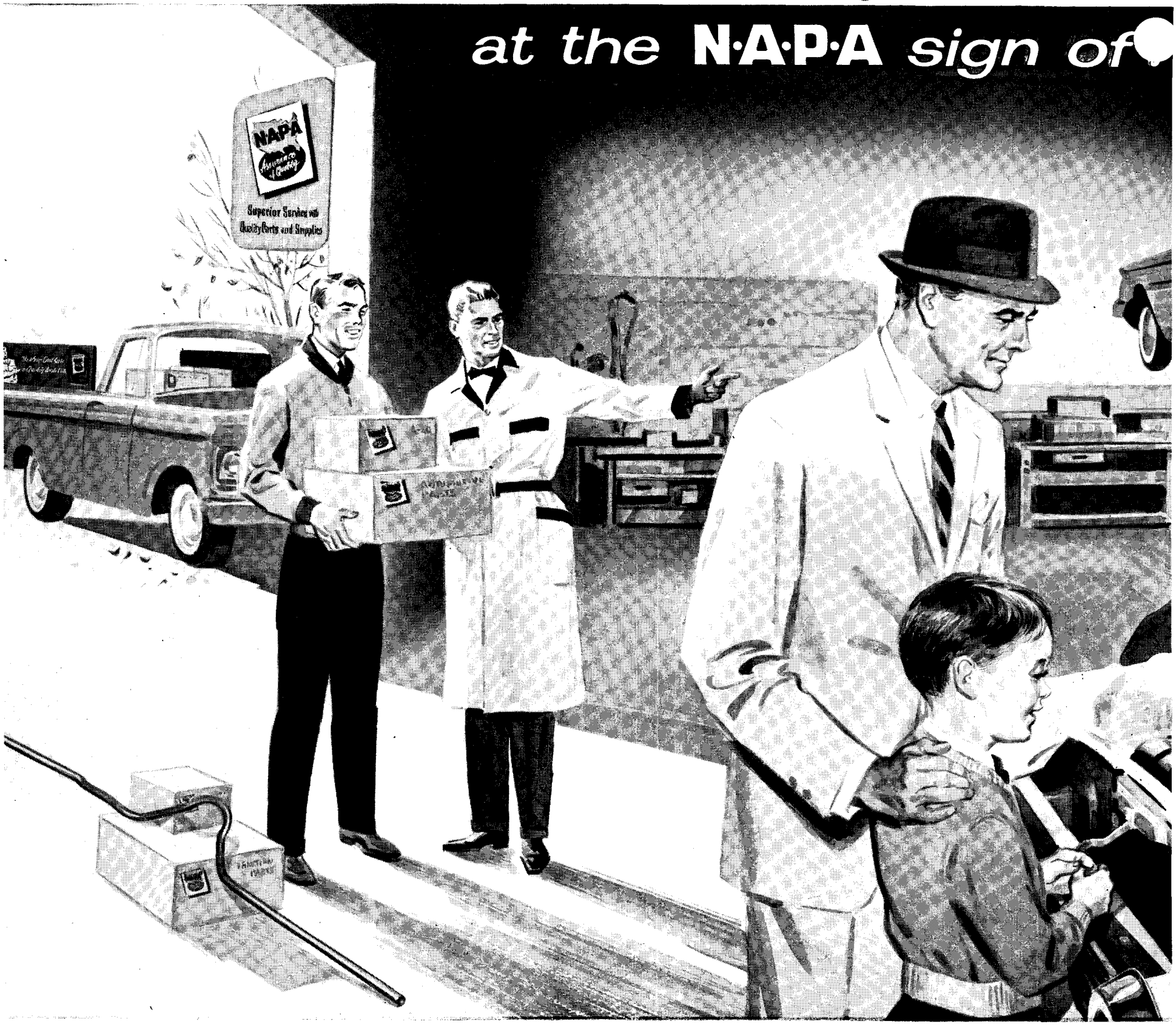

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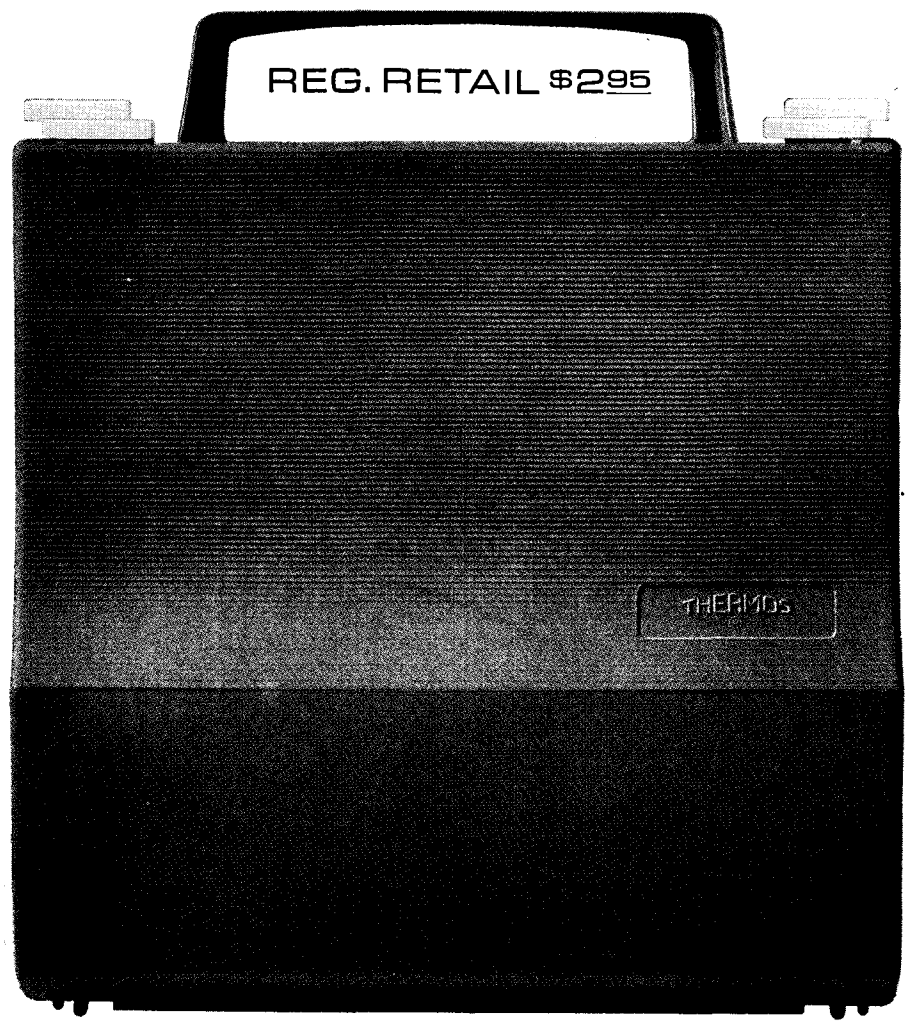

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SPEAKING OUT

technical problems of creating a defense against a warhead hurtling down on the United States are great. Secretary McNamara has expressed doubts that it can be done at all. However, Khrushchev, in fact, insists that the Russians have already turned the trick. "We can hit a fly in the sky," he says.

If Khrushchev's claim that his scientists have solved the technical problems is correct, then as soon as the Russian missile-defense system is put into operation our nuclear deterrent will be largely nullified. Our only course of action is to develop an antimissile missile of our own. To do this, we have to test in the environment in which the weapon will be used—the atmosphere.

Lewis L. Strauss, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has forcefully pointed out how vital it is to test new weapons under realistic conditions. "At our peril," he has said, "we cannot afford to repeat the tragic mistake we made with torpedoes between World Wars I and II when we had not tested torpedoes with live warheads, and its consequence was to send our submarines into the Pacific with torpedoes that would not explode."

Fifth, because the treaty will be unpoliced, the Russians could make a quantum jump militarily by the trick of surprise abrogation—clandestine preparation leading up to the sudden start of tests. Last year President Kennedy himself said that an atmospheric-test-ban treaty would be "extremely vulnerable" without provision for "adequate inspection" guarding against secret preparation for a surprise abrogation. Although President Kennedy has promised to keep in readiness our own plans to resume testing quickly, our program is bound to sag unless it is kept alive by at least some limited atmospheric testing. This was explained by the President in 1962 before the resumption of our own tests when he said, ". . . we cannot keep topflight scientists concentrating on the preparation of an experiment which may or may not take place at an uncertain date in the future. Nor can large technical laboratories be kept fully alert on a standby basis waiting for some nation to break an agreement. This is not merely difficult or inconvenient—we have explored this alternative thoroughly and found it impossible of execution. . . ."

Sixth, there is need for the United States to continue testing because the treaty fails to rule out Soviet cheat tests either in the air or in space. Secretary of State Dean Rusk has asserted to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the pact places no "faith and trust" in the Kremlin, and that it is "self-enforcing," since the United States could easily detect any atmospheric tests by the Russians. His assertions do not square with the Atomic Energy Commission's inability to classify three sets of "manifestations" from the Soviet Union early in June as nonnuclear. There is no assurance they were not very low-yield or very clean air shots that released only small amounts of fission products. As to space cheating, series after series of very profitable Soviet tests in outer space could be carried on entirely without suspicion on our part.

For all these reasons, the test-ban treaty helps Russia militarily. It also helps Russia psychologically and politically.

The negotiation and signing of the treaty in Moscow, together with Premier Khrushchev's role as the only participating head of state, gives Russia a credible claim to the "peacemaker" image. In addition, the treaty helps Khrushchev in his struggle with the Chinese. The negotiation tells both East and West that Khrushchev's book on *How to Succeed in Aggression Without Really Bombing* is still a best seller.

An ineffective treaty removes the pressure of world opinion for an effective one that would stop Russian progress as well as our own. Furthermore, an unpoliced treaty ratifies the Soviet "closed society" principle and forestalls future attempts to open it up.

The treaty also hints our extreme reluctance to use nuclear weapons at all, except in a final showdown with the Soviet Union. Communist and other aggressors seem to be left free to intensify conventional attacks without fear of our calculated use of nuclear arms to block them. Stepped-up Red Korean action along the Korean Armistice line already has cost U.S. casualties.

In addition, the treaty could be interpreted as preventing us from giving needed nuclear weapons to our allies. This comes at a time when our NATO allies seriously resent their inability to deter the Soviets independently should we refuse or become too weak to do so. Without the freedom to share our weapons, this estrangement will deepen. The dissolution of NATO could well result. This, for years, has been one of Khrushchev's priority objectives. The nuclear test ban also comes at a time when our allies in the Far East are increasingly worried that the Red Chinese will soon get nuclear weapons.

Appeal to the emotions

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of the test-ban proposal, however, and the most difficult to argue against, is its emotional appeal. As Khrushchev knows all too well, the treaty seems to assure the worried peoples of the world that after the long years of fear everything is going to be all right. Surely the treaty must be the beginning of a thaw in the Cold War. Surely, the Russians must now be ready to work for a real peace.

For Americans this line of wishful thinking could be disastrous. We could rapidly develop a false sense of security that would lead us to drop our guard. We could be emotionally pressured into more comprehensive disarmament agreements without adequate controls.

All the "first steps" sought by President Kennedy with his partial treaty could be gained through much wiser means—a simple treaty between the U.S. and the Soviet Union stipulating that atmospheric testing be stopped whenever certain reasonable, agreed-upon levels of fallout had been reached. These "first steps" would be substantially free from the military, psychological and political disadvantages of the treaty at hand—which solves none of the basic conflicts between Russia and the United States. The problem of Berlin would still exist. So would Laos. So would Cuba. And there is not a shred of evidence to indicate that Americans would not continue to be killed in Korea and South Vietnam.

In such a world, the United States must keep up its nuclear guard. And the only safe way we can maintain the nuclear deterrent is by refusing to accept a Communist scheme to force us to stop testing in the atmosphere. THE END

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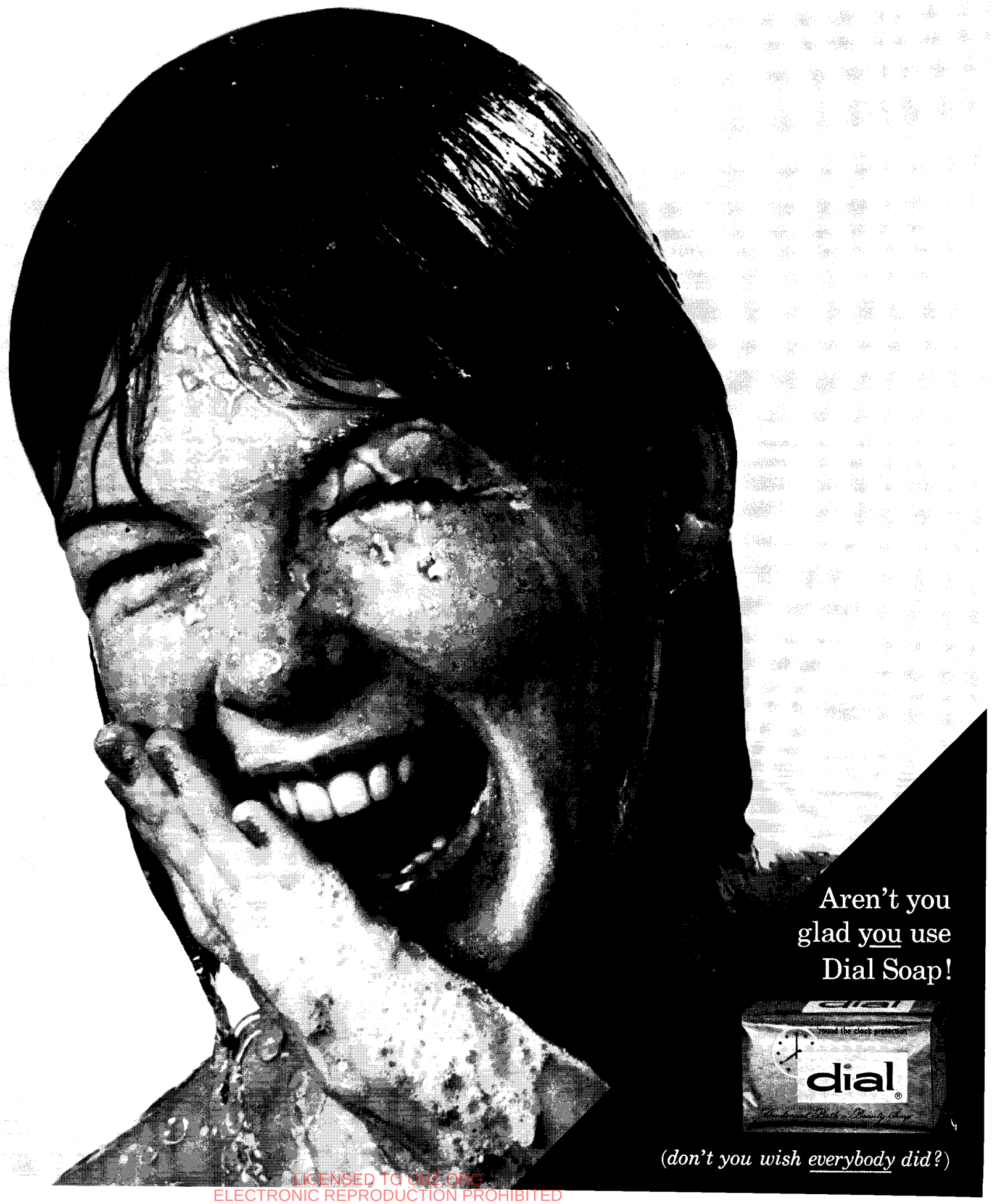

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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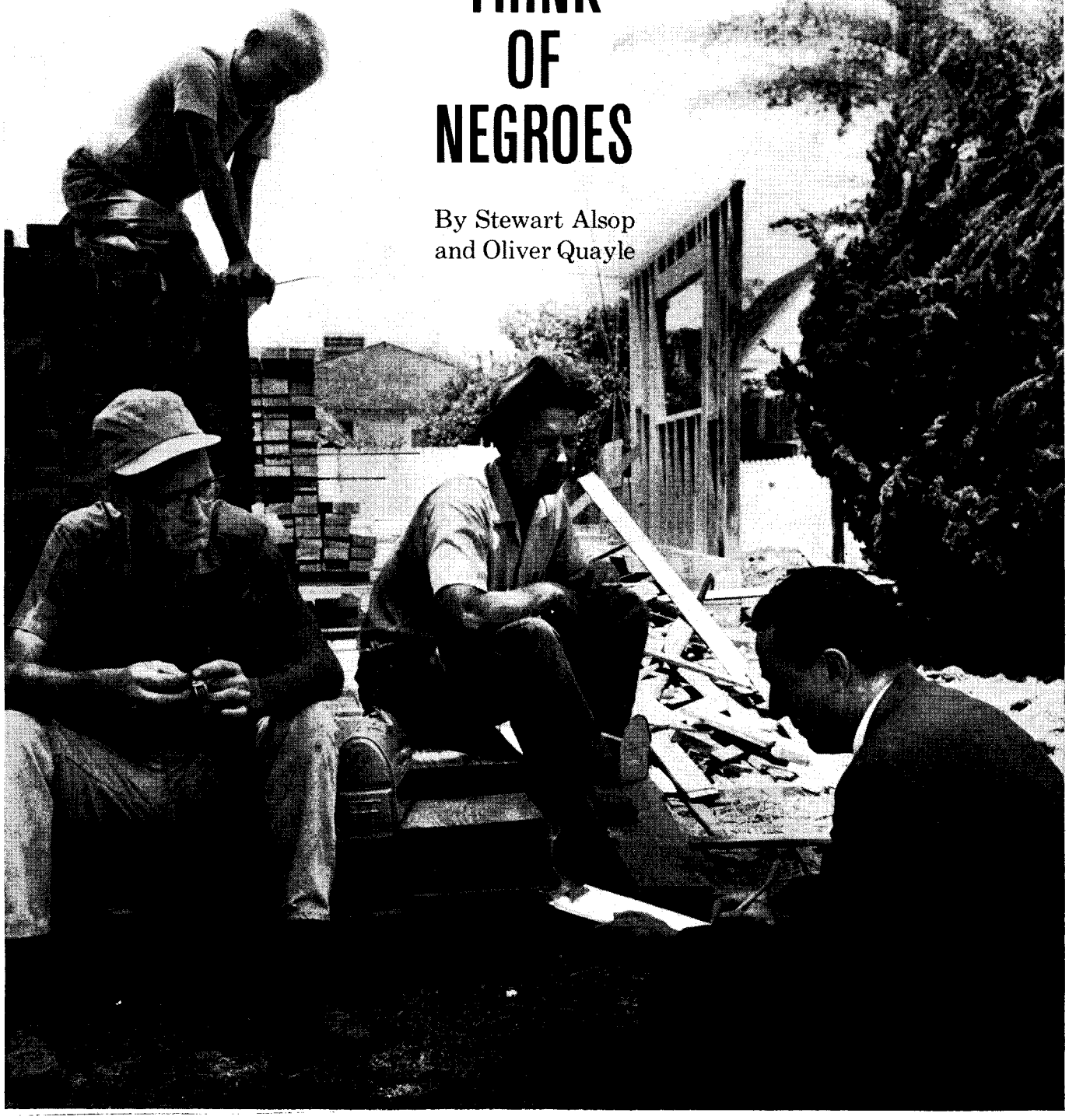
WHAT NORTHERNERS REALLY THINK OF NEGROES

By Stewart Alsop and Oliver Quayle



In Los Angeles, Alsop interviews a pair of house builders, Ward Peterson and Norman Larson.

Washington Editor Alsop and public-opinion-expert Quayle pooled their talents to discover the real reaction of the white North to the growing racial crisis.

The white North is no more ready to accept genuine integration and real racial equality than the deep South. This conclusion may seem sweeping. But it is based on a lot of legwork—specifically it is based on 500 lengthy interviews in 12 statistically typical voting districts in the East, the Middle West and the West Coast. The statistical results of these interviews, and the answers to a number of the key questions, accompany this report. But the conclusion stated above is not based on statistics alone. It also is based on the way people in the North talk about racial equality.

Here, then, is the way people talk. Here are the phrases you would hear again and again and again all across the North, if you spent many hours ringing doorbells and asking people for their views on the race problem:

"They been held down too long, but they're pushing too hard."

"The colored got rights, just like us whites, but I don't see why we got to mingle together."

"They're human beings just like the rest of us, but I wouldn't want one living next door."

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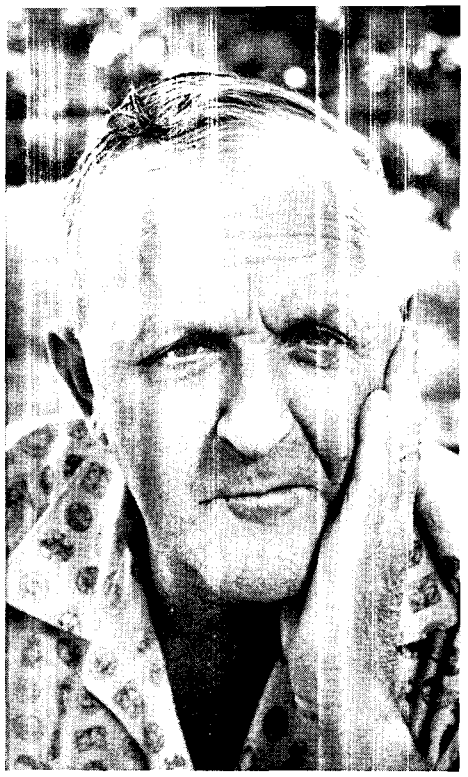
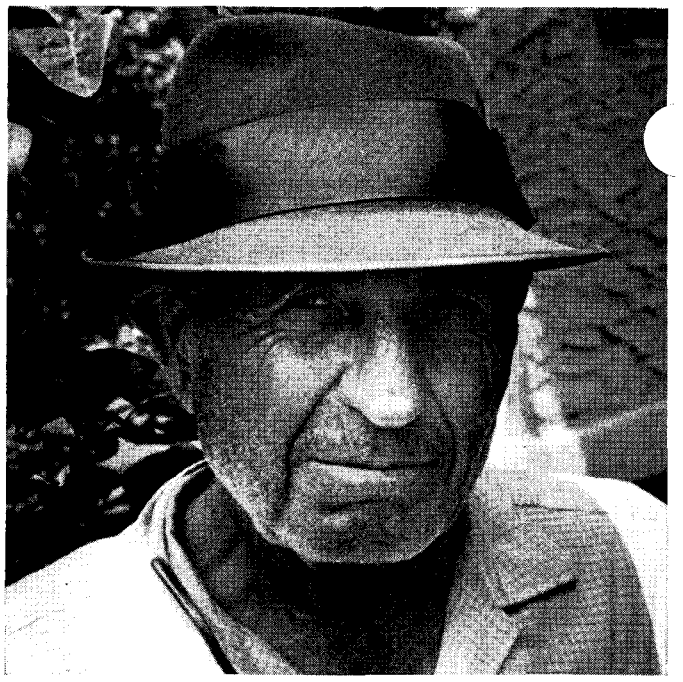
Ray Yoshiyama of Gardena, Calif., feels Negroes "have not worked their way up."



Negroes are "Americans like the rest of us," according to Clay Thomason of Toledo, Ohio.



August de Santolo of Mount Vernon, N.Y., believes that hard work and not demonstrations is the way to get ahead in life.

"They're just human beings like the rest of us, but I wouldn't want one living next door."

"It says in the Constitution (or the Bible) that all men are equal, but they're not ready yet."

"There's some good, some bad, just like the rest of us, but I don't care for all this violence."

"Sure, they deserve a break, but look what happens to property values when they move into a neighborhood."

Each of the above sentences contains one small but significant word—"but." That word expresses the amazing and almost universal ambivalence of the northern white American's reaction to the racial crisis. The "but" neatly divides his mind into two parts.

One part of his mind mistily recalls that "all men are created equal"—it is surprising how many people use that phrase, or a variant. The other part of his mind insists that "some are more equal than others." If there had been no Negro drive for equality, there would have been no civil-rights bill. But what is very striking is the way in which the Negro drive—the demonstrations above all—has tended to alienate the northern white, to make him nervous and unhappy, to convince him that "the colored are getting out of hand." In case of widespread racial violence in the North, no matter who throws the first brick or draws the first blood, the alienation could very easily become total.

There are, of course, some whites in the North who have a one-part mind, an undivided mind. There are a good many people like Mr. Claude Tassell, of Toledo, Ohio, for example. "Boy, you fellows really want all the answers, don't you?" Mr. Tassell remarked to one of us. "OK, here goes. I think white people are a little superior. The Negroes are like savages. Have you seen them chanting and dancing in these demonstrations? Then you know how I feel. I believe in segregation really—now that you've asked. They should live by themselves and they should *want* to live by themselves. The trouble is, they don't want to. They want to feel equal to the whites."

Mr. Tassell is by no means alone. Of the people interviewed, a surprising 16 percent were convinced that whites are *innately* superior to Negroes—another 27 percent thought Negroes were inferior, but because of education and environment. (Two persons out of 500 thought the Negroes were *superior*. "The Negroes are physically superior," explained one. "When was the last white heavyweight champ? And the experts say there's no difference in intelligence. So the Negroes must be superior.") Like Mr. Tassell, the people of the 16 percent are, in general, unconditional segregationists.

There are also people like Mr. Clay Thomason, of Toledo, and Mrs. Marie Honcharik, an attractive housewife in Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Thomason hails originally from Paducah, Ky., and he wants it clearly understood that "I'm no nigger-lover." But, he says, Negroes "are Americans like the rest of us." He admires President Kennedy for his civil-rights stand, and believes that it should be a Federal offense "to deny a person because his skin is black." Mrs. Honcharik recalls that "ever since I was a little girl I remember looking at colored people and feeling sorry for them." On every major civil-rights issue, she is on the side of the Negroes.

A minority of extremists

But Mr. Thomason and Mrs. Honcharik, as all-out integrationists, are in the minority too—a minority of 23 percent, according to our sample. Thus taken together, the people like Mr. Tassell, who say an unconditional "no" to Negro demands for equality, and the people like Mr. Thomason and Mrs. Honcharik, who say an unconditional "yes," comprise less than 40 percent of the northern white population. The rest, three people out of five, say "Yes, but . . ." And the more you talk to these people, the smaller the "yes" sounds, and the bigger the "but."

A couple of neighbors, Mrs. Clarence Main and Mrs. Nancy Kalk, both of Redondo Beach, Calif., are fairly typical yes-butters. Mrs. Main and Mrs. Kalk disagree on a number of points. Mrs. Main would vote for President Kennedy ir 1964, while Mrs. Kalk prefers Barry Goldwater. Mrs. Main approves the accommodations section of the Kennedy civil-rights bill, and Mrs. Kalk is against it.

Mrs. Kalk believes that Negroes "should have more rights," but she is convinced that "they're just creating hate by the way they're pushing this," and she suspects that "it's pushed by the Communists." Mrs. Main feels that "these people deserve to be Americans—they pay their taxes and fight for their country the same as we do." But despite this she too thinks that "they're pushing too fast."

That curious phrase—"they're pushing too fast"—is a phrase the ringer of doorbells hears from coast to coast, and more than any other phrase it is the key to the white North's attitude toward the racial crisis. It is the key to what the present writers, about halfway through our project, began to call "the other side of the but." But first let us have a look at "this side of the but," the "yes" side. This is the side which is most easily reduced to statistics, which is one reason why the liberalism of the white North on the race question tends to be grossly overestimated by most people.

For example, those who were familiar with it (more than a third had no idea what it was about) approved Kennedy's civil-rights program by a two-to-one margin. They approved the key public-accommodations section by three to two. They agreed with Kennedy (as against Goldwater and the southern leaders) that civil rights is a matter for the Federal Government, rather than the states, to deal with. And they were i favor of the Supreme Court's school-integration ruling by a decisive three-to-one margin.

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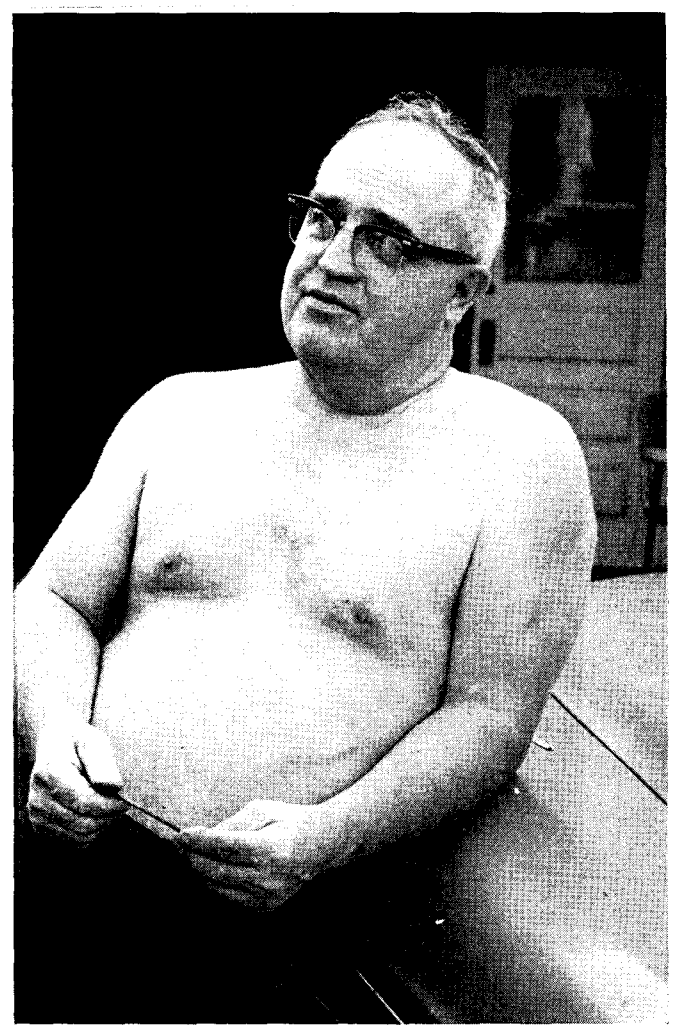
Public-opinion-sampler Oliver Quayle talks to Mrs. Marie Honcharik in Yonkers, N.Y. "Ever since I was a little girl," she says, "I remember looking at Negroes and feeling sorry for them."



Claude Tassell of Toledo, Ohio, says he believes in segregation, because "Negroes are like savages" and should want to live apart.

These figures seem to suggest that the white North is solidly liberal, tolerant and high-minded on the race question. And in one sense the figures are not lying. There *is* a basic difference of attitude between the white North and the segregationist South. The difference is most marked in the attitude of white northerners on the public-accommodations section of the civil-rights bill.

It was usually necessary to explain the accommodations section—"President Kennedy wants to make it against the law for the owner of a hotel, store or theater to deny service to a person because of race." Once explained, the reaction was very often the same—"That seems OK to me," or "I see nothing wrong with that." Often people sounded puzzled, as though wondering why the issue had ever been raised. Most white northerners, even passionate Negrophobes, take for granted the right of Negroes to be served in public places.

Many of the people we talked to also recalled going to school with Negroes—"never did me no harm," said one old lady, and several remarked that "that color don't rub off in school." These differences in attitude between the white North and the segregationist South are genuine, and they are important. But there are ways in which the white North and the segregationist South see eye to eye, and these similarities are also genuine and important.

Here we come to that phrase we heard again and again—"but they're pushing too hard." What does the phrase mean?

Many people, when they use the phrase, have the Negro demonstrations in mind. A great many people regard the demonstrations as somehow disgraceful, like a dirty house. "What must they think of us abroad?" several people asked. Mrs. [illegible]erson, a housewife we interviewed in Southern [illegible]ifornia, feels that "the colored people are playing straight into Khrushchev's hands," by undermining the American position abroad.

In some people the Negro demonstrations have also created an underlying layer of simple physical fear. A lady in the Bronx was aghast when asked whether the *Post* could take her picture to go with her rather mild views on the race question. If her name were used, she said, "the colored will come and knife my kids."

The phrase also expressed another sort of fear—the fear that Negroes will "push" into white jobs, white schools, white neighborhoods; perhaps—for intermarriage is a widespread bugaboo—into white hearts.

This is the "other side of the but." And there is a very marked difference between the two sides of the but. On the "yes" side there is an abstract desire to see justice done to the American citizen whose skin happens to be black. But the desire is abstract; it is not deeply felt. On the other side there is the question: "How will it affect *me?*" And if the answer is that Negro advance may endanger social status, or a job, or the value of a house, the desire for abstract justice evaporates quickly, and the desire to "keep the colored in their place" appears instead. That desire can be very deeply felt.

The touchiest subject of all

If a politician's constituency is white by a big majority, and if he wishes to commit political suicide, there appear to be three easy ways to do so. One is to espouse the demands of some Negro organizations for exchanges of white and colored students by bus, to end "de facto segregation." When a lot of people in the New York area volunteered complaints about this scheme, we added a question about it to our interview. But we dropped the question later, because everybody, including those strongly pro-Negro on every other issue, denounced the idea. The feeling against job quotas for Negroes, we discovered, is almost as strong. But the touchiest subject of all, because it affects more people than any other, is the subject of housing.

Again and again we had the same experience. A person would seem a very paladin of racial tolerance. In favor of the accommodations section of the civil-rights bill—"How would you feel if you were turned out of a restaurant because of the color of your skin?" In favor of better treatment for the Negroes—"They been held down too long." In favor of the Supreme Court integration decision, and willing to have his or her children go to an integrated school—"That color don't rub off." And then the question about housing, and a pause, often embarrassed, and then, in the words of a kindly-faced man we talked to in a Los Angeles suburb: "Look, mister, the colored move into an area and values go down twenty percent, even more—I just can't afford that."

The statistics speak for themselves. Of those with an opinion in the matter, 77 percent of the people we interviewed, more than three out of four, believed that a white man should have the right to refuse to sell his house to a Negro on the basis of race. We found the same lopsided reply to our question everywhere we went, from coast to coast. It is remarkable that any politician who has favored anti-discrimination statutes in housing survives in office.

The motivation for this reaction is partly, but only partly, economic. Mr. H. Gene Creecy of Toledo pointed out that if he sold his house to a Negro "all the others in the neighborhood will automatically go down from $2,000 to $4,000." But he also said, "Personally, I don't want to live beside them—they're different, that's all."

Another Toledoan, Mr. Elmer Dowling, a retired accountant, considered the problem in terms of the life after death: "I wouldn't want to live near one, but of course if I die and go to Heaven I know I'll have to live with them then. I might feel the same way I do down here, but

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"Look, mister, the colored move into an area and values go down twenty percent, even more.

THE ALSOP-QUAYLE POLL

To produce this report, Oliver Quayle selected 12 "barometric" voting districts in the East, the Middle West and the West coast, for 500 interviews in depth. Alsop and Quayle were assisted by Quayle's staff of trained interviewers, but they did more than half the interviews themselves, since their purpose was to interpret, report and analyze, as well as to produce statistics. The statistical results of their project are also interesting, however, and in some cases startling. Here are the most pertinent ones—with "no opinion" responses eliminated in every instance:

What kind of a job do you think President Kennedy is doing? Robert Kennedy?

	President	Robert Kennedy
"Excellent" or "pretty good"	57%	48%
'Only fair" or "poor"	43%	52%

If the election were being held tomorrow, would you probably vote for:

Kennedy	64%	Kennedy	57%
Rockefeller	36%	Goldwater	43%

What do you think are the most important issues facing the United States?

Race 33% Foreign-policy problems 22% Taxes 16% (rest scattered)

What do you think of the President's civil-rights program?

Approve 63% Disapprove 37%

What do you think of accommodations section (explained by interviewer)?

Approve 61% Disapprove 39%

What do you think of the Supreme Court's decision on school integration?

Approve 75% Disapprove 25%

Is civil rights a matter for the states or the Federal Government?

States 36% Federal 64%

Suppose you yourself had school-age children, other things being equal, would you prefer that they went to integrated school, all white, or would it make no difference to you?

Integrated 17% All white 42% No difference 41%

Do you think a Negro should have the right to buy a home anywhere, or do you think a white man should have the right to refuse to sell to a Negro?

Negro should have right to buy 23%

White should have right to refuse 77%

Do you think there is a basic difference between the white and Negro races?

White superior innately 16%

White superior because of education 27%

Races about the same 57%

Do you think the Negroes in this country are treated too well, not well enough, or about right?

Too well 11% Not well enough 38% About right 51%

if the Lord says to me I have to make a choice, I'd live with them just to be with Him."

Some whites complain that anti-discrimination statutes really discriminate against whites. "Look," said a jaunty businessman in blue slacks, who lived in the Bronx and refused to have his picture taken, "suppose I won't sell you this house because I don't like the look of you. So you're white, so OK. Suppose you're colored. So if I refuse to sell it to you, I'm in trouble, maybe bad trouble. There really ought to be a National Association for the Advancement of White People."

Others complain that Negroes "don't keep up their places." There seems to be a widespread notion, easily disproved by a tour of any Negro middle-class area, that "the colored throw their garbage on the lawn." Such complaints are most likely to be voiced by sloppy housekeepers in rundown areas.

In fact, contrary to the mythology of the liberal intellectuals, on the race issue as on other issues, the poor are apt to be a lot more reactionary than the reasonably well off. A person with a neurotic hankering to hear rabidly racist views should avoid the comfortable suburbs with well-kept lawns, and he should not ring the doorbells of people with Jewish or Anglo-Saxon names.

He should go, instead, to the working-class areas, especially where Negroes are moving in, and especially where there are immigrants and minority races other than Jews. There is a widespread feeling among the minorities that the Negroes, in the words of Mr. Ray Yoshiyama, of Gardena, Calif., "haven't worked their way up." Mr. Yoshiyama spent his boyhood in a wartime detention camp, and he is proud that he now makes a decent living as a market gardener. Hard work, not demonstrations, he thinks, is the way to get ahead.

Mr. August de Santolo, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who came over from Italy as a boy and is proud of his successful sons, feels much the same way. So do Mr. and Mrs. Leslei Toths. Mr. Toths is a refugee from Hungary, and he and his German wife are intensely proud of their $25,000 house in Culver City, Calif. The value of their previous house in another suburb depreciated badly when Negroes began to move in, and the memory rankles. "The Negroes are pressing too fast," complains Mr. Toths. He feels they should realize "that white people are a thousand years ahead in culture."

Northern whites, in short, are willing enough to share a restaurant or a hotel with Negroes, and they will even share their schools—although better than two out of five said they would prefer to send their children to all-white schools. But aside from the three sticking points mentioned earlier, there is also an underlayer of mixed fear and prejudice. This underlayer is far more prevalent in the white North than the writers of this report had realized before they set out on their tour. And for the first time, the racial issue has suddenly become the dominant issue in this country. Last year one of us asked 500 people, "What concerns you most?" Race was way down on the list. Now it easily leads all the other issues, including the survival issue of war and peace.

What, then, with a presidential election year coming up in 1964, is the probable political impact of the racial issue?

One of us recently asked that question of New York's shrewd Sen. Jacob Javits. Surely, the reporter said, in view of the way so many northern whites talked about the Negro question, it was a dangerous thing for a politician, like Javits himself, to be an all-out advocate of civil rights?

"Sure," said the senator, "I know they talk that way. But they don't vote that way."

This is the Javits Rule. Our sample strongly suggests that the Javits Rule remains valid. President Kennedy himself (belatedly, according to his critics) must now be counted an all-out advocate of civil rights. He must be counted with the one-in-four minority in the white North who say an unconditional "yes" to Negro aspirations, as against the three out of four who say "yes, but" or "no."

Logically, therefore, the civil-rights issue, as the dominant issue today, ought to hurt the President politically, perhaps even wound him mortally. But, at least in the north, the hurt to the President seems hardly more than a pinprick.

Seven percent of the people we talked to gave his stand on the race crisis as a reason for liking the President, against 11 percent who disliked him for the same reason. The spread in Robert Kennedy's case was markedly wider—5 percent to 12 percent—which suggests that the Attorney General acts as a useful lightning rod for his brother, where the race issue is concerned. Remember, moreover, that we interviewed only whites, and what the President has lost among whites has certainly been balanced at least in part by what he has gained among Negroes.

Kennedy is still popular

Moreover, in our sample, President Kennedy inflicted on both Sen. Barry Goldwater and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller a political "murder most horrible," although the murder of Goldwater was notably less horrible than Rockefeller's. In voting districts which voted 50 percent for Richard Nixon in 1960, in two states (Ohio and California) which Kennedy lost in 1960, and with the pro-Kennedy Negro vote excluded, Kennedy beat Rockefeller two to one, and Goldwater by a spread of 14 percentage points.

The real question, then, is not whether the racial issue has already hurt the President badly; it hasn't. The real question is whether the Javits Rule can be broken by circumstances and an astute opposition. Suppose, for example, that there is *really* bad racial trouble in the North before next year's election. This is not impossible, as anyone who has smelled the atmosphere in the streets of our big cities can attest.

Even bad racial trouble would not bring the white North to support a racist segregationist on the southern pattern. The real northern Negrophobes are so small a minority in the North that any candidate carrying the label "anti-Negro" would be doomed from the start among the majority of whites. But suppose Kennedy's opponent presented himself as a moderate, a middle-of-the-roader—a yes-butter, like the

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I just can't afford that."

white majority. And suppose he succeeded in implanting in the minds of the yes-but majority the notion that on racial matters the President is an extremist, a Negro yes-man, indifferent to "the rights of the white majority," intent on forcing Negroes and whites to live together.

Under these circumstances, is it possible that the Javits Rule might be broken, and that the racial issue might be used to encompass the defeat of an extremely popular President?

No one really knows the answer to that question, of course. But after all our walking and talking, the writers of this report are convinced that the racial issue is a sleeper—an unpredictable but potentially decisive political factor. The white North does not really feel strongly about such issues as the civil-rights bill or the Supreme Court's integration decision. The white North feels very strongly about such far more personal matters as housing and social integration. These are the kind of strong feelings that really can cause election upsets.

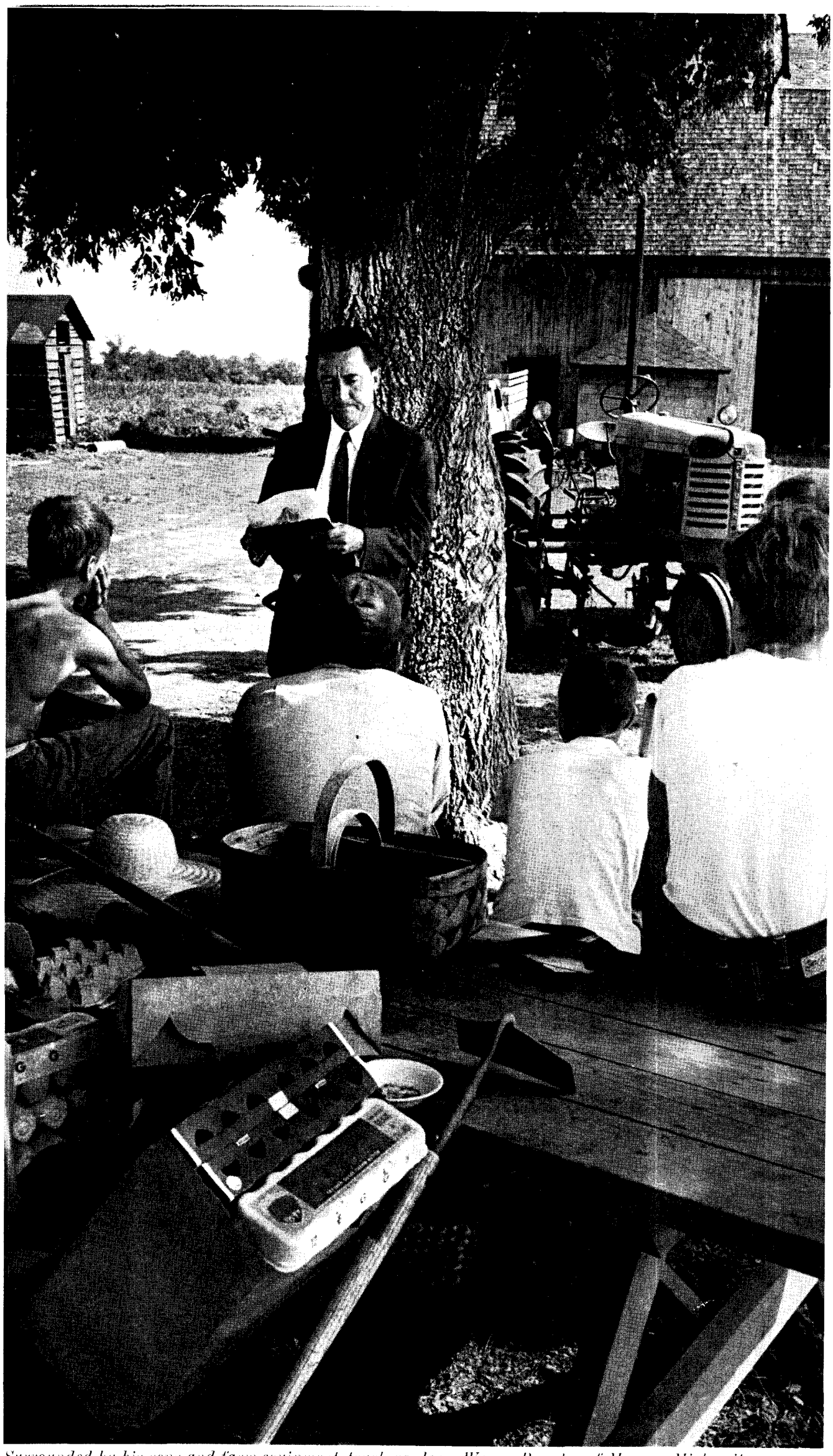
The writers of this report are convinced of something else as well. For the time being there is simply no way to reconcile the aspirations of the new generation of Negroes for real integration and true equality with the resistance to those aspirations of the majority of whites. For a time this country will simply have to live with the irreconcilable.

The finding that astonished us most—we went :k and rechecked it to be sure it was correct—as that only 38 percent of the people we interviewed feel that the American Negro is treated "not well enough." More than six out of 10 feel that the Negro is being treated "about right," or even "too well."

These six people out of 10 have no understanding of the brutal meaning of the statistics cited by the President: "The Negro baby born in America today, regardless of the section or state in which he is born, has about one half as much chance of completing high school as a white baby, born in the same place, on the same day; . . . twice as much chance of becoming unemployed; about one seventh as much chance of earning $10,000 a year; a life expectancy which is seven years shorter and prospects for earning only half as much."

As long as six out of 10 northern whites are unaware of such facts or indifferent to them, the gulf between what the Negroes want and what the whites will accept will continue to be very wide. It is much wider today than most people realize, which is why the racial crisis in this country is more dangerous than most people have yet discovered.

The danger lies less in violent Negro action than in violent white reaction. It is easy to imagine the kind of political oratory, perhaps sweetly reasonable in seeming, which would ignite all the fears and prejudices which lie on "the other side of the but." The racial crisis today is like a controlled cancer. The excitements and temptations of a presidential election year might se the issue to be exploited in such a way that cancer might get out of control. That is a sk the responsible leadership of both parties should weigh most seriously. THE END



Surrounded by his sons and farm equipment, truck-gardener Wayne Bressler of Monroe, Mich., sits for his interview by Washington Editor Alsop. Some 500 such interviews contributed to this report.

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THE FAIR YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GIRLS

Upward they claw, trails strewn with fleshy photos, goofy publicity, shrewd maneuvers and broken marriages

CAROL LYNLEY

STELLA STEVENS

YVETTE MIMIEUX

SUZANNE PLESHETTE

On U.C.L.A. campus, Carol Lynley and Dean Jones play scene from film "Under the Yum Yum Tree."

By Richard Warren Lewis

A couple of Hollywood's resident star-makers, directors Otto Preminger and John Huston, sat recently in a darkened Boston screening room. With them was a wispy young blonde. The three had assembled to watch footage shot on location for Preminger's latest film, *The Cardinal*. As the lights went up, Preminger glanced over at 21-year-old Carol Lynley, his female star, and coolly appraised a scene they had witnessed. "You are going to be the next Elizabeth Taylor," he said facetiously, "but first you've got to get rid of your husband."

Two weeks later Miss Lynley, a girl blessed with a pre-Raphaelite face, lay sprawled in her comfortable Beverly Hills home viewing a TV documentary, *Hollywood: The Great Stars*. Across the 21-inch screen flashed images of Monroe, Taylor and Garbo. Five minutes after the show left the air, Carol took a giant step toward becoming one of them. She clicked off the set, turned to her husband, and announced, "I went to see a lawyer today. I want a divorce."

It wasn't long before the newspapers were headlining the split between the budding star and 26-year-old Michael Selsman, a public-relations executive and father of their year-old daughter, Jill. "I know both of these young people and report this separation with deep regret," wrote Hearst columnist Louella Parsons. Miss Parsons might have added that the Lynley story was as bromidic as her condolences. Like many before her, Carol Lynley seemed hell-bent for stardom—whatever the cost.

In a curious sense, Miss Lynley might be classified as one of the lucky ones. Entranced by the fictions that envelop Hollywood, swarms of young females stage an annual invasion of the film city that usually coincides with June graduation. The weanling aspirants fill the Gower Street drugstores and the coffee houses on Sunset Boulevard, desperately hoping for recognition. But by Christmas, when patience and money run out, most of the girls ride a bus back home, marry their high-school sweethearts, and wind up attending double features at the local drive-in. The more persistent remain behind to work as carhops or to dish out greasy hamburgers.

But every once in a while, one of them becomes a movie star. Four candidates now perching on the rim of stardom are Stella Stevens, Yvette Mimieux, Suzanne Pleshette, and Carol Lynley. Each has charted a different route to the top. Each hopes to make it in her own way.

Carol Lynley

Carol Lynley's way resulted in the breakup of her marriage. Prior to that step, she had built a solid foundation on TV and Broadway and won the coveted ingenue part in *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, as well as the female lead in *The Cardinal*. Her remuneration for each was a healthy $30,000. Astute film executives, sensing her rising popularity, dangled salaries as high as $100,000 for future productions. The only ingredient missing from the traditional big-star buildup was the high life of panting suitors and appearances at the correct restaurants and parties. "I never had a big publicity campaign like a studio would give an actress in *Anne Frank* or *Saint Joan*," Carol said. A short time after Selsman moved out of their house, she began making that daily publicity.

Miss Lynley's metamorphosis from budding talent to turbulent personality occurred with surprising swiftness after her inauspicious jetliner arrival in Los Angeles in June, 1961. No photographers recorded the event. She flew tourist, her dinner consisted of a rare hamburger and a milk shake, and she registered at a modest hotel. Though under contract to a major film studio, she had no definite movie assignments. But she did carry some impressive credentials.

As Carol Anne Jones she had been New York's top junior fashion model, earning $50 an hour and appearing on some 50 magazine covers by the time she was 16. Her career was carefully piloted by her mother, who has been married four times and is now Mrs. Frances Broderick. (Carol's father, Cyril Jones, who bowed out of her life when she was four, currently clerks in a Manhattan drugstor

Mrs. Broderick shuttled her daugl in and out of model agencies and pr ducers' offices. Carol was a television extra at age 10, and made her first pro-

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fessional stage appearance at 14. She also attended a dozen schools by the time she was 15. One institution expelled her, she ·lls, "because I was modeling. They ght I was a fallen woman." She left .ner school of her own volition. "This boy kept pulling me into clothing closets and trying to rape me," she explains, "and I got a little fed up. I was about 12."

The unnerving distractions of the academic life mercifully were blotted out by her subsequent labors on TV and the stage. In all, she has acted in more than 100 TV shows. She made an auspicious Broadway debut in *The Potting Shed*, in which she was the sole American in an English cast. Next came *Blue Denim*, a study of troubled teenagers. Twentieth Century-Fox signed Carol to a seven-year contract and shoveled her into the movie version of *Blue Denim*. Soon she found herself mired in trivia like *Holiday for Lovers* and *Hound Dog Man*, but still she received excellent reviews. One critic tabbed her "the most important young actress since Elizabeth Taylor."

Taking a page from Liz's book, Carol balked at doing shallow screenplays. The studio threatened suspension, and she reluctantly agreed to shoot another clinker, *Return to Peyton Place*. For a while it seemed the only major benefit of her Fox association was Mike Selsman.

One of Selsman's chores as a publicity man in Fox's Manhattan offices was to plant occasional stories in newspapers about the new contract player. Before long, theirs was more than a business relationship. Carol would spend her workdays in Hollywood and fly back to New York to be with Mike on weekends. Carol was Catholic, Mike was Jewish, and they would sit on benches in Central k discussing the possible problems of nixed marriage. On December 30, 1960, they eloped to Newhall, California, and were married by a justice of the peace at 8:30 in the morning. Carol was at work on the film set by 10:30. "Their marriage would have made a great movie," said the late producer Jerry Wald. Miss Lynley's recollection: "The whole thing was rather bizarre."

When Mike got a job offer from a Beverly Hills publicity outfit, Carol happily accompanied him to California. "If it was Timbuktu," she said, "I'd go there, as long as it was with Mike."

But a remarkable transformation soon occurred. As Carol's career grew red-hot, she turned into an ice-cold companion at home. According to Selsman, she stopped wearing her wedding band and seemed more interested in movie magazines than in him.

"From the time we were married," Selsman relates, "her great diversion had been to read fan magazines from cover to cover. And after a while she started believing what she read." Miss Lynley's opinion of fan magazines is more charitable: "I love them because there are lovely pictures of pretty people and you just turn off your mind and look at them. It's my own little fantasy world."

The deeper her involvement in fantasy, the more her attitude seemed to change. "I can't understand women who wear fur coats. They're a throwback to caveman days," Carol once had told Mike. Nevertheless, this year she spent $2,000 for a er coat with a mink collar. Early in marriage Carol barred liquor and wine from the house. Nowadays she sometimes gulps three potent black velvets (champagne and stout) before dinner.

New movie sex symbol, Stella Stevens, displays her delicate air at door of friend's house.

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Like another blonde, Marilyn Monroe, Stella Stevens posed nude when she needed money.

She also plans to trade in her inconspicuous Falcon for something with a bit more clout—like a Lincoln. And she intends to move to a gaudier neighborhood. "If I ever put a pool in," she says, "I'd want a gigantic pool. I don't like small things." It might be added that the conversation of the once pristine Carol now is a bit rough-and-tumble.

One theory regarding Miss Lynley's abrupt about-face takes into account her confused religious feelings. Reared as a Catholic, Carol decided to explore reformed Judaism, but eventually lost interest. On one occasion, she admitted to Selsman a gnawing fear of death. She wants to do everything now, say observers, before it is too late. "I'm just bored," she told her husband. "Inside of six months, I expect to be living with another guy. I want to be more sophisticated in my knowledge of people. I really want to go around the world and maybe have an affair with the Aga Khan."

Selsman, aware of the effect such aspirations might have on their daughter, labels his wife another victim of the star system. "She's going to become one of the biggest, highest-paid, most glamorous, totally unhappy movie stars in the history of unhappy movie stars," he prophesies. "Already a whole veneer of toughness has enveloped her."

In her march toward the top, Carol has hired a new press agent. Much of his time is spent treating his client for foot-in-mouth disease. "A couple of months ago somebody wouldn't give me a role because they said I wasn't neurotic enough," says Carol, who wants to play sexy, adult characters. "I said, 'But I am neurotic, really I am.' Talent isn't enough. You've got to have something else besides it."

"Hollywood has done it again," Selsman sadly admits. "Carol once wanted to be a serious actress, a mother and a wife. Now all she wants is to be the biggest movie star in the world." Columnist Sheilah Graham, in fact, feels she will be the No. 1 woman star of the next decade. "Would it be presumptuous," asks Carol, "if I said I agree with her?"

Stella Stevens

Whatever Miss Lynley's approach to stardom, it is no more curious than the course followed by Stella Stevens, a bounteous Southerner once tabbed as "a girl with more curves than the Dixie Highway." Since 1958 Miss Stevens has been marketed as a sex symbol, an heiress to the Harlow-Monroe mantle.

She has been interviewed in the midst of a massage, wearing nothing more cumbersome than a towel. With an eye cocked toward immortality, she has had fittings for a death mask. Her colorful monologues detail chases around desks by ardent producers and reveal her steady bedroom companion to be Clown, an English springer spaniel.

Part of her appeal lies in her quotability. "My biggest motivation is breathing," she told a writer. "It keeps me motivated all day." To those who probe her psyche, she says, "I am an enigma—that's what I want to be."

Ironically, her life has paralleled that of another enigmatic blonde, Marilyn Monroe. Born Estelle Eggleston in Hot Coffee, Miss. (she is known as the cream of Hot Coffee, a whistle-stop, she says, "about four slurps from Hushpuckena and with a population of eight cups"), Miss Stevens was married at 15, a mother at 16, and divorced at 17. Marilyn, of course, had both an unsuccessful teen-age marriage and an alliterative movie name. Stella dyed her mousy-brown hair blond to play Cherie in a Memphis State college production of *Bus Stop*, the same part Marilyn made famous in the film version. "She has less poignancy than Miss Monroe," wrote the local drama critic, "but she brought equivalent endowments to the role."

Like Marilyn, she capitalized on posing nude when she needed money. Her magnificent architecture was spread across a bearskin rug for *Playboy* magazine, and her bare bottom graced hundreds of thousands of Playboy calendars. The magazine sold out in her adopted hometown, Memphis, where the preacher at the First Baptist Church delivered a sermon on young girls going astray. He had a record attendance. A local paper captioned an editorial "Stella's Mistake." Her mistake was worth $3,000 plus a 1,000 percent increase in fan mail. "It's better than a lot of ways of getting money," she said. "Anyhow, it's a living."

The majority of Stella's film roles bolster the sexpot image. Paramount Pictures presented her as the hot-blooded Appassionata von Climax in *Li'l Abner*. In *Man-Trap*, she played a nymphomaniac who drank Martinis from a water pistol and killed herself in the sixth reel. In *Too Late Blues*, she was cast as a seductive singer. "The sexy parts always attract more attention," she explains.

Paramount, for whom she makes three pictures a year, zealously pushes her voom-voom appeal. Interoffice memos encourage a steady deluge of Stevens photographs, "both fore and aft," and the studio restrained her from playing a senator's wife in *Advise and Consent* because the character was the mother of a six-year-old son. Overlooked was the fact that Stella was, in real life, the mother of a six-year-old son whose custody struggles had been plastered on newspaper pages.

Stella's marriage in 1954 to Herman Stephens, a high-school classmate, took place in Memphis when she was in the eleventh grade. Her parents did not learn of the nuptials until she became pregnant. After her marriage dissolved in 1956 her child, Andy, was left behind in Memphis as Stella pursued her career. She made headlines in 1959 by taking time off from shooting *The Blue Angel*, to fly south ar spirit her child off to Beverly Hills. year later her ex-husband snatched you Andy out of Stella's front yard and returned him to Memphis. Andy now resides with his mother, by court order, for 10 months of the year.

Stella looks at her marital misadventures without bitterness. "My marriage was not a mistake," she says. "From it I have a son. I just outgrew my husband. We had nothing to talk about. I have very broad interests. He had about two."

Her consuming current interest is convincing filmmakers that Stella Stevens the actress no longer relies principally on her physique. "Underneath the hair there is something that is different," she maintains. She quotes long passages from e. e. cummings, writes poetry in the hours after midnight, keeps a stream-of-consciousness diary, and overcame her mellifluous Southern accent by reading aloud Thoreau's *Walden*. "Looks aren't that important," she says. "The most significant thing is the mind. I am now prepared to play anything from Johnny Belinda to the Queen of Sheba."

Recently Stella has been showing signs of becoming something more than just another actress with a 36-inch bosom. Not long ago she was one of dozens of aspirants for a deaf-mute role on TV's *Bonanza*, but the producer told her she was too old and too sophisticated. Stella went to the May Company department store and found a $2.98 yellow cotton dress. Then she got some flat shoes, put a prim head band in her hair, scrubbed her makeup, and returned to see the p ducer. She was hired on the spot an subsequently received first-rate reviews.

From her arrival on the West Coast at 19, she has displayed signs of single-

Suzanne Pleshette's ambition led her to knock boldly on Troy Donahue's door and soon they were inseparable.

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Nature-lover Carol Lynley peeks wistfully through the vegetation surrounding her Beverly Hills home.

mindedness. In 1958 an official at Twentieth Century-Fox had seen some photos of her and wired the round-trip airplane fare for a Hollywood screen test. She declined that largess and paid her own way. "I didn't want to be obligated to anybody," she said. "I wasn't going to be stranded out there at somebody's mercy."

The audition had a double-barreled purpose: A possible long-term contract as well as the lead in a projected film, *The Jean Harlow Story*. Stella refused to read the prepared *Harlow* dialogue and, instead, wrote her own test scenes, adaptations from Harold Robbins's *79 Park Avenue*. She won a seven-year contract.

Sometimes Stella is choleric about the methods of her movie bosses. During the shooting of *Too Late Blues*, a picture made with a fragmentary script, she delivered an acid appraisal of director John Cassavetes's improvisational technique. "Working on this picture," she said, "is like amateur night in Dixie. The lack of organization is coming out of my ears. I feel like a bowl of Jell-O." The film, incidentally, was a box-office disaster.

Last year she was cast opposite Elvis Presley in a banal musical, *Girls, Girls, Girls*. Rankled, she sounded off directly to producer Hal Wallis. She lost her fight and played in the film, but later snapped, "On a Wallis picture, you do what Mr. Wallis says, what he thinks, how he wants it. You're like a puppet. The hairstyle was chosen by Mr. Wallis, glued down to my head. I was embarrassed to appear with my hair looking the way it did."

She is almost as distressed about a recent film, *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*, despite an uninhibited drum-solo scene which sent audiences away buzzing. "I'm not satisfied with anything I do," she says. *The Nutty Professor*, starring Jerry Lewis and currently in release, is more to her liking. "I practically play myself in it," she explains. "People will know it is me. At last I've established a position. That's the first step. Most of all, I want to be singled out. That's next door to being loved. I think I can make it. Remember, my name is Stella. That means star, you know."

Yvette Mimieux

According to the hoariest Hollywood legend, accidental discovery is the sure ticket to stardom. Lightning can strike anywhere: While munching a hamburger in a drugstore (Lana Turner) or bicycling on a highway (Kim Novak). The discovery of Yvette Carmen Mimieux, a natural blonde with penetrating blue eyes, tops them all.

She was horseback-riding in Los Angeles's Griffith Park one afternoon when a playful helicopter made airborne passes at her, got caught in a down draft, and settled to earth 20 feet away. Out of the chopper stepped Jim Byron, a skinny fellow wearing an olive-green Brooks Brothers suit. Miss Mimieux's violent tirade stopped him in midsmile. "You ought to have more sense than to fly so low," she shouted. "Obviously you don't have much intelligence."

Byron, a promotional manager, handed her a business card and stammered, "If you'd like to be in pictures, give me a call." Yvette grabbed the pasteboard, and galloped away.

Two weeks later, the story goes, the 15-year-old Yvette cut classes at Hollywood High School and joined Byron for lunch at the Brown Derby restaurant. Not long after, Byron signed her to a five-year managerial contract and began a carefully plotted publicity campaign to transform his attractive teen-age client into a pop-culture goddess. Says Miss Mimieux, in retrospect, "My life has been distorted ever since."

Byron escorted her on her first public appearance, the Hollywood Publicists' Ball, in October, 1957. Dressed as jesters, Byron and Yvette won first prize; more important, a three-column photograph of the winners appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper. In the ensuing months Yvette was named Los Angeles Boat Queen, Miss Harbor Day, Queen of the Art Directors Club's 13th Annual Western Advertising and Editorial Art Exhibition, and Los Angeles Electric League Queen. When Eva Gabor backed out of a trophy presentation at Vandenberg Air Force Base, Yvette cheerfully replaced her. The post newspaper identified her as "a well-known French screen star."

In ensuing months, Yvette posed riding bicycles in a bare midriff, opening supermarkets and modeling sportswear. She graced romance-magazine covers, smiled out from a hair-clip advertisement, and could be counted on, in a pinch, to lug a photographer's tripod or gadget bag.

If she wasn't being photographed or making personal appearances, she busied herself with drama classes, ballet and jazz-dance lessons, vocal coaching, speech training, or listening to Byron's special beauty hints. He conceived her natural look, the wearing of little or no makeup, and paid special attention to her deportment. To this day he chides her for putting her fingers in her mouth and biting her fingernails. "You seem to recede into infancy periodically," he snaps.

As a result of her classic publicity push, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Yvette to a seven-year contract in 1959, at $250 a week to start. Her subsequent off-camera comments were as provocative as her photographs. "I hate actors," she said. "They're egotistical, conceited, and have no minds. I won't talk about them. I like stories about me, just me."

She had plenty of them. Columnist Sheilah Graham labeled her a Grace Kelly type. Hedda Hopper said she was "Metro's answer to Brigitte Bardot." Another commentator thought she was a young Mae West. A Hollywood trade paper said M-G-M had ordered her to view a Garbo movie each day, and Miss Graham declared she was required to write an essay on each Garbo film. Bob Hope called her a young Zsa Zsa. It is a wonder Yvette did not wind up a young schizophrenic.

Lately the intensive drum-beating has been softened. Miss Mimieux's measurements, once regularly published (they ranged from 34-21-34 to 35-24-35), have gone unspecified for months. She refuses to pose in shorts and bathing suits at M-G-M's picture gallery. "Phony things bug me incredibly," she now says.

Much of the newspaper space she gets these days speculates on her marital status, something she refuses to talk about. To reports that she is the secret wife of 25-year-old Evan Engber, a graduate student of psychiatry, she just shrugs. Judging from the Mr. and Mrs. mail which arrives at her home, it would seem their marriage is a fact.

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"I go out," says Suzanne Pleshette, "and look to get my hands dirty."

Now 21, Yvette can lay claim to a burgeoning career. She has appeared in eight films, most of which have explored her striking good looks and appealing figure. In *The Time Machine* she cavorted in a filmy, pink outfit almost like a shortie nightgown. *Where The Boys Are* cameramen zeroed in on her skimpy, two-piece bathing suit, a costume she also wore in *Platinum High School* and *Light in the Piazza*. In *Diamond Head* she bathed in her birthday suit. "I wouldn't mind posing in the nude if it were justified," she says. "I've always wanted to take off my clothes in the moonlight in some tropical area and romp like a nymph."

Until this happens, the public will have to settle for a nightgown sequence in her current film, *Toys in the Attic*. The film represents her first heavy dramatic role—two crying scenes. Undoubtedly it is also her best acting job to date, but still the young actress feels, "I haven't made the films that I want to make." She can console herself with the estimated $80,000 she will earn this year.

The ubiquitous Byron, who pockets 10 percent of her earnings, insists "Yvette will be a star of stars. She has built a solider foundation than other young kids like Sandra Dee. She is heading toward being a combination of Audrey Hepburn and Garbo. More complete than Hepburn, more complete than Garbo."

Like Garbo, Miss Mimieux likes to withdraw from society. "I love to be alone," she coos in a rough paraphrase. True to her word, she lives in a secluded home in the Santa Monica mountains without a TV set, without any newspaper delivery, fan magazines or trade papers. Friends send her *Pogo* and *Peanuts* to read between French lessons and sessions with grand opera on a matched, stereophonic sound system. Her most-prized possession is a rare Mercedes 300 S coupé she had shipped over from Europe. "Sometimes I feel it would be fun to have a fire," she once said. "It would be like starting all over again."

Last summer, rebelling against the pressures of Hollywood, she fled on a low-budget European vacation, enjoying her first spare time in 20 months. She rounded up two friends—a concert pianist and a writer—and toured seven countries incognito. She did it in a way the studio would never let her do when she was filming *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* in Paris and *Light in the Piazza* in Florence. Her London accommodation was a fleabag hotel in Soho. In Paris she gravitated to the Left Bank and chose a student hostelry with a communal bathroom. In Tangier she lived in a dollar-a-night walkup and smoked hashish. Hiking through France, she stumbled on abandoned bunkers and a lookout tower, removed all her clothes, and spent the day basking nude in the sun, visualizing what had happened there in World War II. "I have this thing always in my mind," she says. "Wherever I go, I imagine what was there in the past. I could see the soldiers and hear the sounds of war. I acted it out in my mind." The trip might be titled *The Catharsis of Yvette*.

Few film people, least of all Byron and herself, feel she will have any difficulty moving from her ingenue parts to roles of substance and depth. "She will be a legend in another three or four years," Byron predicts in typical fashion.

"I feel it is my destiny," says star-crossed Yvette. In any case, destiny has had a cosmic helping hand.

Suzanne Pleshette

Several months ago, dozens of Hollywood's children of destiny attended a costume party. Instructed to come as their favorite ailment or sickness, the actors and actresses outdid themselves. They pretended to be sex fiends, paranoiacs and egomaniacs. There were victims of hemorrhoids, bloody wounds and gory spider bites. Party decorations included rented hospital litters, wheelchairs, and bedpans. The evening's comestibles—spaghetti and meatballs—were served out of a portable toilet.

Cohosting this celebration was Suzanne Pleshette, a New York actress who had just been named Hollywood's "Most Promising New Star" by film exhibitors, and the chap she dated, Troy Donahue. Outsiders have never quite understood Miss Pleshette's fascination with Troy. The daughter of a New York theater executive, she is a glib, 98-pound package of brass, talent and brains. Donahue is hulking and taciturn, the owner of nebulous acting credentials.

The explanation, however, is simple. When they met, Donahue boasted millions of screaming teen-aged fans, a quavering mass of idol-worshipers. Miss Pleshette's supporters consisted mostly of relatives. But she did have something extra—a driving ambition.

That ambition led her to Donahue's dressing room on the Warner Brothers lot. Suzanne simply knocked on Troy's door and introduced herself. The rapport that ensued led to joint appearances at movie premieres and charity circuses and to an eventual linking of their names romantically. Suzanne found herself cast as Troy's leading lady in *Rome Adventure*, a lightweight excursion for the leather-jacket trade. "I wanted in my first picture to be presented to the younger people," she explains. "They came in to see Troy and got me too."

Suzanne became an added attraction in the movie magazines too. She was Troy's girl friend, and reams of fatuous prose were spewed out about their off-screen activities.

Some of the articles debated the reported marriage of Suzanne and Troy. Suzanne prodded the rumors along by joining Donahue for two weeks in Hawaii, where he was making TV shows. The grapevine said they were really on their honeymoon. Then came the denials.

"Sometimes I get mad," she says of the prose written about her. "But there is a limit to what I can get mad about since I am becoming a public figure. If they write things about Troy and myself which are not true, we have no quarrel. We're both actors. If they want to say Troy and I were hanging by one ear from a balcony, let them say it. But if they really get rude, I'll sue."

Suzanne and Troy, now filming *A Distant Trumpet*, still date occasionally, but their romance has cooled. "I want out," she said. "I've served my time. It's like I've been in purgatory."

Suzanne, who has just completed *Youngblood Hawke*, is now channeling her energies into her career. Over her five years as television, stage and, lately, film star, she has displayed a versatility unparalleled among her contemporaries. Though she has performed in over 200 television shows, she claims never to have played the same kind of part twice. Once she rejected $1,000 for a TV part similar to one she had already done, for a fresh characterization that paid only $250. Such thinking has given her a range of roles impossible to acquire in the motion-picture business. "If you don't have the courage to fall on your face," she says, "you'll never have the guts to do anything great, because you always took the careful, easy way. I go out and look to get my hands dirty. I've never been afraid of starving."

Warner Brothers reviewed its motley list of contract players last year and promptly drafted a lucrative, two-picture-a-year contract for Suzanne. They are grooming her to be a leading lady along young Bette Davis lines. "There is a big vacuum," she says. "You've got the young starlet, and then there are stars like Shirley MacLaine, Doris Day, Elizabeth Taylor and Audrey Hepburn. There's virtually nobody between the starlets and the stars in the 20–30-year-old age bracket. You can be sure they won't put me in a junk film like *I Was a Teen-aged Bird*."

"Suzanne comes on like Gang Busters," says Arthur Penn, her Broadway director on *The Miracle Worker*. She does not deny it. "There is a quality in me that says I am not a 14-year-old girl," she says. "There's something in my eyes and manner that makes it impossible for me to be Betty Boop. Early in my career I looked like a baby with a little round face. I'd walk into casting offices, and they'd say, 'You're perfect.' Then I'd open my mouth, and out came this throaty voice of mine. I've always run into this."

What also comes out is an unmistakable candor which astounds those expecting her to be a demure little fluffhead. "I don't want anyone to photograph me in a bathing suit," she told Warner Brothers. "I'm not a starlet. I won't pose with a firecracker in my ear on July Fourth. Maybe other actresses have a whacked-out figure and dig taking off their clothes. I won't because I'm not that thrilled with showing my own nakedness. I'm not a beauty, I'm an actress. You can look at Elizabeth Taylor file her nails for half an hour, and it's exciting because she's gorgeous. Me, I got to be doing something."

The industrious side of Miss Pleshette has been evident in every picture she has made. Her first film, released three years ago, was Jerry Lewis's *Geisha Boy*, a comedy filled with improvised sight gags and spontaneous dialogue. "There was a wonderful feeling of everything being new and fresh," says Suzanne. "That improvisational quality has always remained in my work, once I learned that it can work within the rules of film technique." Her first starring role, in *Rome Adventure*, appeared on paper to be a cliché ingenue of few dimensions. "I had to work my tail off to find the colors of a 21-year-old girl falling in love for the first time," she says. "For me it was more of a challenge than *Miracle Worker*."

Cast as a nightclub singer in *Forty Pounds of Trouble*, she was called upon to sing two tunes to an audience of 700 extras. "My knees were knocking when I walked out," she recalls. "Finally I said to myself, 'You're making problems. They're your own personal fears.' I went out and I did it and I loved it. They couldn't get me off the damned floor."

Suzanne uses this confidence-building technique whenever confronted with a tricky acting situation. The same sort of anxieties developed in *Wall of Noise*, where she fought some strong inhibitions over doing a hot-blooded love scene with Ty Hardin. "There's this problem of how to create a chemistry between two people who are really strangers," she says. "I still have that prudery where I feel that sex is private, yet I'm required to get up in front of 100 technicians and jump and hug and kiss. Once I admitted to myself that I was only giving myself excuses not to relax and do the scene, it worked."

From her varied acting experiences, Miss Pleshette has matured into a polished performer. Yet, aside from the functions she attends with Donahue, she adroitly avoids playing Hollywood star. Her compact car is rented and traded in every three months to prevent her from being identified with it. She lives on a $50 a week allowance and is somewhat abashed by the amount of money she makes. Her teeth are uncapped, and to cover her silver fillings, she inserts a specially made, three-tooth clip in her mouth before working in front of the camera. "At least I don't have a Hollywood smile," she says.

"I'm still not out of the fan stage," she says. "I find it difficult to believe that I work with the same people that a week before I was paying $1.25 to go and see. Fans write to me because now I'm one of those people on the screen, one of those beautiful, perfect, wonderful people who never go to the bathroom. But it's only a very few years ago that I was sitting in aisle three at the New York Paramount, watching the screen. Somehow, I still think I am the person sitting in aisle three. The day I stop thinking that, I'm in a lot of trouble."

The Misses Lynley, Stevens, Mimieux and Pleshette have plotted their own distinctive paths. Whether they will succeed or fail is a haunting intangible. The chances are, however, that they are finding little comfort in a cynical tale which has been making Hollywood rounds. It goes like this:

Four actresses stood at the celestial gates, each ticking off the tribulations she had endured in life to insure immortality and gain admittance to Actors Heaven. "I left my husband," pleaded the first. "I had to flaunt my sex," said the second. "I submitted to a manufacture by publicity," declared the third. "I got up enough nerve to engineer the rig introduction," murmured the fourth.

The gatekeeper considered their qualifications and shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "we're all full down front. But there may be a few seats left for you girls up in the balcony." THE END

Photographs by Allan Grant

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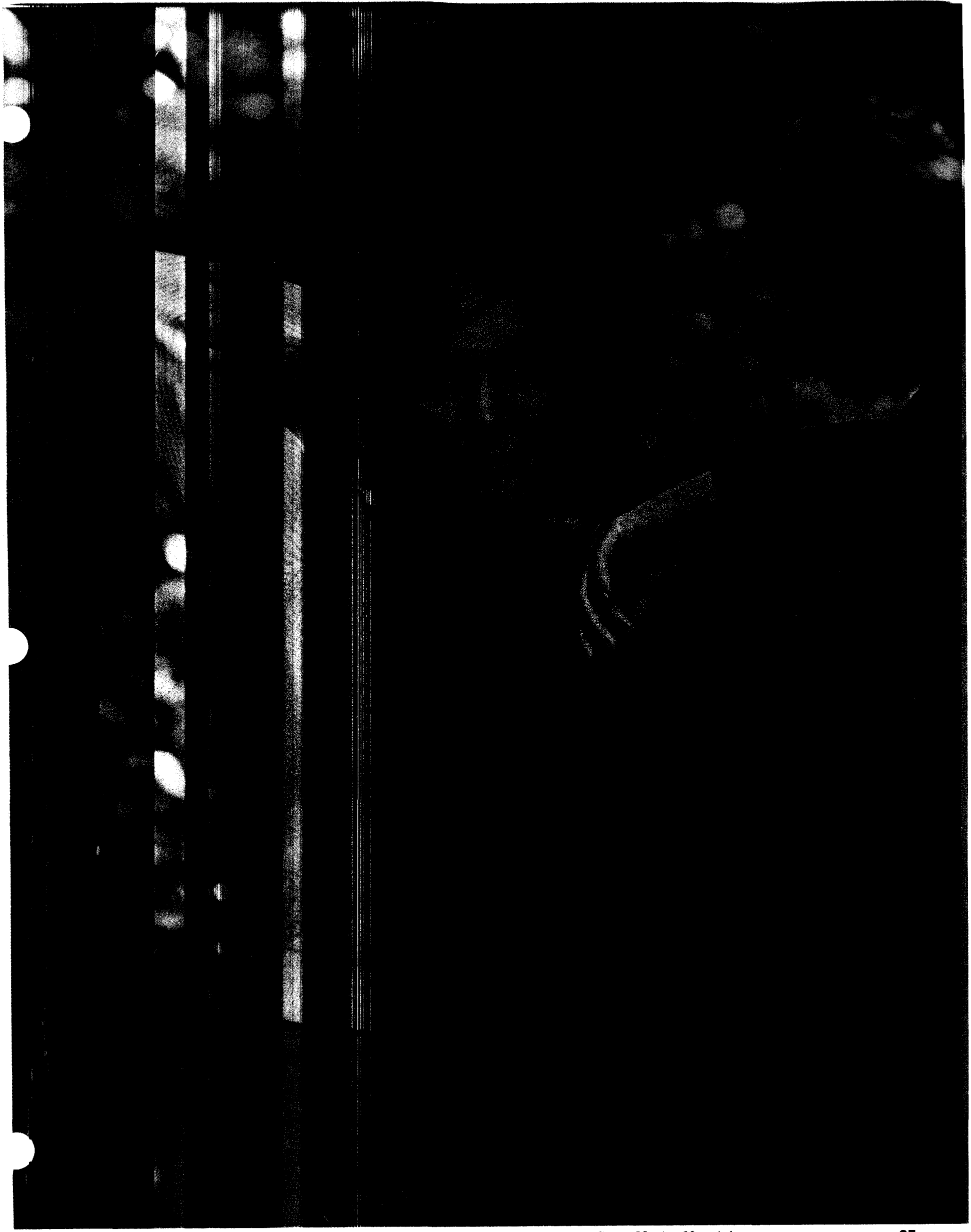

Pensive Yvette Mimieux, a recluse of sorts, lives secluded in Santa Monica Mountains.

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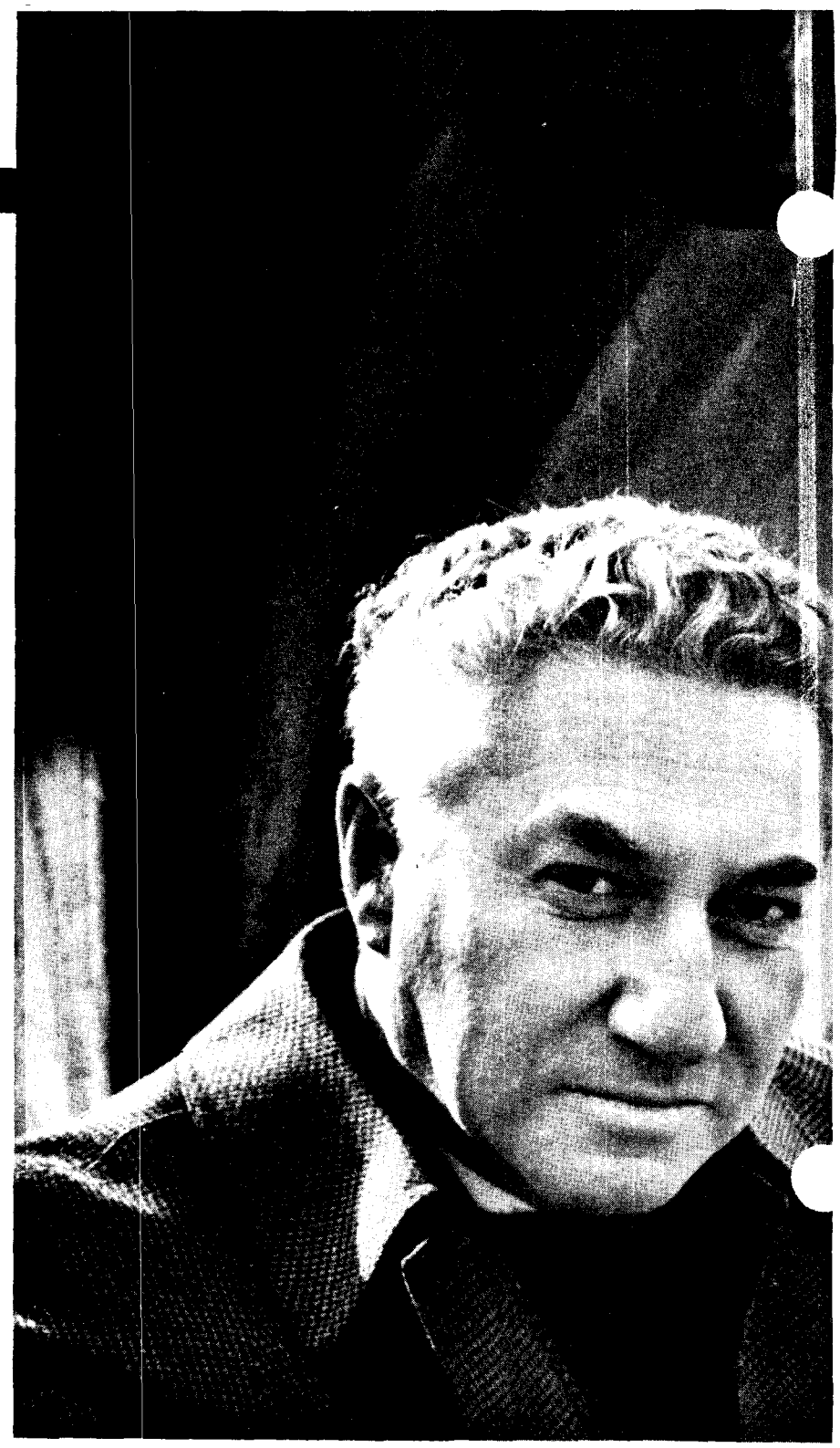
THE WATERFRONT revisited

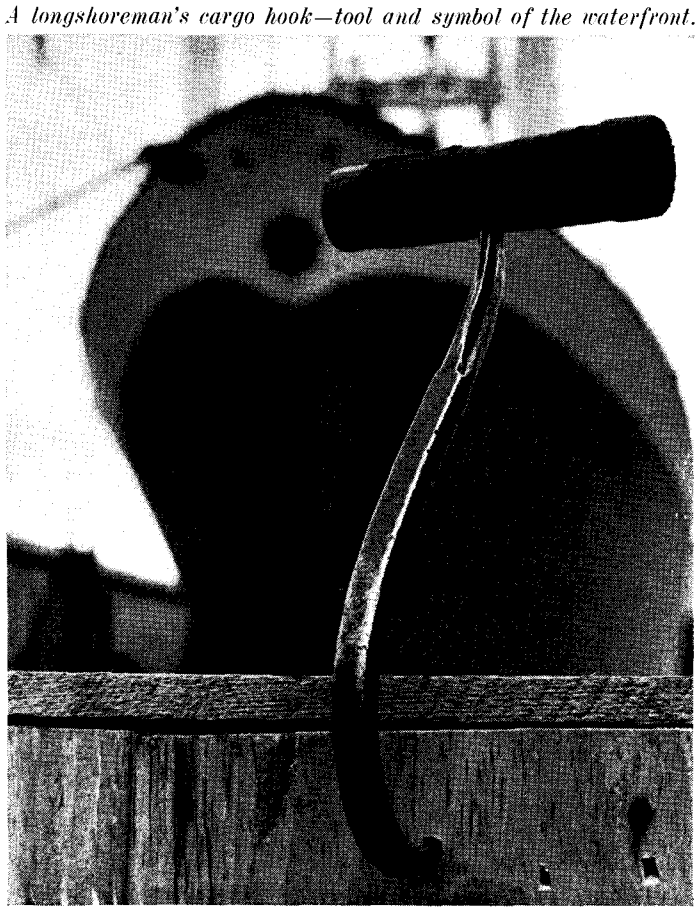
By Budd Schulberg

Photographs by James Drake



In the past two issues The Post has exposed the long-guarded secrets of the Mafia's structure in America and taken an inside look at mob warfare in Brooklyn. Here, noted author Budd Schulberg returns to the scene of his prizewinning movie ON THE WATERFRONT for an up-to-date report on the rackets and racketeers still contaminating the docks of our leading seaport.

A longshoreman's cargo hook—tool and symbol of the waterfront.



Civil war was raging through New York harbor 10 years ago, when director Elia Kazan and I were there to film *On the Waterfront*. Insurgent longshoremen, backed by the American Federation of Labor, were battling the mob-infested International Longshoremen's Association (I.L.A.), just expelled from the A.F.L., in a bitterly fought election campaign to determine which union would bargain for the 40,000 men who move $6.5 billion worth of cargo through the port every year. We didn't know how to end our picture because no one could predict how the real-life waterfront struggle would end. In my script the hoodlum dock boss, Johnny Friendly, facing jail, hollers, "I'll be back—and I'll remember every last one of yuz!"

Now that 10 years have passed, I recently asked New York Port Authority Director Austin J. Tobin what had become of men like Johnny Friendly. "His threat was true then," Tobin said, "and unfortunately it's still true today. Actually the hoodlums never went away."

I had first entered this crime-ridden world with the help of the Rev. John Corridan, the celebrated "waterfront priest." A tall, intense man who spoke the gritty language of the dock workers, Father John really believed that all men were brothers in Christ. "Some people think the Crucifixion took place only on Calvary," he had begun one memorable sermon on the docks, going on to preach in terms the dockers understood—of "Christ in the shape-up."

Father John ticked off for me the various mobs controlling different sections of the harbor, named the hiring bosses with criminal records and described the evils of the shape-up hiring system. He gave me chapter and verse on the wholesale pilferage from ships' cargoes and explained how I.L.A. hoodlums extorted payoffs from the shipping companies, highly vulnerable to threats of work stoppages since idle ships earn no money. He sketched other dockside racket narcotics, gambling, loan-sharking—he introduced me to a sawed-off longshoreman called Brownie who would guide me for a look at harbor conditions.

That night Brownie took me on a tour of the bars that face the docks. "Keep ya

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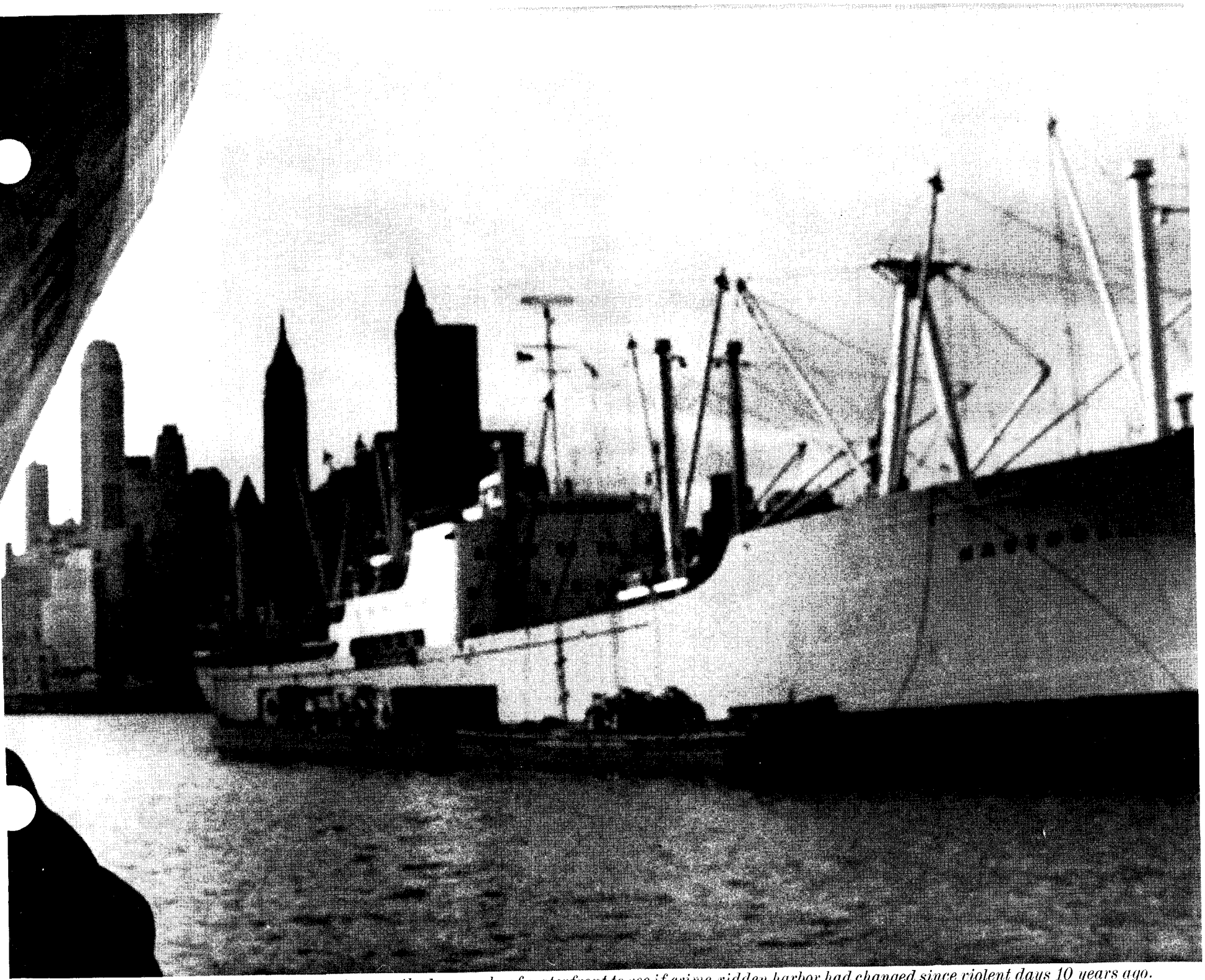

Author Schulberg visits Brooklyn pier during months-long probe of waterfront to see if crime-ridden harbor had changed since violent days 10 years ago.

ears open and ya mouth shut," he warned me. I got a close, hard look at the loan sharks, the bookmakers and their muscle, who took their bread out of the envelopes of longshoremen. In the neighborhood of the luxury-line berths were the enforcers who had moved in through bank-robber Mickey Bowers's notorious "Pistol Local" 824: the reptilian-eyed John Keefe, "Apples" Applegate and "Sudden Death" Ward. These men may sound like extravagant creations of the late Damon Runyon, but they were there in the flesh—although invisible to the tourists waving happy good-byes from the decks of passenger ships like the *Ile de France*, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *United States*.

I elbowed close to Danny St. John, hiring boss of Pier 84, who had been arrested 20 times on charges including assault, robbery and murder. And in Workman's on West Street, Brownie pointed out Albert Ackalitis, a machine-gun man paroled from Sing Sing at the request of William J. McCormack's stevedore company, to be a hiring boss.

Big Bill McCormack had worked his way up from bully boy on a horse-drawn meat truck before World War I to become a multimillionaire industrialist, a power on the waterfront—*the* power, some say—and a king-maker at City Hall. Ties between political and waterfront leaders have always been close. To see how close you had only to study the guest list of an I.L.A. president's testimonial dinner. There prominent city officials and judges sat jowl by jowl with the "labor leaders," shipping executives, stevedore bosses, racketeers and killers—one big happy family of despoilers gathered together in tribal ceremony, flaunting their power over the harbor and the city it serves and controls.

If Big Bill McCormack was the top, the bottom layer of waterfront corruption was the shape-up. Even after reading Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaper series—the basis for our film about the waterfront—I was still unprepared for what I saw on a pierhead one bleak, despairing dawn. Five hundred men hoping for work, beating their hands together for warmth, shaped themselves into a huge human horseshoe in front of the hiring boss—nominally an employee of the stevedoring company which hired the longshoremen but in actual fact a man designated by the I.L.A. leaders.

He who wishes to behold one of the most extraordinary and least-known scenes of this metropolis should go down to the [docks] at half past seven in the morning. . . . It is a sight to sadden the most callous to see thousands of men struggling for only one day's hire, the scuffle being made the fiercer by the knowledge that hundreds out of the number there assembled must be left to idle the day out in want. To look into the faces of that hungry crowd is to see a sight that must be ever remembered. Some are smiling to the foreman to coax him into remembrance of them; others, with their protruding eyes, eager to snatch for the hoped-for pass. For weeks many have gone there, and gone through the same struggle, the same crisis; and have gone away, after all, without the work they had screamed for.

That could be my description of the shape-ups I saw in the early '50's. It happens to be an eyewitness account of a London shape-up 90 years earlier. Outlawed in England before the end of the 19th century and abandoned in nearly all other American ports, this was the barbarous way I saw men still being hired in the modern metropolis of New York. I looked into the faces of men passed over, some because they couldn't get up the two dollars to kick back to the hiring boss, some too old, some too outspoken against this inhuman system. Many stood there staring vacantly and took a long time turning away. Five hundred men for 200 jobs. And the same situation at all the pierheads around the harbor: 40,000 men crowding around their hiring bosses begging for less than 20,000 jobs.

I followed the rejected back to the bars for the long wait till the one o'clock shape. How did they get the bar money? Waiting for them were the Shylocks, as they called the loan sharks. Money came easy. Only paying it back was hard. Borrow a double sawbuck today, you'd owe 22 a week from today. And that 10 percent could add up until you were paying 100 percent on your lousy double saw. To top the indignity, the Shylock, part of the mob that had your dock and your local in its pocket, would insure his investment by pointing you to a couple of

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"The I.L.A. is a disgrace to the good name of organized labor. By its very nature the I.L.A. is in trou

days on the pier, collecting your brass-work tab and cashing it himself.

Week by week, month by month, first visiting then finally moving into the railroad flats of longshoremen, I felt I was living my way into the jungle world of the waterfront. The shape-up haunted me. And the brazen pilferage. And the bullying violence, the casual killings. I began to identify myself with the group of longshoremen who had been coming to St. Xavier's Labor School after dark, for advice from Father Corridan.

"Father John knows the score," had become a popular saying by the time I came to know him well. And as the influence of the Corridan group spread through the harbor, so did the violence. One member of the group, Joey Cuervo, was sitting with his children watching TV when a shot was fired into his living room. Christy Doran, hiring boss on Pier 42, another member of the clean-up movement, fell to his death from a cliff at a church picnic. "*Fell?* That's a hot one," said Brownie, my guide.

On notorious Pier 32 Michael Brogan, an assistant hiring boss, disappeared shortly after his local, 895, voted 5-1 to quit the I.L.A. Three weeks later Brogan's body was found floating in the river. He had talked openly of breaking with the old crowd and of his troubles with the gunman Ackalitis. With the federally sponsored union election on its way, most of the West Side Irish rebels interpreted Brogan's death as "A McGrath-Ackalitis election maneuver." Eddie McGrath, an I.L.A. organizer for 15 years and a mob leader with a record of 12 arrests for crimes ranging from petty larceny to murder, had fled to Florida after his brother-in-law and gang partner John (Cockeye) Dunn was executed for murder in 1949. But he was reported still to be running the rackets on the lower West Side piers by remote control from Miami—and one of those piers was Pier 32.

Intimidation, beatings and murders dominated this whole campaign, for the racketeers were fighting for survival on the waterfront. But on election night, May 26, 1954, the rebels were in a victory mood. With no union hall of their own, thousands of them gathered at the Seafarers International Union Hall in Brooklyn to await the election returns. Paul Hall, the formidable ex-sailor president of the S.I.U., was the ranking A.F.L. officer in this war against the I.L.A. Beer was on the house that night for the men who had stood up to danger, ostracism and starvation in their effort to wrench control of the harbor from the racketeers. Confident of their strength in Brooklyn, on the lower West Side, on the Jersey shore, dock workers who wore their battle stripes on their faces lifted brews together in premature celebration.

At first it seemed that the graft-ridden I.L.A. was finally being pried loose, but by midnight it was creeping up on the rebels. And by early morning, when the returns were in, the I.L.A. had polled 9,110 votes to 8,791 for the reform movement. A mere 319 votes separated the old order from the new. In Jersey City alone, buses scheduled to carry anti-I.L.A. dockworkers to the polls mysteriously failed to show up. One of the A.F.L. organizers responsible for this transportation was promptly rewarded by the I.L.A.—promoted to hiring boss. That one defection—and there were others—cost this tragic photo-finish defeat.

What happened to the nearly 9,000 longshoremen who gambled their livelihood, and some their lives, only to blow it by less than two percent of the total vote? Scores had to ship out as sailors to escape mob vengeance. Our dock boss in the film had shouted down the rebels as "living dead men," and that's what the stand-up guys of the narrowly defeated movement soon became. Men I had come to know in the battle for the harbor were starved out. Some threw in the sponge and turned to other jobs—a stagehand, a helper on a truck. The demoralized drifted off into alcoholism. But there were diehards strong enough to stick it out on the docks, unsung heroes in the long upward struggle for freedom from degradation, crime and corruption on the waterfront.

Recently, near the pier where he was lucky enough to be working that day, I joined a coffee break with a representative member of this group, a hard-working Irish longshoreman whom we'll call Tommy Monohan. He's a hatch foreman, a man who knows and loves his job. That's important to understand about longshoremen. Most of them aren't down there because they're shiftless drifters who like to pick up a couple of days a week to pay the bar bills. The Tommy Monohans are as attracted to their profession as a sailor is to the sea. There is something of the sea about the job, the changing moods of the river and the weather, the sense of working out-of-doors. Tommy speaks for thousands of fellow dock wallopers who will tell you they couldn't stand being cooped up—a humdrum nine-to-five office job would shrivel their souls. They thrive on hard work and long hours, working, say, from one P.M. until five the next morning to ready a ship to be turned around—one of the deepwater vessels leaving the great harbor every 45 minutes.

I tell you this about Tommy Monohan, son of an Irish-born longshoreman, and a deck man for nearly 20 years, because he is his own best answer to the familiar question, "If they're having all that trouble, why don't they look for some other

Brooklyn I.L.A. delegate Benny Terranova (left) gets an earful of longshoremen's grievances. In the old days union's leaders ignored members' problems.

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ınd always will be in trouble."

kind of job?" Tough, honest, independent, concerned for his wife and kids, a natural leader among his fellow workers and in his local whenever it is run democratically, Tommy Monohan is determined to make up the ground he lost in the 10 lean years.

It has been a long climb back. Not all the way back, because he is still only a member of an extra gang—getting the surplus work behind the regular gangs. But he thought his story was typical of the legitimate longshoremen who had been paying a price for their efforts to clean up the docks.

"After the I.L.A. beat us by an eyelash, the word was out, don't hire any rebels. There was no place we could shape. They'd pick a one-armed midget before they'd give us a day.

"We were willing to work anywhere, do anything to put food on the table for the kids. Those who wouldn't, who weren't willing to take the leavings, had to get out. Those first five years somehow we managed to keep ourselves together [a blacklisted, occasionally working gang of 21] but a couple of days a week some of us shaped individually, even working in the hold—*bananas*, anything to fill out a week's pay."

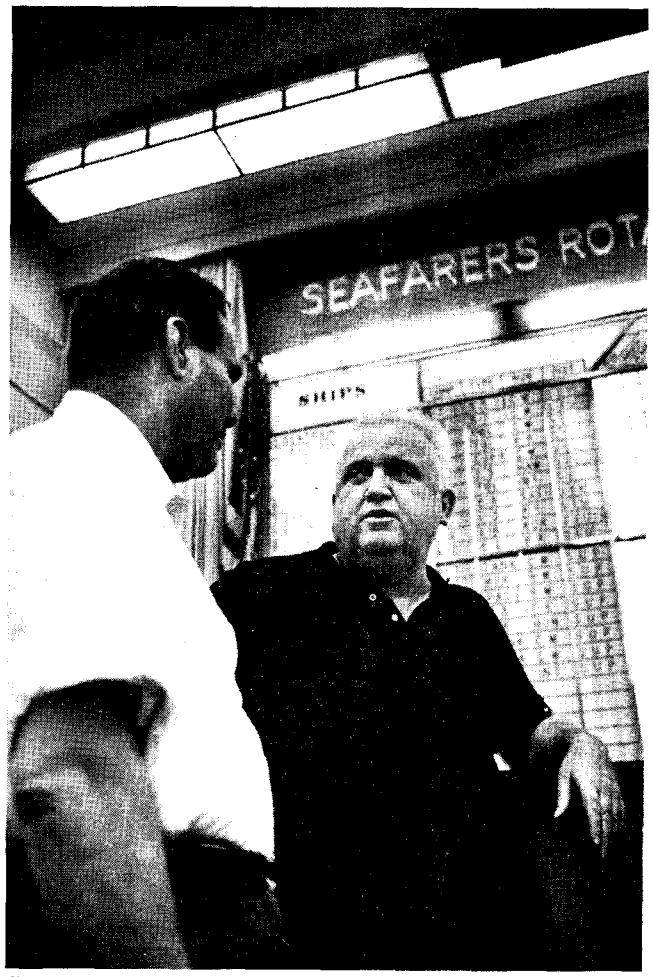
When Tommy Monohan's voice underlined *bananas*, he was indicating how low he had fallen in the longshore status system. The early Irish immigrants, like the wave of Italians after them, then the Negroes and lately the Puerto Ricans, would take anything. Today only the Puerto Ricans handle bananas.

"From '54 to '59 it was steady abuse," Tommy went on. "After that the fellas who'd been against us started to come around. Fellas we'd grown up with and gone to school with, but who hadn't talked to us in maybe six years, started saying a couple of words to us. My own brother stuck with the I.L.A., and we didn't talk for three years. Of course the feeling will always be there, it went so deep, but we decided to test it by running for local office. We lost, but only by a handful of votes, and because of our strength we've been able to work out a deal where two rebels are taken back into the local each month. So I guess you could say the old reform movement isn't quite dead."

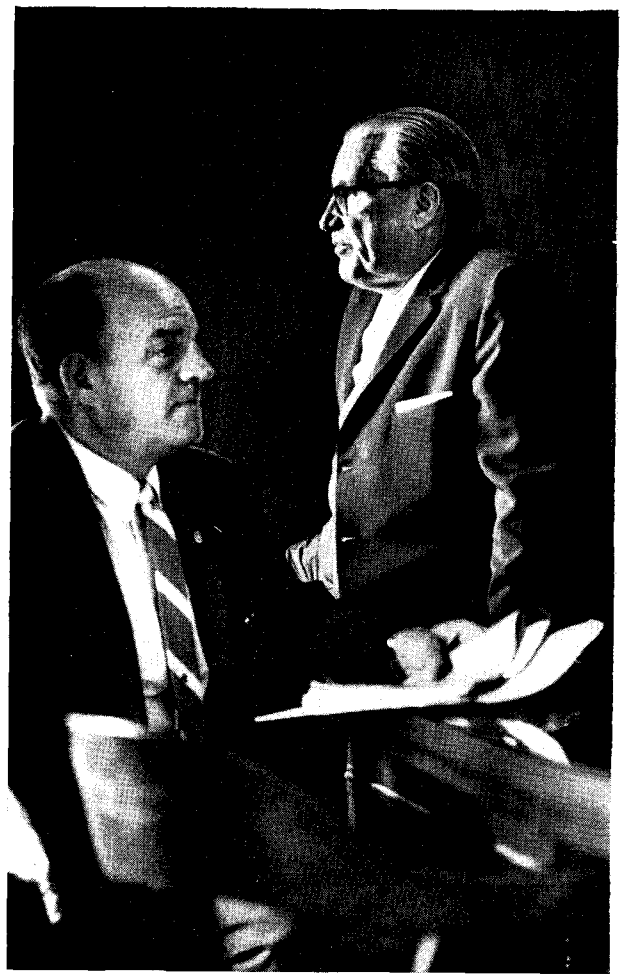
There have been other indications of reform in the longshoreman's union since I left the waterfront 10 years ago. Some of this has come from within the I.L.A.; some has been forced on it from outside. The biggest outside force has been the bistate (New York and New Jersey) Waterfront Commission, set up in 1953 after the New York State Crime Commission declared that waterfront crime was so widespread that it threatened the supremacy of the port of New York. The bistate commission has authority over all phases of harbor activity, from supervision of hiring to forcing convicted criminals from union office to cracking down on the individual longshoreman who still feels himself entitled to a bottle of Scotch or a can of tuna "so long as it's for home consumption."

One main reform by the Commission has been the elimination of the archaic shape-up. Instead, employment-

Anthony Scotto, son-in-law of the late "Tough Tony" Anastasio, listens to longshoreman of his well-run I.L.A. local in Brooklyn.



Former sailor Paul Hall (right) is boss of the Seafarers union.



Joe Curran runs Maritime Union, Teddy Gleason the I.L.A.

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information centers—14 of them around the harbor—serve as hiring halls, in which only men registered with the commission can be certified for work. Most longshoremen belong to work gangs of about 20 men, and today these gangs are usually hired a day ahead of time. Gangs and individuals—"casuals"—without work assignments go to the centers. And a man can be removed from the register—"decasualized"—for seeking work less than eight days a month or for criminal activities. In this way, over the years, the commission has brought the size of the work force more into line with the port's labor requirements.

"The big change over the past is the hiring," Tommy Monohan told me. "A hundred percent improved. Well, let's settle for eighty. A lot of the men bitch about the Waterfront Commission, but you gotta give the Commish credit for their information centers. Now the stevedore-company agents come to the men at the centers instead of the men going to the piers. At the pierhead you were helpless. If you got passed over you didn't know where to turn. The hiring boss had you. That's why he could force the kickbacks on you. You bought your job or you went hungry."

Reform from within the longshoremen's union has been less spectacular, but there have been hopeful signs. After the Crime Commission issued its report 10 years ago, I.L.A. President Joseph P. Ryan, who died last June, was indicted on 51 counts of misusing union funds, and replaced in office by tugboat Capt. William V. Bradley, also a McCormack man but clean enough to lend a cloak of respectability to the organization. Bradley has been described in the cruel wit of the waterfront as "all fat from his ankles up." In recent years Thomas (Teddy) Gleason—who beat out Bradley for the presidency last July—has been "the man to see at Fourteenth Street," I.L.A. headquarters. And while Gleason has a record of consorting with gangsters, he has recently shown signs of developing an interest in trade-unionism.

"At Fourteenth Street," Tommy Monohan said, "the same faces are still there, and the same tough guys dropping up for phoning in, but this year for the first time they seem to be thinking about the membership. This last strike [December 23, 1962–January 26, 1963] was the first time they didn't try to sell us out to the shippers. This time I gotta give Teddy Gleason credit; he did a good job.

"In the Bowers' section"—the redolent "Pistol Local" controlling the luxury-line piers—"it's a hulluva lot different from when you were here before. Mickey's son Johnny is doing a job for the men. Oh sure, he gave soft jobs to the old pistoleros like Ward and Keefie because they were pals of his old man. But Johnny isn't running the local just to fill his own pocket. He's one of the best leaders to come along on the West Side." Bowers, in fact, became executive vice president of the international in the July elections.

The most dramatic—and the most hopeful—instance of reform from within has been the redemption of Anthony (Tough Tony) Anastasio, boss of the Brooklyn docks until his death last March. Tony had climbed the ladder of American success from lowly ship-jumper to mob-backed hiring boss to union leader. He consolidated the six "Camarda locals," Mafia fiefdoms named for one family of dockside overlords, into one mighty local that gave him control of the entire Brooklyn waterfront. If you wanted a job, you went to see Tony. If you had a beef, you went to see Tony. Tony's beachmaster bellow could be heard from Red Hook to the Erie Basin.

No one knows all the reasons for the transformation of "Tough Tony" to "Tender Tony," but he was undoubtedly influenced by the barbershop execution of his brother Albert Anastasia, Lord High Executioner for Murder, Inc. (the brothers spelled the family name differently), and by a heart condition that must have turned his mind to his own impending death. In the mid-'50's Paul Hall, his neighbor in Brooklyn as president of the Seafarers Union, helped persuade the aging tyrant of the docks that there was still time for the *padrone* respected through fear and hatred to become one respected through gratitude and affection.

So well did he succeed that, as Tough Tony's $25,000 funeral procession paraded past all the pierheads of Brooklyn, I saw even Irish longshoremen—for generations enemies of the Italians—bow their heads. "We lost a good man," they said. "We lost a damn good labor leader."

Reform on the Brooklyn docks did not end with Tough Tony's death, for one of his cleanest breaks with the past was his choice as son-in-law of a man outside the Mafia aristocracy. Tony Scotto, who inherited the leadership of Anastasio's huge local, was born a few blocks from the union hall, the son of an immigrant longshoreman and himself a part-time longshoreman as he worked his way through Brooklyn College.

Tonys I and II are classic examples of the Americanization process. The accent of the Italian peninsula was strong in the guttural speech of Tony I. Tony II speaks smoothly in phrases that would become a college sociology instructor. Discussing the Italian-Irish rivalry in the harbor, he says, "The ethnic problem, unfortunately, continues. But I look forward to working in cooperation with Johnny Bowers and the other West Side officers for the common good of the membership. If they will only outgrow their prejudice and meet us halfway."

Only 28, although active in the local's activities for the past nine years, Tony Scotto is the kind of enlightened trade-unionist who could not have existed on the waterfront in the dark ages when an I.L.A. leader carried the charter in his hat and the treasury in his pocket. Scotto is proud of the contrast and credits his gravel-voiced father-in-law for making the jump from primitive extortion to trade-unionism. "The cookie-jar days are gone forever," he says, referring to former I.L.A. treasurers who admitted under oath that union funds were kept in cookie jars at home and dipped into at personal whim. "We account for every cent now with I.B.M. machines."

Unlike many I.L.A. officers, Scotto is too sophisticated to blast the Waterfront Commission as a totalitarian abomination. While the labor movement is officially opposed to any government supervision of union activities, Scotto will concede that some of the reforms around the harbor could be credited to the bi-state commission. But he believes many of these would have happened even without the commission, through the natural evolution of the waterfront.

"Ten years ago seven out of ten Italian longshoremen couldn't speak English. Many of them were bewildered immigrants not yet oriented to the new world. They had no rights where they came from and didn't expect any here. Some of them were ship jumpers, and the dock boss could always threaten to turn them in if they didn't accept whatever he handed out to them. They had no self-respect; they had a peon psychology; they were the ready-made victims of extortion."

Today, Scotto points out, seven out of ten Italian longshoremen do speak English. "They are able to express themselves and we encourage them to. When you first came to the waterfront, there were no union meetings—just henchmen getting together once in a while. Now we educate members to attend meetings.

"We're a good union because we had to be," Scotto admits. "The rebel rivalry and the closeness of the election forced us to toe the mark. As a result more has been done for the men in the past ten years than in all the previous years put together. Our two-million-dollar medical-and-dental clinic, the Tony Anastasio Memorial, is making waterfront history."

The power of the Mafia

Modern, intelligent, forward-looking, leader of the largest local of longshoremen in the world, Tony Scotto is a refreshing change from the Mafia that held these Brooklyn docks at gunpoint when I first came in. Still, it would be foolish to say that organized crime has departed from the Brooklyn docks. Despite the social gains and hope for the future that Scotto represents, the Mafia still has its tentacles entwined around the piers.

During the reign of Tough Tony Anastasio, the earlier alliance between the Mafia dons and the union became a truce. Tony ran his union without their interference, and the boys ran their rackets without his. Tony Scotto may have the desire but hardly the power to take on the mob. His approach seems to be one of passive resistance, to win by patience and attrition what he could lose through precipitous opposition. He is looking to the future, to the influence of education and prosperity, when people no longer tied to the old world will not have to resort to crime and secret organizations as an answer to insecurity.

While the old-guard Mafia perseveres despite death, deportation or imprisonment, a "young Turk" Mafia symbolized by the Gallo Brothers has been making old-fashioned music in Brooklyn. They have dared to upset the fraternal understanding with which syndicate business has been conducted around the harbor, and they have showed an appetite for violence in their grab for a bigger slice of the pie. One prime target is control of dockside rackets, and Gallo defiance of clean-cut Tony Scotto is both vocal and violent. "With Tough Tony out of the way," says one of them, "little Tony [Scotto is six feet one, weighs 218] is nothin'. We spit on Tony."

One of the most highly placed enforcement officers on the waterfront is concerned that mobsters—whether Gallo mavericks or senior underworld—will move in on Local 1814 now that the prestige of Tough Tony is no longer there to hold them at bay. "I hope this surprisingly healthy local will not be pieced off and redivided like Charlemagne's empire after the great emperor's death," he said to me. "Scotto's on the ball and he's tougher than he sounds with his college vocabulary, but I'm not sure he's strong enough to hold it."

Scotto has a powerful ally in Paul Hall of the S.I.U. And Hall—though his union is cleanly run, with classes to teach shop stewards democratic and progressive union procedures—has long boasted that he has the best muscle on the waterfront. When hoodlums tried to move in on his outfit years ago, he took them into a back room and beat the whey out of them. Once, fighting fire with fire, he held a mobster by his legs over a window sill and threatened to drop him unless he promised never to darken their union hall again.

In my return to the waterfront this year I found myself back in the same roomy, book-lined, leather-chaired office of Hall's where we had waited out the election returns nine years ago. Now a vice president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., Hall was still the dominant figure I had known. We mentioned some of the mob celebrities who still have their fingers in the pie but about whom Paul prefers not to talk for publication. "Not that I'm afraid, but I still have to live in this jungle. It's still the *arm*. The man who stands the tallest calls the shots."

Paul Hall opened a large humidor on his desk, reached for two thick, expensive cigars and tossed me one. This powerhouse of a man was warming to one of his favorite subjects—anti-Hoffaism, closely related to the future of the harbor because trucks driven by Jimmy Hoffa's teamsters pick up where longshoremen leave off—11,400 trucks moving cargo in and out of the port every day.

One of the major reasons for the continuation of graft and pilferage in the harbor lies in the Teamster power play on the docks. Two years ago Jimmy Hoffa, driving toward his master plan of One Big Transportation Union, signed up Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union and Captain Bradley of the I.L.A. With Harry Bridges' West Coast longshoremen also in tow, Hoffa's goal seemed to be within reach. But a mighty bellow from the late Tony Anastasio, whose Brooklyn local of 15,000 longshoremen represents half the working force of the port, forced Bradley to withdraw.

Waterfront experts saw in Bradley's hasty about-face signs of a future struggle for control of the harbor—on one side Hoffa plus Joe Curran plus the unreconstructed I.L.A. racketeers who run most Jersey docks as if the Waterfront Commission never existed; on the other, Anastasio's longshoremen, now led by Tony Scotto, allied with tough, gruff,

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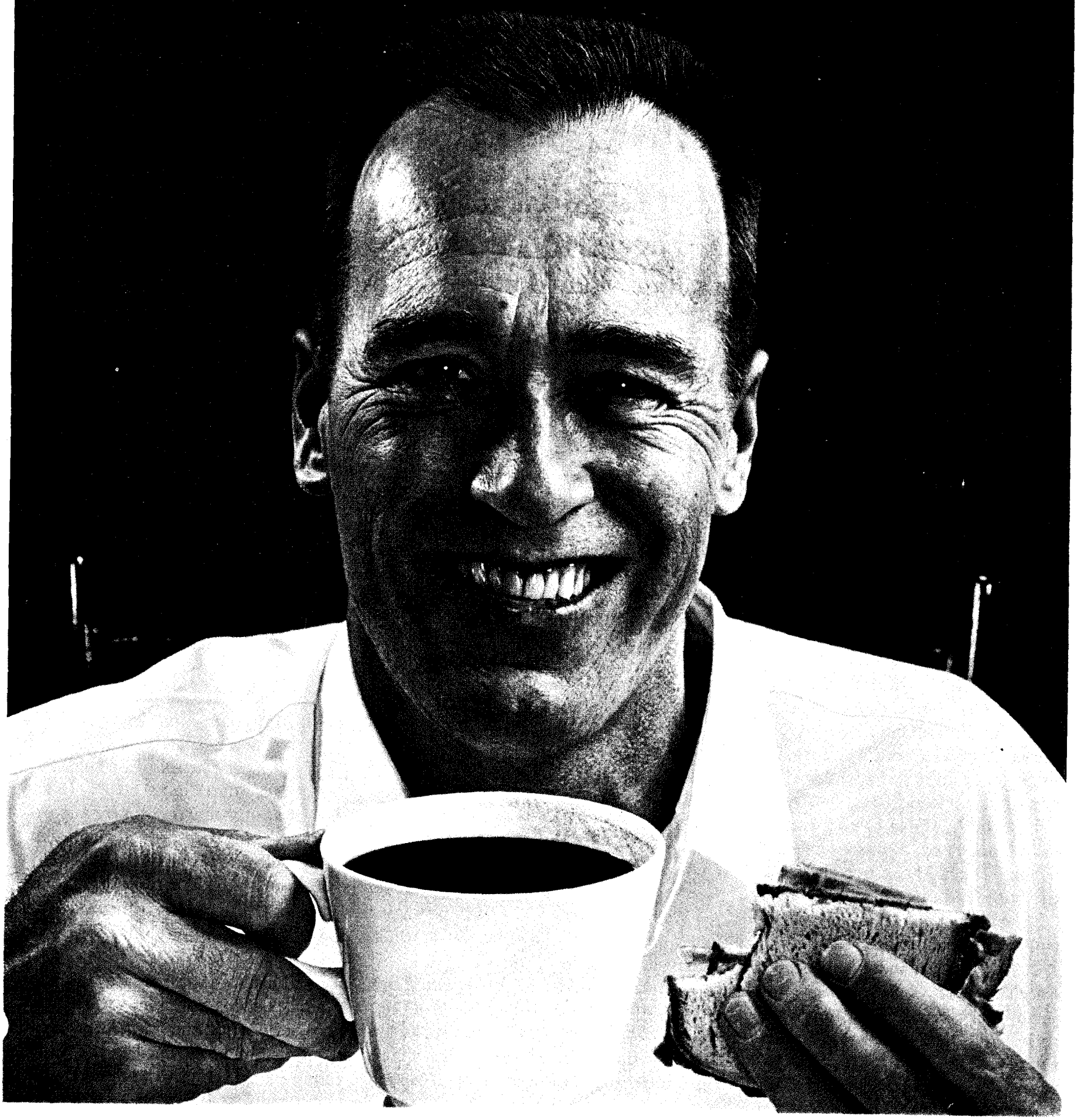

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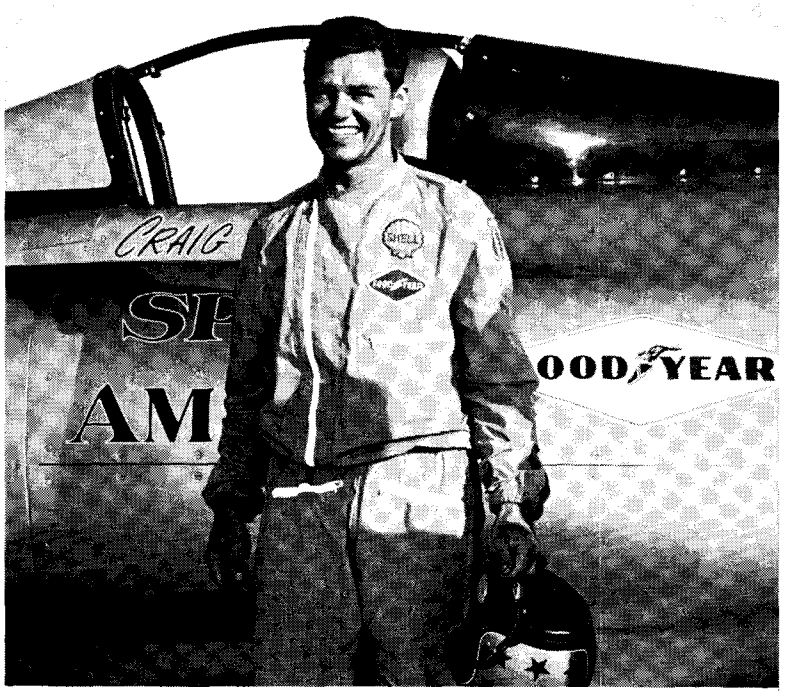
New World's Land Speed Record!
407 MPH ON GOODYEAR TIRES

Monday, August 5th Craig Breedlove, with a wingless jet, Goodyear tires and 170 pounds of heart, hope and guts brought the land speed record back to America.

7:15 a.m. The silence of the Bonneville Salt Flats was shattered by the whine of a 35-foot long jet racer. That whine became a roar as Craig Breedlove in his Spirit of America thundered into the record books.*

His speed: 388.49 mph one way, the other way...428.37 mph! For an average of 407.45 miles an hour! Smashing the record held by England's John Cobb of 394.2 mph. A 1947 record that many experts thought could never be topped.

One of the most important problems that Breedlove faced when he first decided to give the land speed record a try was summed up in a statement that appeared in a leading automotive magazine: **"...there is no point in thinking of a land speed record car if there are no tires that will stand up to the required speed."**



Craig Breedlove—first American to hold the Land Speed Record in 35 years. Breedlove built the "Spirit" in his garage. His estimate of a $10,000 car was exceeded ten-fold, before the car even left for the Salt.

Goodyear engineers accepted the unique...almost impossible challenge...and...

A TIRE IS BORN. In his initial talk with Goodyear engineers, Breedlove said, **"I need a tire that can take it. One that's practically indestructible. I'm going to go 400 to 500 miles an hour. That's two to three times as fast as they drive at Daytona or Indianapolis. This has got to be more than just a racing tire. When I get to top speed, the tires will have about 100 tons of centrifugal force trying to pull them into pieces. That's why I came to Goodyear because you people have the know-how."**

Goodyear engineers began to design, produce and test the land speed tires. Most of the tire was cord...for strength. The cord was treated with Goodyear's exclusive 3-T triple-tempering, triple-toughening process...the same 3-T processing that goes into all Goodyear auto tires.

Each tire was then tested on Goodyear's multi-stage dynamometer at speeds in excess of 600 miles per hour. Not one failed!

TIRE OF THE FUTURE. In the making of Breedlove's record-breaking tires, Goodyear scientists and engineers came up with developments and discoveries that will affect the tires you drive for many years to come.

Goodyear engineers say that the tire of the future may well be built around a key design feature of these land speed record tires.

When Craig Breedlove and his Spirit of America started at the far end of the 10-mile black stripe that marks the Bonneville course, he knew he was riding on the finest tires in the world. With that worry off his mind...he sped to the record speed of 407.45 mph...and became the fastest man on earth.

*Breedlove's speed—as an official world record—is subject to confirmation by the Federation Internationale Motocycliste, since this event was held under their International Sporting Code.

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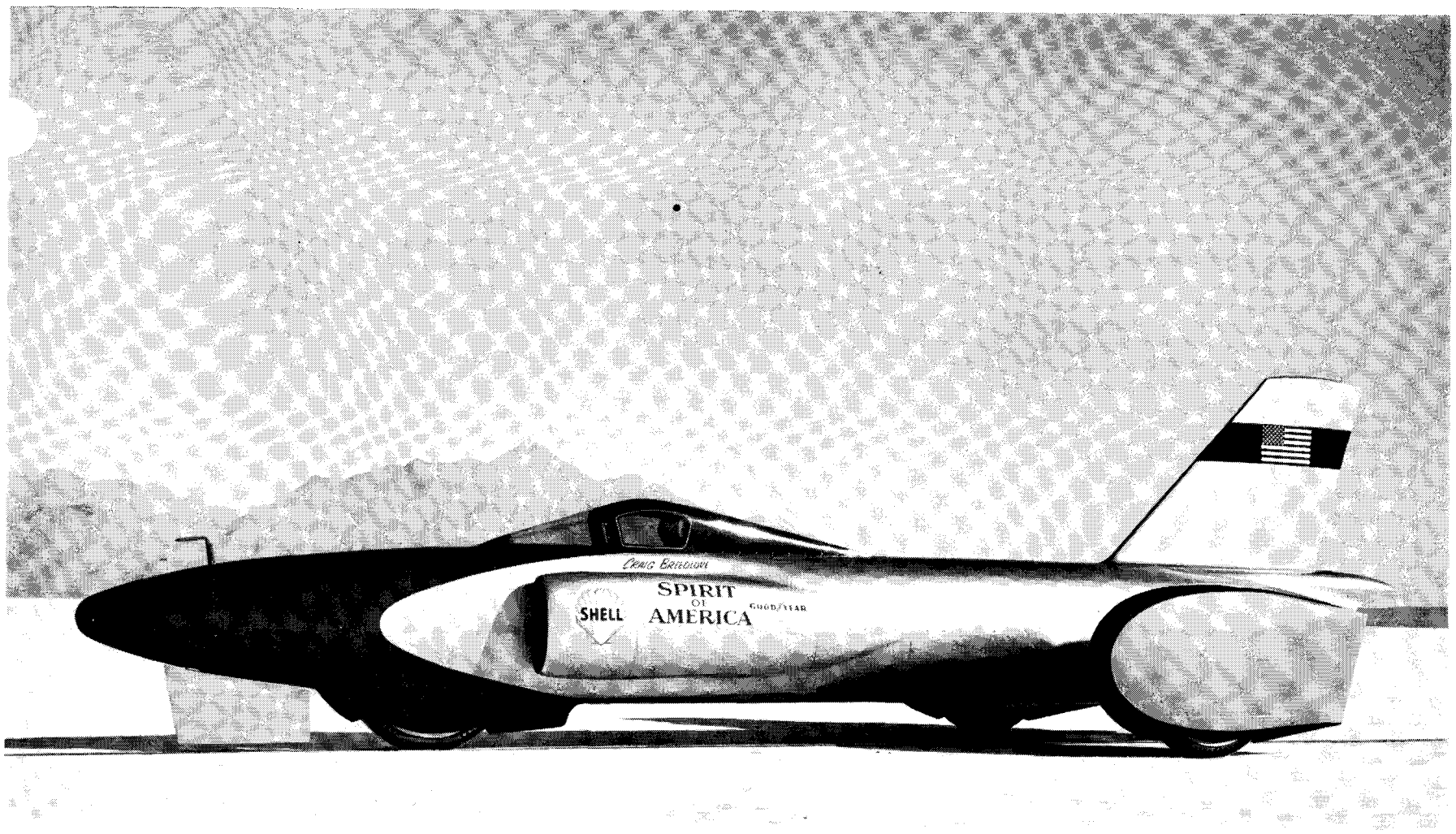
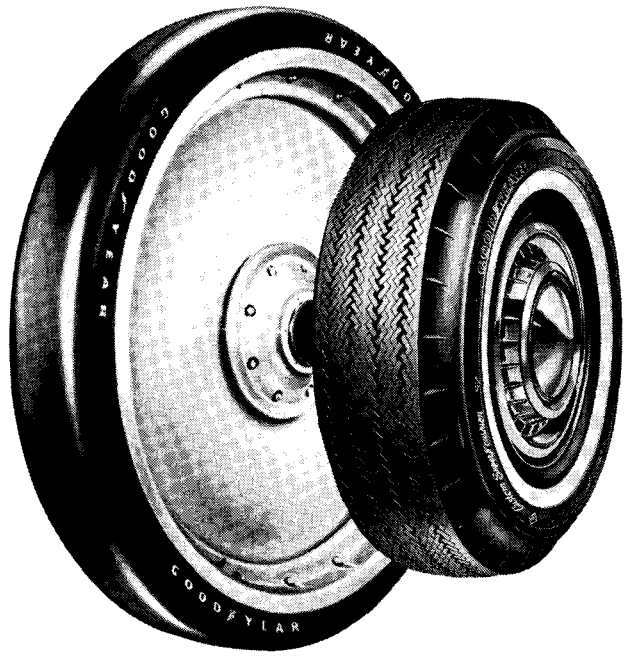


The Spirit of America is a superb product of 3 years of development. The 3-ton racer is powered by a J-47 jet engine and rides on 600-mph Goodyear tires.

Today you can get the benefit of Goodyear's superior high-speed developments in great, new Tufsyn tires. Built only by oodyear, Tufsyn tires deliver up to 25% more durability, giving far more mileage. You can buy these famous Goodyear tires in all sizes for all cars from your Goodyear Dealer or your Goodyear Service Store... today.

Goodyear engineer checks 4-foot high tires. Special Goodyear high-speed dynamometer test simulated the 12,110 pounds of centrifugal force that is exerted at the tread surface at speeds of more than 600 mph.



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"You won't see any dead bodies floating down the river anymore."

WATERFRONT

wily, dangerous Paul Hall. Now that Teddy Gleason has replaced Bradley as I.L.A. president, it remains to be seen which side the international will back.

When Hall takes on Jimmy Hoffa and his "Teamos," as the ex-sailor contemptuously calls them, the repercussions can be felt from Maine to Galveston—not to mention San Juan, lately the scene of a jurisdictional battle between the two unions. "Hoffa's union dropped a million and a quarter fighting us in Puerto Rico." Paul Hall punched his words through the cigar smoke. "Gin gorillas were hired for two bits–four bits a day [in square talk, goons who draw their courage from bottles and assault Teamster enemies for fees of $25 to $50 a day]. But guys ain't gonna die for fifty bucks a day. They can't stand up against the amateurs who believe in what they're doing. Lousy two-bit and four-bit gin gorillas," he muttered.

Hoffa protested to the NLRB that the sailors in San Juan were "resorting to violence to solve a labor dispute." Paul Hall grunted a sailor's oath. "That's typical Hoffa. If his guys had sent our guys to the hospital instead of the other way 'round, you think I'd go crying to the NLRB? I'd say we need stronger troops and we'd wipe up the docks with those Teamos before we got through."

The head-on, rough-and-tumble, do-it-yourself approach is typical Hall. In his fight against Hoffa, and the syndicate and the West Side mob, he doesn't welcome any help from the Government. He doesn't support Attorney General Bobby Kennedy in his efforts to bring Hoffa and his battalion of Teamster racketeers to justice. He believes these problems should be solved by labor itself, fighting to clean its own house. In the Chicago cab-driver revolt against the rule of Teamster hoodlum Joey Glimco a year ago, Paul Hall went out to the Hub himself and offered the victorious insurgent hackies a charter with his S.I.U. When Joey Glimco tried to interfere, Hall flattened him. "On the way down maybe Glimco was still a gangster, but when he got up he was just another little fella," Paul Hall explained.

"The legitimate labor movement c'n handle Hoffa if they've got the guts. Hoffa has been running the biggest 'sandy' [fo'c'sle word for *bluff*] in the history of the labor movement. He thinks he can divide the house of labor that expelled him and piece off the A.F.L.-C.I.O. transportation unions by pulling them into his national transportation setup. Curran followed him like a sheep, which is a funny way for an A.F.L.-C.I.O. leader to act. But you saw how Captain Bradley dropped that pact like a hot potato as soon as Tony A. shouted 'No sale.'"

The battle to keep Jimmy Hoffa from grabbing control of the docks is far from won. Future developments in this battle, as in Tony Scotto's imminent struggle with the Mafia racketeers, will bear watching. But there is still another major fight going on on the waterfront, and it may be the most important of the three. This is Teddy Gleason's continuing campaign against the Waterfront Commission.

Gleason, the new I.L.A. president, is a mercurial figure known around the harbor as having "a mind like a ferryboat—he doesn't have to turn around to move forward or backward." At one time, for example, he flirted with Father Corridan's reform group. Yet the New York State Crime Commission found him implicated with mobsters 10 years ago. According to the commission's report:

> Control of operations in the section on the North River below the Bowers domain, was taken over by Edward J. McGrath and his brother-in-law, John (Cockeye) Dunn, with the assistance of Andrew (Squint) Sheridan, Thomas (Teddy) Gleason and Cornelius (Connie) Noonan. This group also organized the platform workers into I.L.A. Local 1730, of which Gleason and Noonan are still officers. Daniel Gentile, who at various times worked for the group, described in detail gambling operations and other illegal activities which were operated from the offices of Local 1730. McGrath, Gleason and Noonan refused on constitutional grounds to answer any questions concerning these operations.

Teddy Gleason is today not only a highly successful labor leader but, taking a page from Jimmy Hoffa's book, a prosperous businessman as well. While Teddy was drawing salaries as president of one I.L.A. local, financial secretary of a second, business agent of a third, and an organizer for the international, he was also a business partner of Connie Noonan, in a deckful of deals frequently and flagrantly dependent on their influence as waterfront labor leaders.

He has also been looking ahead. Containerization, an operation in which huge cargo containers are hoisted from a ship's hold by giant cranes, dropped onto waiting wheels and tractored away, has begun to revolutionize the longshore operation. It conjures up the specter of automation, with one 10-man crew perhaps able to do the work of six 21-man gangs; and this threat to longshoremen's jobs looms as the next major crisis on the nation's docks. Meanwhile, however, one of Gleason's sons, John, and Eugene Burke, brother-in-law of his other son, Thomas Jr., are, respectively, secretary-treasurer and president of a company selling cargo containers and related equipment in New York. No matter how the longshoremen make out in this dispute, the Gleason family will do all right.

Teddy Gleason is known as the waterfront's champion nonstop talker, and his favorite subject right now is the Waterfront Commission. "I don't think any union in America could survive too long under the kind of control the commission is putting on us," he told me. "In the first few years there might have been some justification for it, but the situation has been steadily improving. Our members are a hundred percent better off than they were when you were doing that movie. You won't see any bodies floating down the river anymore. You don't think we could have gotten back in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. if we were as bad as they said we were ten years ago?

"The Waterfront Commission tries to take credit for the progress we made. But the credit belongs to the men themselves and to collective bargaining. Now that the old shape-up is gone, ninety percent of the hiring is set up the day before. We were coming to that without the commission. The commission centers only hire the extra men to fill in for absentees. What right has the state got to be supervising that? It's quasi-socialism, that's what it is. Our contract calls for every man to be hired by three o'clock the day before he reports to the pier. *We* won that by negotiations.

"What do we need the commission for," Teddy raced on, "when we already have the Landrum-Griffin Bill, which is the greatest guarantee for all unions? It's already a law that you can't hold union office for five years after committing a crime. Under Landrum-Griffin this so-called criminal element that everybody keeps talking about is unable to operate in a union. I'm willing to obey the law, but this Waterfront Commission is a threat to democracy.

"In the commission centers, the hiring agent is still picking the extra men he wants. If the hiring boss wanted a kickback he could get it just as easy as before—who knows what goes on when they're alone? It's the same difference only now it's under a roof. So what've they accomplished—except to make jobs for a lot of political hacks?

"They can't stay in business, they lose their good-paying jobs unless they keep finding something wrong with the waterfront. A man who gets out of prison must work somewhere, otherwise you might as well set up concentration camps. A lot of them gravitate to the waterfront and they need help. I think we have rehabilitated a great many more men than have come back and gone wrong."

Teddy had a lot more to say about the Commission—all bad. Nevertheless, the things I saw and heard and learned on my revisit to the waterfront convinced me that conditions on the docks would be as chaotic today as they were 10 years ago if it were not for the commission's regulations and employment centers.

Ten years ago 40,000 longshoremen averaged less than $2,500 a year. I visited the homes of many men living a borderline existence—eat today and starve tomorrow—on a haphazard income of $2,000: a railroad flat in a condemned building, one toilet in the dingy outside hallway for two large families, two bleak bedrooms and a rat-infested kitchen where a sink also served as a bathtub for the kids. No wonder the husbands preferred the bars. No wonder the wives got drunk on Saturday nights and shouted down the screaming kids over the blast of the unpaid-for television set.

Today about 15,000 men—slightly more than half the present labor force—are earning $5,000 or more. Teddy Gleason will tell you that collective bargaining and better contracts have made the difference. Yet the I.L.A. condoned the archaic shape-up and opposed decasualization, and the shipping and stevedoring companies have a history of cupidity and disregard for human welfare.

In this brotherhood of corruption union officials and company executives were drawn together. A surplus of manpower at each pierhead was good for the company bosses and good for the labor bosses. The companies wanted to hold at their pierhead the 500 or 600 men they could use at their peak periods. The extra bodies swelled the membership of the union, paid dues and were more pliable and kickbackable because they were desperate. So it was a nice thing all around—except for the men.

Most—unfortunately not all—uncertainty is gone now. Those 15,000 dock wallopers and checkers averaging their hundred bucks a week are reasonably sure of steady employment; for the first

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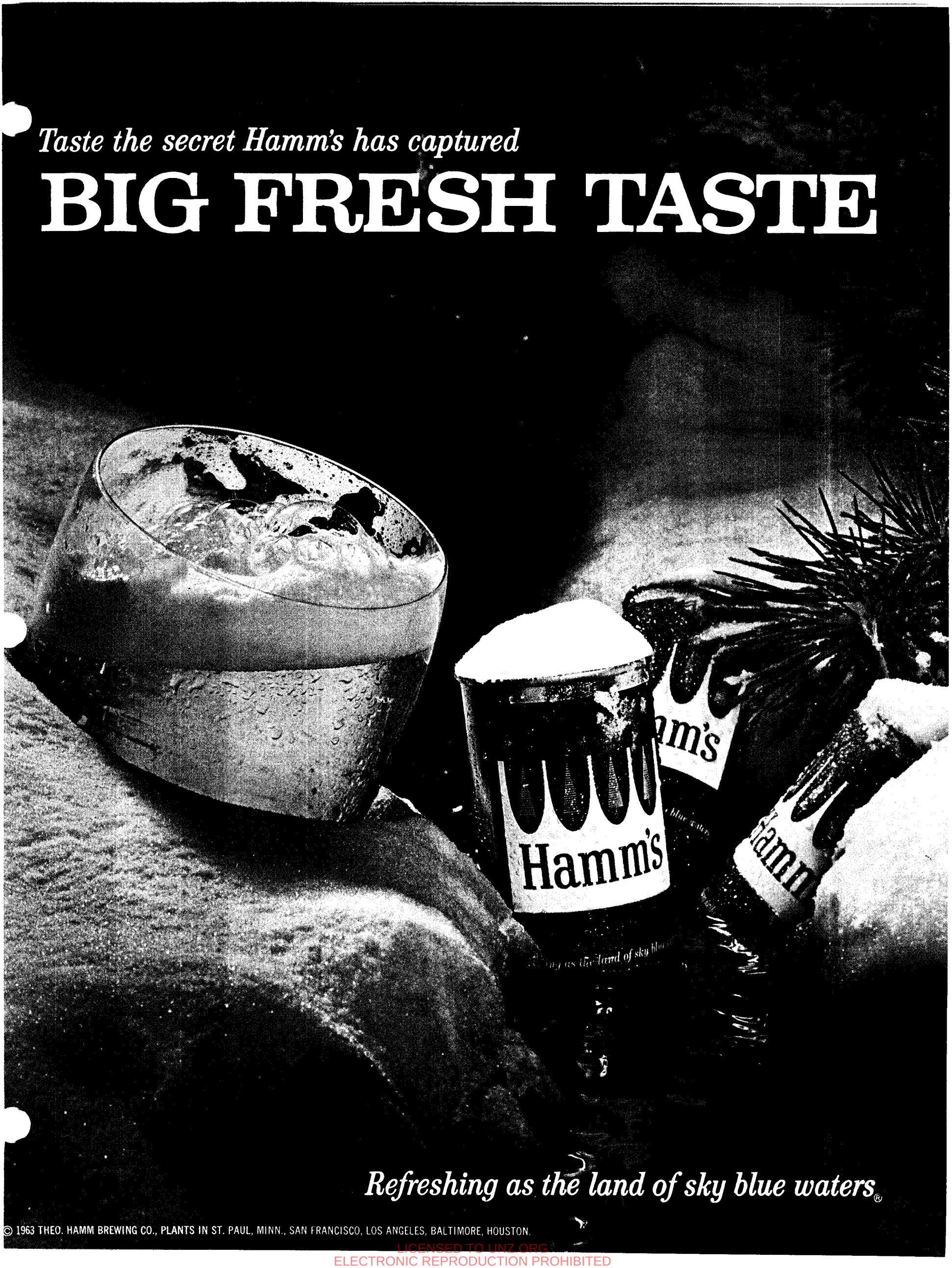

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"The Waterfront Commission tries to take credit for the progress we made. But the credit belongs to the me

time they can estimate their yearly income. If they belong to a regular gang or a regular extra gang, or if they are checkers carried on the company lists, they no longer have to live close to the docks so as to be within call of the hiring whistle, since now they know a day ahead of time if, when and where they'll be working tomorrow. The difference between the old way and the new way is the difference between living in a firetrap you share with rats and cockroaches, and having a small house in the suburbs.

Of course, for thousands of outsiders, either half-blacklisted like the Tommy Monohans or men who simply never had the luck to work their way into a gang hired as a unit, the work is still iffy. They suffer some of the economic insecurity a majority faced 10 years ago.

One morning last winter I dressed in the dark and hurried out into a frozen dawn to meet a commission investigator who was taking me to a hiring session in one of the centers. It was held in a remodeled garage near the docks, and about 300 hopefuls were already there when I arrived. At 7:30 A.M. the men looked little changed from the ones I used to see outdoors at the pierheads. Old men, middle-aged, a few in their 20's; some short, some tall, but nearly all heavy-muscled, beefy; the oldsters with faces lined and bejowled, and with potbellies, but hard ones, the young men hard-faced, like members of a semipro team unsoftened by college. All of them in a variety of Windbreakers and caps of every description, Irish pea caps, heavy ski caps, baseball caps, Marine fatigue caps. In the old days they would have been beating their hands around a blazing fire in a big metal barrel. Here, indoors, it was still so cold that you could see your breath.

But now there was no crowding forward and jockeying for position, none of the imminent violence of the early '50's. The hiring agent, who must also be approved by the Waterfront Commission, mounted a small stand so he could look down on the men, and then picked them individually by pointing at them. The chosen went over to the desk to show credentials proving they were in good standing with the commission—occasionally men are temporarily suspended for infractions of the rules, for pilferage on the docks or for committing some crime away from the docks. By the time hiring agents for four different shipping lines had made their picks, about 100 men were left. They also went over to the desk and presented their credentials, receiving "show" slips to prove they were there, ready and willing, that morning so they would not be lopped off the lists. These "show" slips are also helpful at the unemployment office.

One of the keys to the information center is the telephone—to keep the 13 centers in constant touch with one another so that one center with a light day can find out where the demand is heavier and send its men there. Thus the labor force becomes fluid and is able to flow wherever it is needed. Throughout the day, moreover, individual longshoremen can call in to the centers to find out where they can get a day's work tomorrow. Or they can come to the center and read off a large wall board the job situation around the harbor for the next few days, the number of ships arriving and departing, and the number of men that will be required to turn them around.

At least that's how it's supposed to work. Unfortunately it doesn't always; and while hiring procedures have been greatly improved since 10 years ago, enough abuses still exist to qualify this as one of the principal continuing troubles on the waterfront.

A few days after my first look at a new-style shape-up, I made an unauthorized visit to another hiring center where an old waterfront hand who had been on the management side, but whose sympathies were with the men, gave me a disillusioning picture of the employment-information centers as he knew them on the working level around the harbor.

"Only a few of the centers are doing their job," this outspoken hiring-hall director told me. "We're supposed to *help* the men, not police them. Too many of the center directors are men of low caliber who got there through their political connections. Too many managers stay in their office when the men shape. This is a human job. You're working with men who are struggling to make a living in a tough world. You can't do it by the book. Sometimes we find ourselves in direct conflict with Park Row [the commission headquarters]. An investigator catches a man stealing a bottle. Well, hell. That isn't the biggest crime on the waterfront. A hard-working man with a family, a good man, may get suspended for critical weeks when the kids need food on the table. Too many of these investigators are retired detectives who have the small-mind-cop psychology. The men feel someone is looking over their shoulder ready to yank their work card away.

"In this center we've got the confidence of the men and they come to us with their problems. We loan them a deuce or a pound [five dollars] if things are slow. They don't go to their union delegates with their beefs because they don't trust 'em. You won't find any of this in the Waterfront Commission charter. We play it by ear, in an area where the shipping companies never have felt any responsibility to their employees and where the union is still tainted with the same old tough-guy psychology.

"I think one trouble with Park Row is that they're in an ivory tower. They never drop in and see what's really going on. That's one reason they don't realize how unpopular the Waterfront Commission really is. Not just with Teddy Gleason, who boasts that he's going to knock the commission out of the box, but with the ordinary Joe. They've got to stop harassing these men individually, concentrate more on the criminal element that's either back in or trying to get back in, make the hiring centers more comfortable and give more personal service."

I asked him if, feeling as he did about the employment centers, he thought the Waterfront Commission should be abolished. "The waterfront is a jungle that's far from being cleared," he said. "Without the commission, even working imperfectly and sometimes stupidly, the jungle would grow back to what it was when you first came in."

Watching the new, roofed-over shape-ups, I noticed something else that's still wrong with the hiring system. It showed in the haphazard way the hiring agents made their individual choices: Older men, obviously veterans of the docks, were often passed over for younger men.

Myles Ambrose, executive director of the Waterfront Commission, confirmed my suspicions. "Seniority is more honored in the breach than in the observance," he said, going on to enumerate a dozen ways in which the seniority regulations are circumvented. "This should be a labor-management problem resolved through collective bargaining and then enforced by the union and accepted by the shippers. But studies over a number of years have convinced us that the I.L.A. no matter what it writes into the contract, simply doesn't want seniority. Neither do the shippers."

As a result, the commission last spring issued new seniority regulations, with penalties for infractions. But the I.L.A., with shippers' support, is still resisting, and a court test in the near future is likely. Meanwhile, there are other sore spots on the waterfront besides the remaining abuses in hiring.

Mornings in a saloon

Tommy Monohan, the hatch foreman who told me about the rebel longshoremen's lean years, mentioned one. "We still got too many locals," he told me. "Ours is $10,000 in debt. A local of five hundred men just isn't large enough to pay all the local salaries, the rent, the phone, et cetera. The whole West Side should be one big local. Instead of the storefronts with no accommodations for the men, we should have a setup like Paul Hall has for his sailors in Brooklyn. He built them a beautiful waiting room where they can watch TV, read papers, drink coffee or beer and bull the time away. Here, if the orders are changed from eight to one P.M., where can you go to wait? A saloon. What else can you do with four hours in the morning? The bar is the only recreation hall we've got on the West Side—or the East River, Staten Island or Jersey, for that matter. We still don't *look* like a union. Only in Brooklyn they do. He did a lot of wrong things, but I gotta give Tony Anastasio credit."

Another major headache on the docks is the unabated pilferage. I happened to be at Waterfront Commission headquarters when the daily papers broke a waterfront story that sounded like a TV writer's dream. On the Lower East Side an unobtrusive little store that called itself the A & R Trading Company had been receiving illicit goods from the piers around the harbor, not individual articles but in wholesale lots, huge packing cases and enormous bales brought in by the truckload and "fenced" for a fraction of their value. But the sneaker was that instead of being fed into the black market that milks the Government and the taxpayers of countless millions of dollars, the hijacked cargo was going to a secret vault in the Waterfront Commission offices. For the A & R Trading Company was a fence unlike any other that ever existed in the harbor. It had been set up by the investigating arm of the commission itself, not primarily to arrest big-time pilferers but to dramatize the incredible extent to which pilferage continues to be a flourishing industry.

The A & R Trading Company alone, a comparatively small operation, fenced half a million dollars' worth of goods in the six months of its unique operation. I walked through the secret display, which looked like a well-stocked section of a pier after the unloading of a richly laden freighter. There were bales of Japanese silk, cases of tape recorders from Japan, a crate of incongruous bassoons for symphony orchestras, boxes of baseball gloves, bolts of expensive linen from Belgium, Japanese transistors, Swiss typewriters—and scores of crates still unopened, their destinations neatly imprinted, addressed to consignees who had been trying to trace their whereabouts for months.

This fortune in stolen goods came from every section of the port, the product of teamwork among truck drivers, checkers—who are supposed to check each bill of lading—and hi-lo drivers, whose forklifts mechanically hoist cargo from the pier to the trucks' tailgates. Scores of men arrested for their part in the A & R caper will go on trial this fall, but the commission is not yet sure whether these pilferage teams were independent operators hijacking on their own or cogs in the kind of mob-dominated pilferage operations which methodically looted the docks 10 years ago. Either way, the results are the same: Ten years after the sensational revelations of the New York State Crime Commission, pilferage is the same going concern it has always been. Even with criminals no longer visible on the piers, this racket may be draining from the regular flow of commerce even more millions of dollars than in the days when mobsters like Mike Clemente, Eddie McGrath and Machine Gun Campbell were right there in front of you.

"The piers of the port are like supermarkets with no checkout counters," Commissioner David Thompson of New Jersey said dryly when I expressed amazement at the fantastic array of pilfered cargo two undercover agents for the commission had pretended to "fence" from June to January.

"If they could siphon off half a million in half a year, think what fifty more could do, bigger and better established," added Commissioner Joseph Kaitz of NewYork, who is unusually qualified for his position since he had been an able counsel for the original Crime Commission. Speculative arithmetic suggests $50 million a year, a sum ultimately tacked on to the prices paid by consumers and thus stolen from nobody except you and me.

A contributing factor to the pilferage racket has been the passivity, if not the complicity, of the port watchmen. In the old days the watchman's union was run by a pair of Joe Ryan's boys, Charley Spencer and Ike Gannon. A watchman having the temerity to report pilferage was called to account by Ike Gannon and told that the right thing to do on the waterfront was to keep your nose clean. It still is. "Play D 'n' D [deaf 'n' dumb]" is the watchman motto. "The port watchman is the most tragic figure on the

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ınd to collective bargaining."

piers," the Crime Commission reported 10 years ago. A veteran watchman testified that in all his experience no one stealing property was ever arrested, explaining, "If you have some trouble with any of the pilferers, a beating may not happen on the dock, but it may happen on the outside."

It hasn't changed. The Waterfront Commission has urged port watchmen to carry out their responsibilities, but most of these men are old and tired, and it's safer to follow the old waterfront code of D 'n' D. "Our main function is to warn longshoremen not to smoke," a watchman admitted sheepishly. "And if you get the wrong fella he won't even mind you on that."

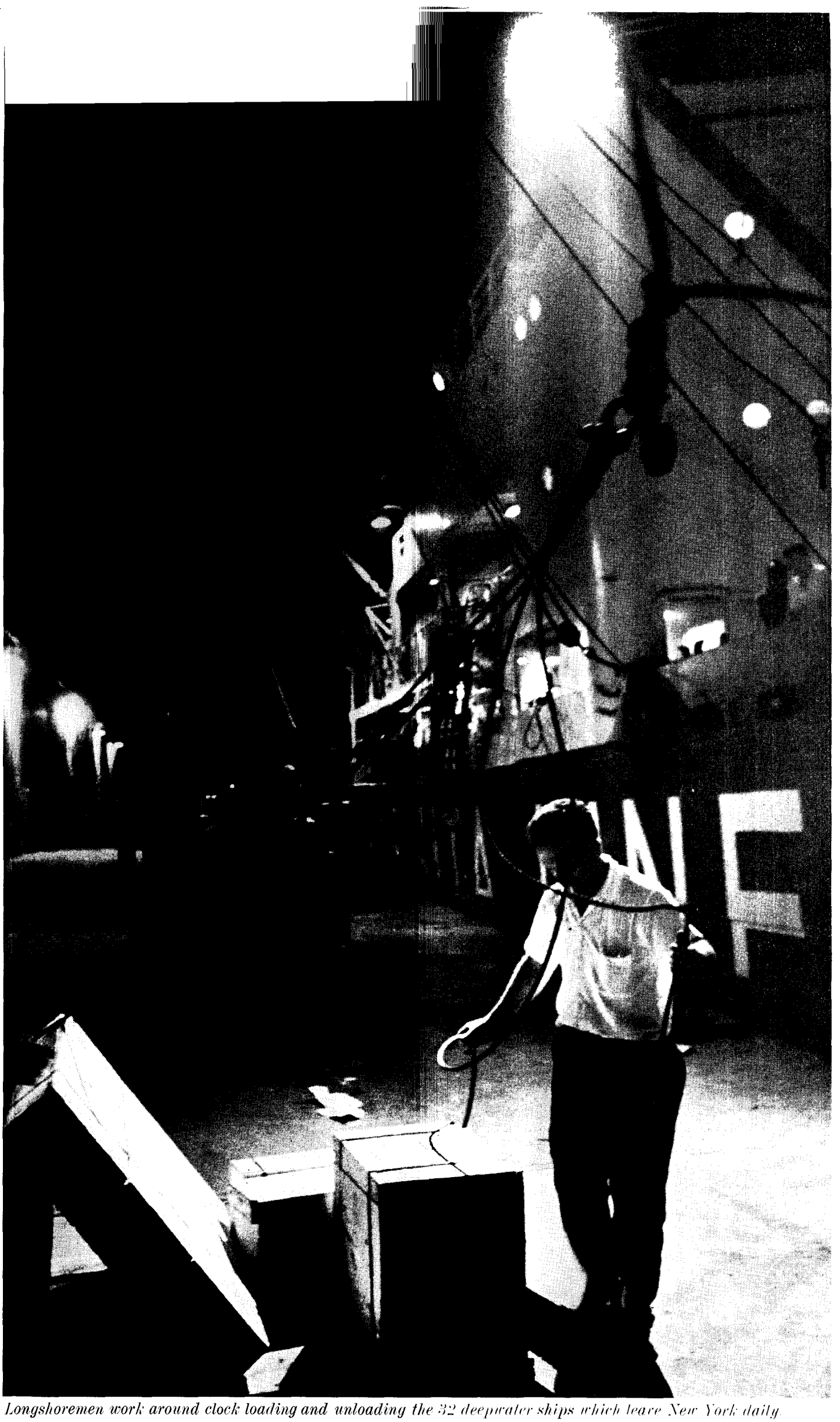
A fourth major evil on the waterfront is the loading racket. Ten years ago the New York State Crime Commission wrote, "'Public loading' has come to mean the moving or lifting of cargo from a pier and stacking it in a truck and also the reverse operation.... With few exceptions, the loading at each pier or group of piers is controlled by a group of loaders whom the truckmen must employ and pay ... regardless of whether the loaders do any work." If a truck was loaded directly by the stevedore company—using the longshoremen it had hired—the boss loader still got his regular fee. To heighten the scandal, the boss loader was frequently an I.L.A. power, theoretically representing the interests of longshoremen, but here doubling as an employer of longshoremen. Mickey Bowers on the West Side, Mike Clemente on the East River—all around the harbor, union officials were also public loaders. Loading wasn't a service but a shakedown.

So imagine my shock when I visited Hugh Sheridan, head of the Trucking Authority, an unofficial association of trucking companies in the New York area, and heard this grizzly, blunt trucker with 50 years of waterfront experience, say, "Hell, I wish we had the public loaders back!"

"But it can't be worse than it was before?" I asked.

"It's a helluva lot worse. With the loader we could get a trailer loaded in an hour and a half, and the rate was about five cents per hundred pounds. Now it takes eight hours from the time a truck enters the pier until it gets its load off the pier and the rate is thirty-one cents per hundred. The loader used to work by the tonnage, pieceload. Now the stevedores charge us by the hour, and the longshoremen they pick up are the bottom of the barrel. Guys with pressed pants and their shoes polished. Ten years ago we loaded from the dock to the truck without much mechanical help. Just backed a truck into a pile and tossed from the top. Now everything's palletized and loaded by hi-lo's. But waiting for a hi-lo driver can tie you up. And there's a shortage of checkers; that's another tie-up.

"An experienced loader ten years ago could make a million a year and not charge nearly the rates they're charging now. It takes four hours just to get onto the docks. From Eighteenth Street you can see it yourself, there's a double line of trucks backed up as far as Thirty-eighth Street waiting to get into Pier Fifty-seven. We used to get two loads a



Longshoremen work around clock loading and unloading the 32 deepwater ships which leave New York daily

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Truckers are being shaken down to the tune of $50,000 a day.

Elaborate funeral of reformed mobster Tony Anastasio last March attracted both I.L.A. bigwigs and plain longshoremen.

day out of the trucks. Now it sometimes takes as long as two days to get rid of just a single load."

Bottlenecks, six-to-eight-hour delays, frustration on the part of the truckers as they see money-consuming hours wasted, have inevitably foisted a new racket in the harbor. Where it used to be a one-man shakedown, with the boss loader doing lovely—as they say on the docks—now it's become a more democratic shakedown, if the spread of extortion money can be so described. "You tip the pier boss to get a higher priority number to get your rig onto the pier. If you want the hi-lo driver to get to you first, you slip him a pound. You have to get the checker to your truck at the same time, so you also slip the checker a deuce or a pound. And so it goes, day in and day out all the way around the harbor. If it was ever added up, I think the shakedown runs us higher than it did before."

Hugh Sheridan showed me 600 detailed answers from local trucking companies in response to a confidential questionnaire on malpractices in the port. Nine out of ten attacked the costly six-to-eight-hour delays and wound up with the plea to bring back the public loaders. "The bad old days begin to look pretty good," one trucking executive wrote. On the subject of kickbacks and shakedowns they were practically unanimous. "A truckman would be out of business if he didn't knuckle under and pay right down the line," wrote one. And another: "This port is being choked to death by the opportunists, by the terrible nepotism, which foists gangsters, incompetents and trash on the back of our community." "Payoffs all the way down the line," another trucker confessed. "The port of New York is dying as a result of it." One truckman spelled out the exact amounts he had instructed his driver to peel off, including $20 for the dock boss. Truckers were being shaken down in fives and tens to a total of $50,000 a day, he estimated.

"And the Waterfront Commission hasn't done a damn thing about it," Sheridan insisted bitterly. "Why don't they get busy and move in on this racket?"

At the Waterfront Commission I put Sheridan's question to Myles Ambrose and the commission counsel William P. Sirignano. "We're aware of what's going on, but when it's spread in fives and tens among a lot of people, it's more difficult to root out than if it's concentrated in one crooked boss loader," Ambrose said. And Sirignano added, "We've been urging them to report the shakedowns. The only way we can help them is if they tell us what's going on under the table. They complain about it to you, but they don't report it to us." Ambrose nodded. "We'd love to take action on those cases, but they've got to cooperate with us," he said.

So loading remains a trouble spot on the waterfront, along with pilferage, the fragmentation of the union into too many small, storefront locals and the abuses still rampant in the hiring procedure. But all of these are secondary to the real source of continuing evil on the waterfront—mobster influence. And it is in this area that the Waterfront Commission finds its strongest arguments against the efforts of the I.L.A. to free itself of regulation by the commission.

Just how thorough a job the I.L.A. would make of cleaning out waterfront criminals if left to its own devices was indicated two years ago in the course of hearings concerning expansion of the commission's powers. Opposing the commission were such unlikely allies as Teddy Gleason and Paul Hall, Captain Bradley and Tony Scotto, and Archdeacon A. Edward Saunders, Episcopal chaplain of the port of Brooklyn, a social-minded religious leader to whom Scotto points with pride as "our waterfront priest." From motives white to black, they all supported Archdeacon Saunders's position that "bureaucratic control of our way and manner of living . . . constitutes a grave danger to our free and democratic form of government."

Against the resounding arguments of the anticommission forces, the commission fired back with some startling ammunition. Notorious waterfront criminals supposedly barred from the docks by the commission regulations of 1953 were still solidly entrenched and holding union office and lucrative jobs, thanks to the kind of legal loopholes the I.L.A. has always been quick to exploit. For example, the regulations covered only longshoremen, stevedores, pier superintendents, hiring agents and port watchmen; other waterfront workers were excluded. And the regulations barred criminals only from office, not from membership, in the I.L.A. locals covered, and did not cover jobs with union welfare funds.

The existence of these and other loopholes permitted a rogues' gallery of hoodlums to remain on the waterfront. Among them were:

John Keefe, formerly vice president of the now-regulated "Pistol Local" 824, convicted for assault with intent to kill, who could no longer hold union office because of his criminal record. When this was called to the attention of the I.L.A., that organization solved its problem by removing him as a union officer and giving him a job as a "clerk" at a raise from $9,200 a year to $12,000.

Douglas Rago and *James Vanderwyde* applied for and received a charter from the I.L.A. giving them the power to form a new local, 1826, for chenangos, the men who perform the same work as longshoremen, only from railroad lighters—and who were not covered by commission regulations. The odd name *chenango* clings to these men from a century ago when itinerant pickers in the apple orchards of New York's Chenango Valley would drift down to find odd jobs on the city riverfront in the off-season. Rago and Vanderwyde's qualifications for union leadership seemed to be their extensive criminal records, Rago convicted for assault, robbery, bookmaking and perjury, and Vanderwyde for robbery, assault and possession of a pistol. Rago went from New Jersey State Prison to his new job as secretary-treasurer of 1826, while Vanderwyde became business agent and investigator for its welfare fund. Another business agent was *Frank Gagliardi*, whose business activities included conviction for unlawful entry, policy, bookmaking and theft from interstate commerce.

David Roche, president of Local 205 when I was making my rounds 10 years ago, did four years for waterfront extortion. As soon as he was released, the I.L.A.—panting for readmission into the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—made Roche a legislative assistant in Washington, D.C.

Frank James (*Machine Gun*) *Campbell*, a hiring boss on Pier 18 for the McGrath mob in the caveman period, was ruled by the Waterfront Commission as ineligible to hold a position of trust on the docks since he had been convicted for assault, robbery, using dangerous weapons and, fairly recently, of conspiracy to bribe police in Manhattan. This did not prevent "Machine Gun" from becoming president and business agent of I.L.A. Local 1478 and an acknowledged power in Local 1823, both representing warehouse workers—not regulated.

In the spring of 1962 Campbell was indicted for extorting money from meat-truck drivers and went into hiding. He was on the lam until last April, when FBI agents apprehended him in Detroit, and he is now out on bail. A longtime lieutenant of Eddie McGrath, Campbell was a frequent visitor to I.L.A. headquarters before his sudden disappearance. Said Myles Ambrose in his plea for greater legislative power to cover the chenangos and other waterfront workers outside the commission jurisdiction, "Campbell is an excellent example of the species of bistate hoodlum [living on Long Island, bossing Jersey locals, wheeling and dealing on 14th Street] with whom we have to deal. . . . He is both feared and hated throughout the port and is the driving force of the criminal element."

Tony (*Cheese*) *Marchitto* was the Jersey City I.L.A. local boss taking orders for Ackalitis while "Acky" was doing time in Dannemora. An official of the Pittston Stevedoring Corporation testified at the Crime Commission hearings that he was in the habit of paying off "Tony Cheese" for favors rendered. Despite his underworld ties, Marchitto was appointed by President Bradley in the late '50's as trustee for I.L.A. locals 1823 and 1478, although the hapless tugboat captain admitted to commission investigators that

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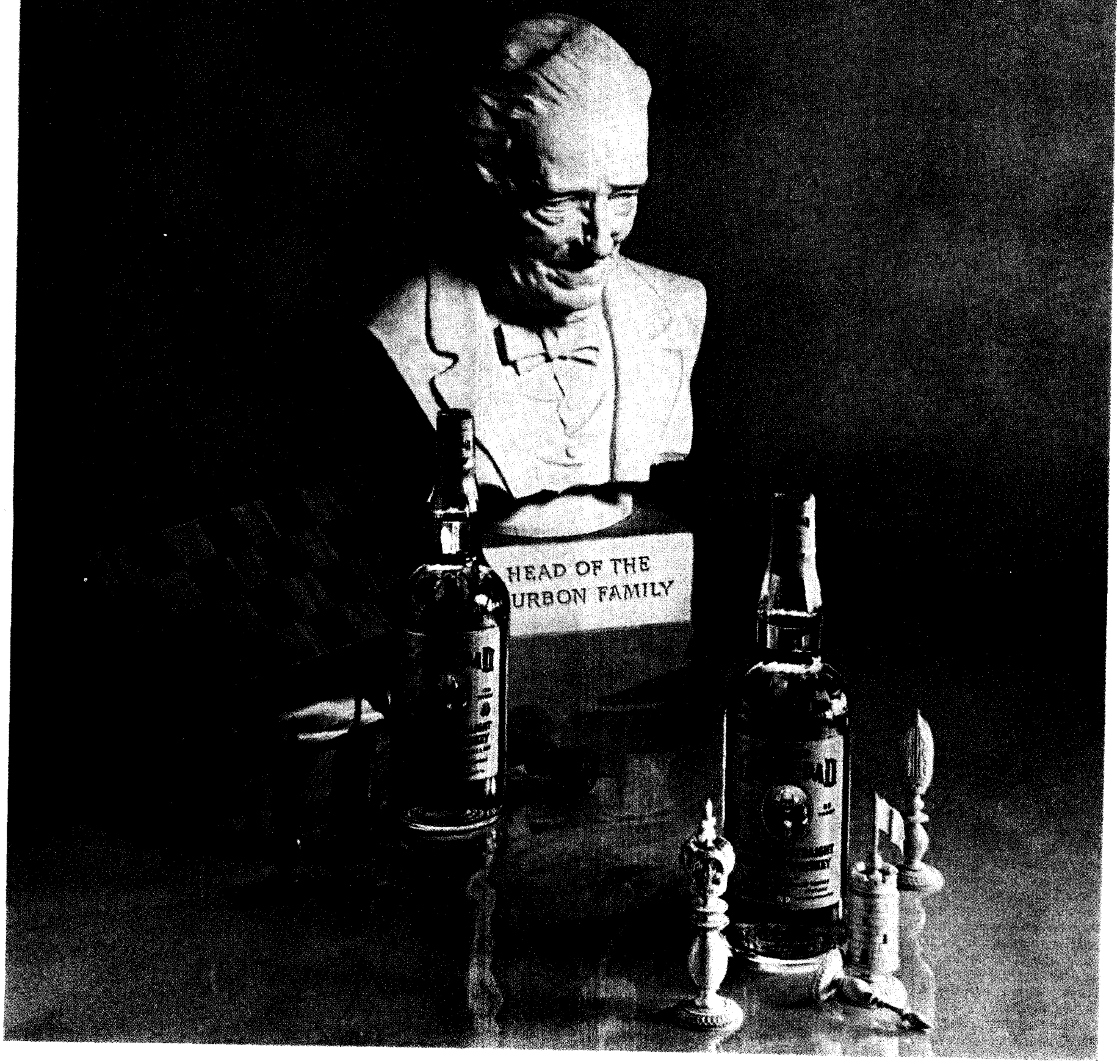

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WATERFRONT

Tony Cheese was "the last guy I would have put anyplace, but I had nobody else." No membership meetings were held under the regime of Campbell and Marchitto, and although dues were checked off by the employers every week, no accounting was ever made as to how the locals' treasuries were used. The frequently arrested Tony Cheese has persistently, in fact defiantly, refused to answer any embarrassing questions on the grounds that an honest answer would tend to degrade and incriminate him. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. Ethical Practices Committee is on record that any union official refusing to answer questions under oath concerning union activities on the ground of possible self-incrimination should be expelled. A noble sentiment, with a ringing sound. Two years ago, at the most recent hearings on I.L.A. malpractices, 80 separate violations of the Ethical-Practices Code were cited, and the Fifth Amendment was invoked no less than 500 times, by I.L.A. officers.

The evidence of underworld influence dredged up from the harbor muck by the investigating arm of the Waterfront Commission seems unmistakable. The I.L.A. was only as good as the Waterfront Commission forced it to be. In areas beyond reach of the commission, you found the same old faces doing business at the same old stand. If Captain Bradley, Teddy Gleason and "14th Street" could countenance such union officers as Frankie Campbell in the '60's, who could doubt that total retrogression would set in if it were not for the restraining influence of the Waterfront Commission?

Austin Tobin, executive director of the Port Authority, believes that two million dollars—the Waterfront Commission's annual budget—is a bargain price for the service the commission is rendering to the harbor. "Remember, there are 400,000 people who earn a living directly from the port," he told me. "I haven't the slightest doubt but that, without the commission, the situation would revert immediately to the jungle it was before."

In his forceful attack on the Waterfront Commission's request for wider power to plug the loopholes exampled above, my old friend Paul Hall chided the commission for boasting of the notable progress the waterfront has made under the commission's direction, and then asking for still broader powers. The commission was inconsistent, Paul suggested, in pointing to the improved moral climate of the harbor while at the same time asking for enlarged powers to police it. But there may be even greater inconsistency in the position of Paul Hall's mentor, the admirable George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

Speaking out against readmission of the I.L.A. to the House of Labor in 1956, Meany said, "The I.L.A. is a disgrace to the good name of organized labor. . . . The I.L.A., by its very nature, is in trouble and always will be in trouble."

Yet only a little over two years later that same I.L.A.—with the hoodlum freight listed above—was taken back into the A.F.L.-C.I.O. on probation. And two years ago it again became a full-fledged member of the parent organization.

George Meany's reputation for honesty cannot be questioned. But his opposition to the Waterfront Commission and his forgiveness toward the I.L.A. he righteously damned a few years earlier raise a pointed question of motive. And that question has a one-word answer: Hoffa. For an I.L.A. outside the A.F.L.-C.I.O. would surely be gobbled up by the Napoleon of the labor movement, the frequently arrested Teamster President, James Riddle Hoffa. Neither indictments of Hoffa nor convictions of key Teamster officials seem to curtail the growth of Jimmy's outlawed Brotherhood. And the fear that a union chastised by the House of Labor will swell that growth has virtually paralyzed the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Ethical Practices Committee. The very presence of Joe Curran on this committee at the same time that he is photographed arm-in-arm with Hoffa poses a Gilbert-and-Sullivan question: If this Ethical Practices Committee contains such men as Mr. C., just how ethical can the Ethical Practices Committee be?

How closely entwined are the activities of Jimmy Hoffa and the old guard of the I.L.A. was recently dramatized when Buster Bell was indicted as one of those involved in the $75,000 jury-fixing in the Hoffa-Test Fleet case in Nashville. Bell, although he has been convicted of extortion, remains a power in the I.L.A.—president of Local 1804 and a vice president of the international—and the fact that he is involved in the Nashville scandal comes as no surprise to close observers of the waterfront jungle. Hoffa's union is the great pipeline through which the mob sewers into the labor movement, and since, through the good graces of ministers without portfolio like Eddie McGrath, it is all one happy family, the Buster Bells will always be glad to be of service to Jimmy Hoffa, and vice versa.

A view of the harbor

One morning near the end of my revisit to the waterfront, I climbed the 168 circular steps to the top of the Statue of Liberty. Looking out through the crown, I had a Liberty eye's view of the harbor that had delighted its original European discoverer, Verrazano. I watched the broad rivers washing both sides of the arrowhead island, the Narrows providing a God-given channel between the Upper and the Lower bays; the great ocean-going ships plowing broad and limpid furrows on the sparkling sea. Sightseeing boats, ferryboats, pleasure boats, coastal freighters, busy tugboats pulling barges, sailboats and workaday railroad lighters, boat whistles and the cries of water birds—I felt a sense of elation, of patriotic phrases surging, "O Columbia, the gem of the ocean . . ."

And then my thoughts turned from Verrazano to Provenzano, "Tony Pro," the Jersey Teamster boss just convicted for extortion. And to Tony Cheese. And Ackalitis put out to pasture with the Operating Engineers. And the black hands of Brooklyn. And Eddie McGrath, rising for a luxurious late breakfast in his apartment on Treasure Island on the causeway to Miami Beach.

From the top of Miss Liberty I asked myself: From 1953 to 1963 has the New York waterfront improved? Yes, particularly in the daily lives of longshoremen. Do racketeers still control the docks? Yes, although *control* shades down to *influence*, less obvious than 10 years ago, more sophisticated, more subtle, perhaps even more dangerous. Pilferage remains a prosperous industry, virtually institutionalized, measured in the tens of millions. Murder, Inc., too vulgar for the sophisticated '60's, has been replaced by its more abstract but no less dangerous successor, Apathy, Inc., shrugging off bribery, graft, extortion and shakedowns: business as usual.

In the black and white of the early '50's I didn't need a compass to find my way. There were the bad guys and the good guys. The old days were like climbing into the ring with a fighter who had only two hands. Now it's like squaring off with an octopus. A film with the simple thrust of *On the Waterfront* is already a museum piece. The waterfront has changed. "It's a hell of a lot better," said my old friend, Father Phil Carey, an overworked pixie whose sleep is troubled by the daily problems of the workers he serves. Then, typically, he added, "But it still has a hell of a ways to go. The commission may be as necessary as castor oil in the springtime, but it's not palatable, and needs a lot of sarsaparilla."

Father John Corridan, considered by old harbor hands the father of the Waterfront Commission, now teaching theology at St. Peter's College in Jersey City, says with a flash of his old rebellion: "Not until we can bring the spirit of Almighty God into our daily economic, political and social lives can our city prosper. We have a longer and harder fight here than the fight against Communism. Communism is just the Russian version of materialism. On the waterfront we've got the American version."

Breakfasting with Attorney General Robert Kennedy recently, I discussed with him the theme of his book *The Enemy Within*, which I had been adapting for the screen. Kennedy has aptly defined that enemy as the corruptive forces among businessmen and labor leaders alike that are eating at the roots of integrity and idealism on which our country depends for growth. "Nowhere is this 'enemy within' more deeply entrenched, more difficult to root out than in the harbor of New York," the Attorney General said to me. "I understand [U.S. Attorney Robert] Morganthau told you it is not a problem that can be solved by law enforcement alone. That's been my experience also. It must be our job to keep the pressure on, but the only way to check rampant racketeering is with the cooperation of an aroused rank and file and a public that cares."

If waterfront "Mr. Bigs" like Eddie McGrath can live like millionaires, who's picking up those hefty tabs? If those multimillions funneled out of legitimate commerce through the pilferage and loading rackets are tacked on to the retail price, who's paying for the flourishing business of waterfront crime? Only the public. Only you the consumer.

The waterfront will remain—with its better life for Joe Docks, with its trigger boys no longer rattling their hardware on the piers, with the bistate commission able to justify its contribution to "the substantially improved moral climate"—but still rotten to the core. THE END

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Although infamous shape-up is gone, longshoremen in today's hiring halls still have desperate look of men who know there isn't enough work for all.

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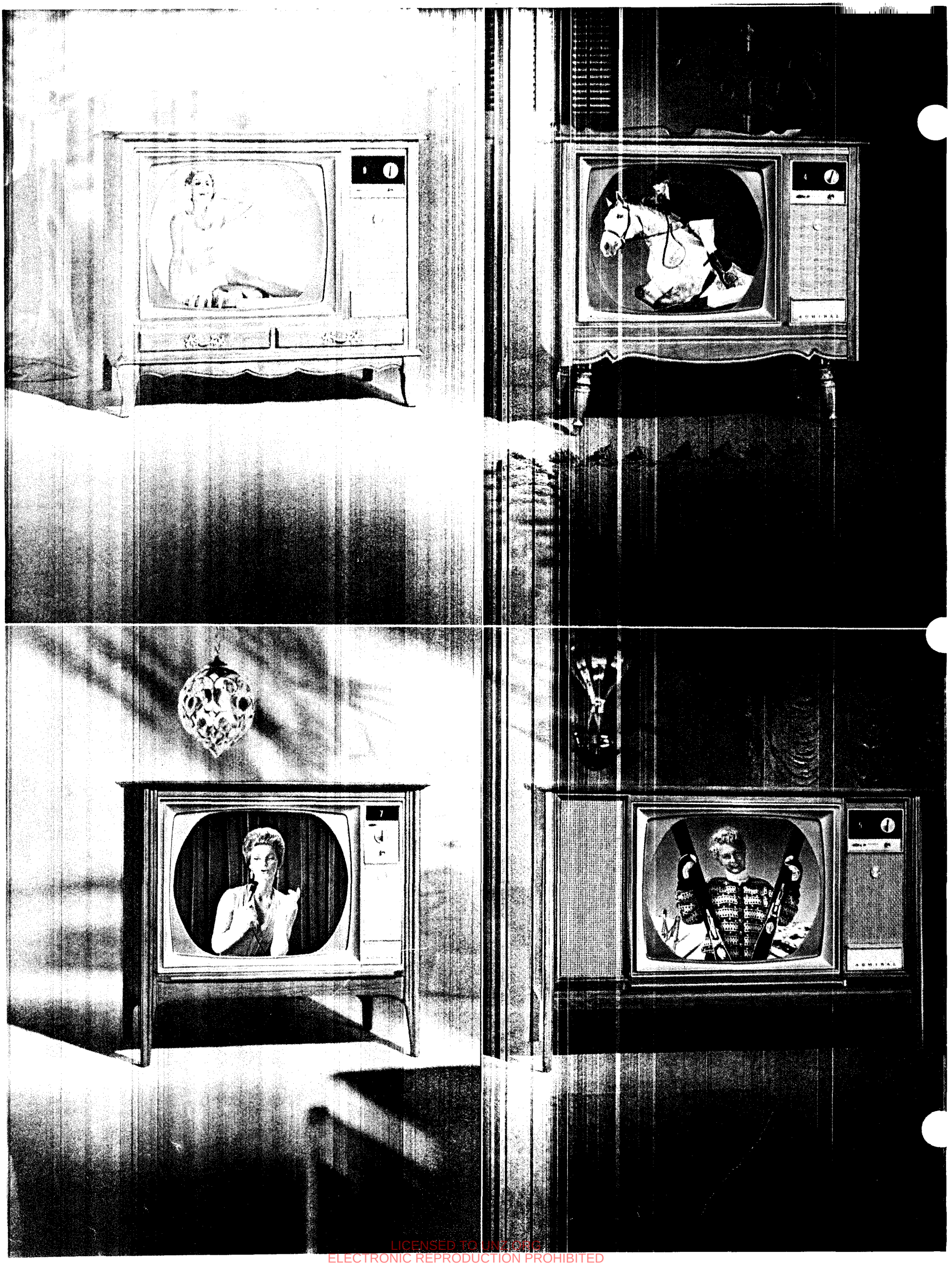

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FROM 10 YEARS OF COLOR EXPERIENCE

Admiral brings three new major improvements to color television

NEW greater dependability—with Gold Precision Wiring
NEW more natural color—with Electronic Color Balancer
NEW easier tuning—with a new Color TV Contrast Control

Now, the three improvements you've wanted most in color tv are at your Admiral dealer. Only 1964 Admiral Color tv has them—the crowning achievements of ten years of Admiral quality color experience!

Greater Dependability

Precious 24-karat gold now gives color tv far greater dependability. And only Admiral has it! Using electro-deposition, Admiral applies 5 micro-inches of pure 24-karat gold to precision wiring in the most vital areas of a color tv set.

This quality Admiral advance—like the precision jewels in a fine watch—assures long, trouble-free life.

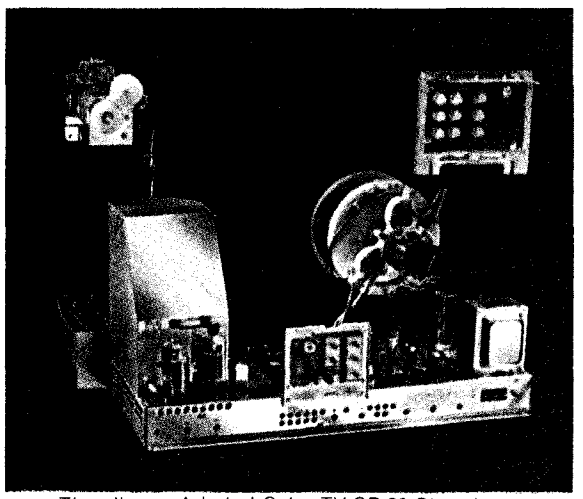
The all-new, precision-crafted Admiral Color TV SP-26 Chassis is transformer powered...mounted horizontally for cooler operation...and produces 26,000 volts of picture power. You enjoy breathtaking color realism plus brighter, sharper black and white pictures, too!

More Natural Color

Enjoy the same natural color the camera sees! The new Admiral Electronic Color Balancer brings you true-to-life beauty—and does it for you automatically! Unlike other color tv, new Admiral precision circuitry actually increases the power of *each* color signal *individually*...and balances them for more natural color reproduction.

New Easier Tuning

No other color tv can be tuned as simply and as easily! Admiral ends unnecessary fumbling with controls. The new Color TV Contrast Control automatically maintains eye-pleasing brightness as you adjust for proper contrast. It's an Admiral "exclusive"! Makes tuning simple and easy. No other color tv has it!



The all-new Admiral Color TV SP-26 Chassis... precision-crafted, 26,000 volts...24-hour life-tested for unmatched dependability

Other Admiral quality color advances include...new ultra-sensitive Long-Range Tuner...automatic Pre-Set Fine Tuning—just set it and forget it...and rich High Fidelity FM sound.

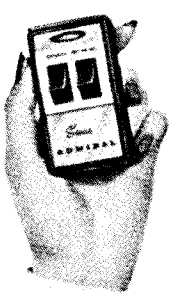
Handcrafted Wood Cabinetry

See Admiral Color tv consoles handcrafted from selected woods—genuine hardwood solids and veneers—for natural beauty unmatched in color tv. No wood substitutes. No wood imitations.

Your choice of Walnut, Cherrywood, Mahogany, Maple or Blonde Oak...in Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American, French Provincial. See the difference ten years of color experience makes in 1964 Admiral Color tv...at your quality Admiral Dealer now.

Now...Remote Control Color!

Enjoy easy-chair tuning with great savings! Admiral *Sonar* full-function, wireless remote control turns tv on ...changes channels...adjusts and mutes sound... turns tv completely off. Now available for just $30.00.*



ADMIRAL COLOR

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Models shown—top left: The Chanceford, Model L1629; top right: The Quincy, Model L1515; lower left: The Courtney, Model L1311; lower right: The Mountcrest, Model L1711. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont. *Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. UHF available, optional extra.

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There he was, after
all the years.
I'd have to
kill him.
Carefully, soon. . . .

Man in a Corner

By Margaret Bonham

That morning I had a letter from Etienne. His purple Continental handwriting was visible from halfway down the stairs and across the hall. Though he is a national celebrity, Etienne never uses a typewriter. ("For cooking, you understand, one must have the touch; this banging on the fingers, one loses it.") Nor does he use a secretary, except for routine matters. His investigations are carried out in an atmosphere of deadly secrecy worthy of the Maquis, which was indeed where I had first met him. Twenty years ago we sat in a loft over a cow shed which smelled as if it hadn't been mucked out for weeks, and talked under our breaths about truffles and vintages and wild duck *à la presse*, with one ear open for the sound of German trucks. He said, "Even for a Frenchman, you understand food."

"I am only half French."

"The other half—that is still more surprising. After this dirty war is over I think I will go and live in England."

"Would you like it, I wonder?"

"*Like*—that does not matter. In England there is not such competition. I shall teach the English to eat."

"You've got something there."

"And you will help me."

"I might. Just now I could even eat a ——"

"*Listen.*"

They were German trucks, and they were coming closer.

I didn't see Etienne again till 1953, when I got a letter addressed in that familiar, oblique, violet handwriting. It was written, proudly, in labored English. He had traced me through the War Office. After three years in England he had worked his way up to the top rank of hotel chefs; now, as he put it, "I am going to places. I have ideas."

Ten years before, in the loft over the cow shed, I had known Etienne was indeed "going to places" if he survived; he had that sort of determination. We had dinner together once or twice when I was in London, and corresponded, but I was busy taking care of my estate and we didn't see much of each other.

Soon he was on television, looking like a surgeon and talking with that entrancing accent, and beating bits of chicken insensible and cooking them on a red-hot grill under all those lights, without sweating. Plainly he had that odd, incalculable means of contact between screen and viewers that meant he was going to be a success. He was. His next idea was to start a culinary guidebook that he hoped to make into a British version of the *Guide Michelin*. He was already writing articles for glossy magazines and the more sophisticated papers; now he began to recommend places where the food was good. Being instantly recognizable to anyone who watched television, he could not inspect them himself. He collected a band of observers whose judgment he could trust and sent them to report on eating places that turned up in their parts of the country. I became one of them. I had no wife or family, my appearance was inconspicuous, my occupation as a landowner gave me some leisure, and though I was comfortably off I had no objection to admirable meals at Etienne's expense; after all, he must have been more comfortably off still.

This latest letter, then, clearly bore such an assignment, since he had written it himself. Etienne took no chances with secretaries, who might be willing for a consideration to tip off hotelkeepers. It was scribbled on almost transparent paper and suggested that I could do worse than try out the King's Arms at Hamptonford, of which he

Illustration by Neil Boyle

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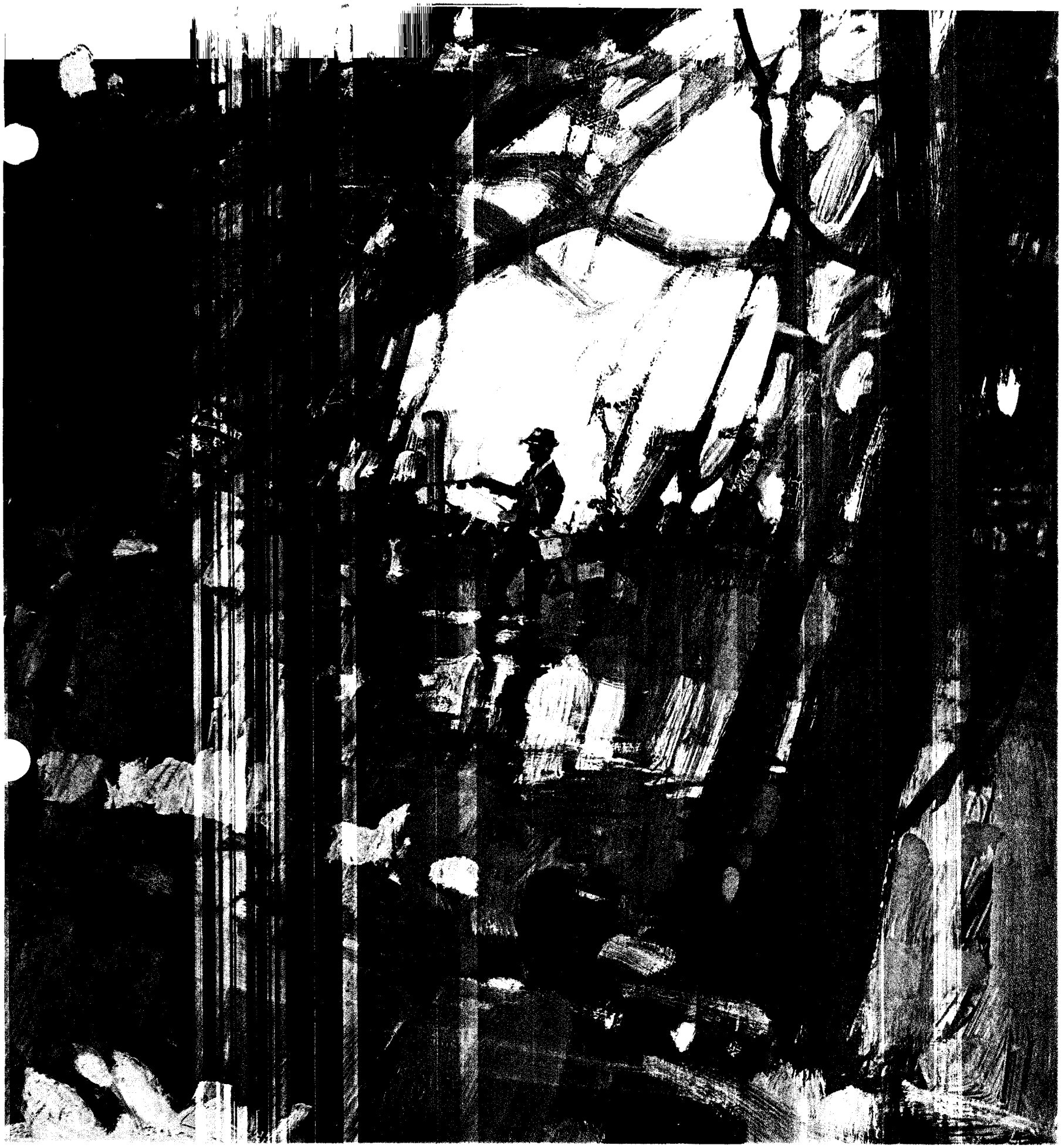

quite often had glowing reports from gastronomically-minded members of the general public.

Hamptonford is about twenty miles from where I live. There wasn't any hurry; Etienne gave his agents a week or two, and I'd thought of going that day to a cattle show where there was a Jersey bull I fancied for the herd; but for some reason, perhaps only because it was a sharp spring morning, cold but bright, and I felt hungry, I told my overseer to go and inspect the Jersey, and I got into the estate car and drove off to inspect the King's Arms. It seemed a pleasant chance of an outing; how could I have known what it would lead to?

I tried to look like a prosperous gentleman farmer, which in a sense I suppose I am. This was Etienne's idea; if there's any food not up to scratch, he said, they tend to unload it on prosperous gentleman farmers, who've been brought up on steak-and-kidney pudding and lots of boiled cabbage. Etienne's standards are rigid: that is to say, steak-and-kidney pudding can be well cooked but usually isn't, and the less boiled cabbage the English eat the better.

So, as a prosperous gentleman farmer, ex-Maquisard (but no one would have guessed it), half French (but no one would have guessed that, either), I drove through the Cotswolds, which were looking their best, with blue cloud shadows on the bare hills, and groves of beeches reddening with spring buds, and the sun drawing color from the worn-silver stone in the villages. Hamptonford is a small, picture-postcard town, addled by tourists in the summer, but that day quiet and beautiful. Being local born and bred, I'd been there often, but not often enough to be well known, and anyway the King's Arms had recently changed hands; I remembered it as dark and full of unexercised spaniels, stuffed otters and the smell of Brussels sprouts.

They hadn't, fortunately, given more than a spruced-up appearance to the outside, which is one of the gems of seventeenth-century

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flood control—INDIANAPOLIS—1957

In 1957, Indianapolis suffered a flood as damaging as the one in 1913, the worst on record. White River and Fall Creek rampaged through the city. Now under control, they can no longer cause disaster. Without this protection, a major flood could cause damage in excess of 10 million dollars.

Old-timers argue which was worse—the 1913 flood or the one in 1957. The answer depends where you lived in the city at the time. The heavily concentrated 10-inch rain that caused the 1957 flood put sections of the city under four feet of water.

When you look at Indianapolis, you can see why there has never been a water shortage. The White River and Fall and Eagle Creeks converge within the city limits. This and nearly 43 inches of rain a year can mean trouble—flood trouble. And Indianapolis, an inland city set almost dead center in the state, has had more than its share.

The people act

It was after the 1957 deluge that the people acted. Through the efforts of the city government, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Indianapolis Flood Control District, plans were drawn to prevent another ruinous flood.

High on the list of priorities was protection of the Medical Center (inset) which lies where the White River and Fall Creek meet. Work started on the flood control project after 1957 when the two streams smashed over their banks.

Today, through the work of the Indianapolis Flood Control District and with the full support of the people, these streams have been tamed. The

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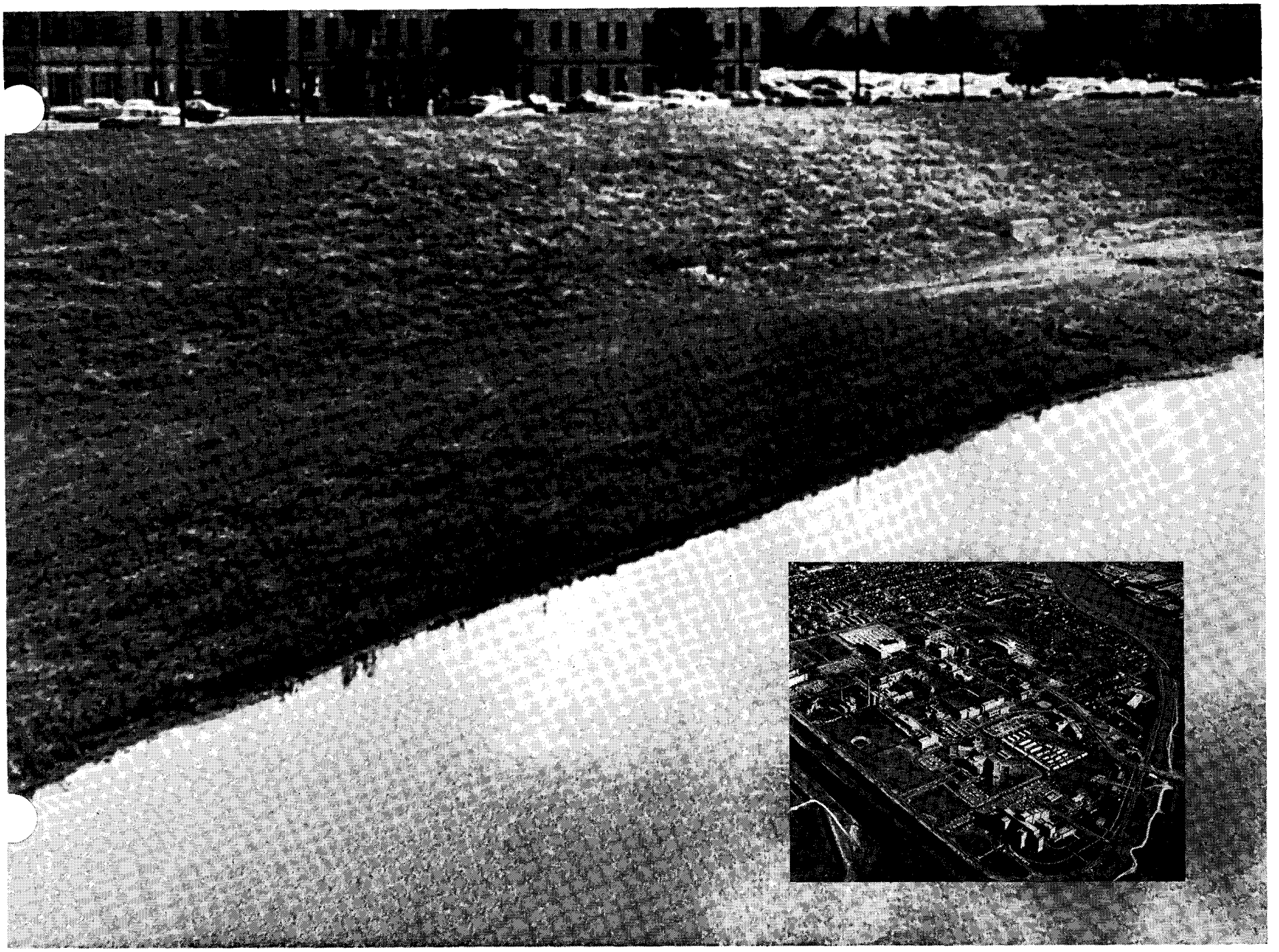

flood control—INDIANAPOLIS—1963

White River's channel capacity has been increased by 50%. Earth levees, concrete flood walls, and realignment of the streams now guard the most vital areas of the city.

Land reclaimed

Not only is the Medical Center protected but land which flooded at almost the first drop of rain has been reclaimed. This land is now the site of major company warehouses for several millions of dollars' worth of goods.

Although Indianapolis has never had a water shortage, flooding—if not corrected—could have cut off the water supply. Today the Riverside Pumping Station which supplies 60 to 75% of the city's water is fully protected.

While the work of saving Indianapolis from floods is not completed, Step One has been taken, Step Two is underway, and the city has already benefited. Since 1957, citizens have seen the results of more than 12 million dollars in new hospital facilities, 11 million dollars in urban renewal, and over 22 million dollars in privately invested funds in new property on cleared land, plus millions in new housing and office buildings. All these projects, including the 25 million dollar flood control program, have been financed by the people of Indianapolis without Federal help.

More benefits ahead

Still to be completed are a dam and reservoir on Eagle Creek, along with more channel work. The dam will be located about 10 miles from the city center creating a reservoir which will extend upstream about eight miles. When finished, the city will benefit in four ways: flood control, water supply, pollution abatement, and recreation.

The Indianapolis program is assuring the city's future. If your area has a water problem—floods, inadequate supply, or pollution—is anyone acting? By 1980, we will need double the water we're using today. If we're to have enough water, where and when needed, much has to be done. And the work must start with interested, informed people.

To find out what steps you can take to solve our nationwide water problem, send for the new booklet, "Water Crisis, U. S. A." Write Department P-1-3, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

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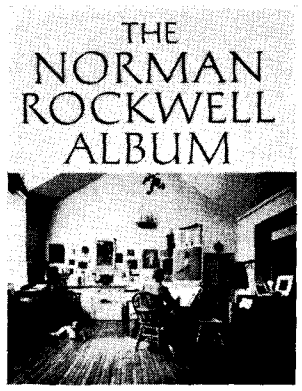

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Now, in one colorful volume, you'll enjoy hundreds of Norman Rockwell's wonderful and beloved drawings and paintings. As you turn the pages of this heirloom book, you'll see the many faces of America as he has captured them with wit, sentiment, and understanding.

Besides the pictures he has done for the POST, the book includes many of Rockwell's sketches and paintings never published before. There are drawings from his trips abroad, sketches of his family and friends, paintings done for pleasure or for books he dreams of doing someday.

You'll also enjoy Rockwell's informal comments on his paintings, his way of working, where he gets his ideas. And at the end of the book, there's a fascinating series of photos showing the stages of development of his classic and inspirational "Golden Rule" POST cover.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1856, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

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MAN IN A CORNER

Cotswold architecture. I approached the door, observing almost automatically Étienne's rules for his secret agents. Is the menu displayed outside the entrance? It was. Is it the same as the one offered in the dining room? I memorized it rapidly; it made delectable reading and I felt hungrier than ever. Inside, then. Temperature? To me, exactly right; if anyone found it a shade chilly, he could go and stand by the fireplace, which was blazing powerfully with apple logs and fir cones. Decor? Charming: green walls, good plain mahogany, fresh flowers arranged with taste. The temptation to display parchment lampshades, heraldic devices and pseudo-tapestries had been successfully resisted. Service? The reception desk was occupied; she was blond, pretty and polite. Certainly I could have lunch; when would I like it? "In a quarter of an hour," I said; "I'll have a drink first."

So far, so good. I sat down in a chair adequately shaped for people rather than spaniels, and the proprietor himself appeared (always a hopeful sign). Putting on the prosperous-gentleman-farmer act, I discussed my lunch with him, I sounding innocent about food, and he sounding expert and imaginative. To be in character I should have ordered whiskey or a pint of bitter, but I detest both, so I indulged myself and asked for dry sherry. He brought me a generous Tio Pepe in an elegant glass. At one o'clock I went into the dining room. It was small and warm, with rich red curtains and enough space between the tables. The waiter put me in a corner. I unfolded my napkin in pleasurable expectation, and then I looked around and in the opposite corner I saw Wessler.

Étienne, this time, would have nothing to show for his expenses. To say that everything I ate and drank tasted like stale water and lightly fried cardboard is no reflection on the King's Arms. I think it was homemade *pâté*, duckling, a soufflé and a board of cheeses, and I am sure it was superb, but I ate it like an automaton, sitting and staring at Wessler. The more I told myself it couldn't be Wessler, the more I was convinced it was. He paid no attention to me. There was no reason he should. The last time he'd seen me I'd been a French peasant; not quite the village idiot, but near enough. I could be trusted with cows, I had a gift for cows. "Apart from that, well—", and they all tapped their foreheads.

My mother was French and my father English, and I was brought up bilingual. When France fell I was messing about in the army in a squalid part of Lincolnshire, teaching morons to take guns to pieces and put them together again, and wishing some earth tremor would fold up the landscape and produce a hill or two; but I had an uneasy feeling that sooner or later the army would catch on to the idea that though lots of people could teach morons about guns not so many could speak faultless French. I was right.

They dropped me in central France, on a cold night, after a period of intensive and agonizing training. I floated down as Capt. Martin Fleming, B.A. Oxon., and landed as Pierre, sent to relatives in the village of Marise by my mother in Clermont-Ferrand because her arthritis made it difficult for her to take care of me, and I would be useful with the cows on the farm. The last part, at least, was true. My papers, though false, were in order, and my identity had been so hammered into me that sometimes, sitting in a corner of a field and watching seven cows monotonously eating wet grass, I alarmed myself by really *feeling* like Pierre. On those days I woke up only when German convoys passed. After that for a bit I'd stay as Fleming and brood over why the French were so tatty about agriculture, why, for instance, should I sit in a field and watch seven cows while a hundred yards away someone's old grandma was sitting in another field watching six? Couldn't one person watch the lot, in turns? Being Pierre, I dared not read. I could have howled from boredom.

Germans were billeted in the village; I had to be Pierre a great deal of the time, except when I was out with the Maquis or safely shut in the farmhouse where I lived with the Meuniers and their daughter Nicole and their son André; and even then Pierre took over, almost without my knowing it, at a step outside or a knock on the door or a rustle in the bushes. It was a good act for fooling Germans. I think I can say without boasting that as a peasant-class mental defective I was entirely convincing; I even learned to drool. When I wasn't drooling I got together with the Maquis on some useful activity. Apart from making life as difficult as possible for the Germans, we transmitted to London; we got two parachute consignments of arms and supplies safely hidden; we blew up bridges and bits of railway and one freight train, and though we had some close shaves we lost only two men. Also, I married.

I was twenty-four and Nicole three years younger. Between her and André, who was thirteen, there had been three brothers: Only one was still alive, a prisoner in Germany. Nicole had black hair that her mother cut untidily, and light-brown eyes, and courage. We used to meet in the dark orchard. I asked her parents, formally. We were married in the farm kitchen by the priest, who could be trusted.

Like Étienne, she said, "After this is over ——"

"After this is over we go to England."

"That will be nice."

"Safe, anyway."

"Safe," she said, her breath warm against my cheek. Even that night, perhaps the night my child was conceived, we listened with a detached part of ourselves for the footsteps and for the knock on the door. Pierre was like a coat, a dressing gown, that I kept beside the bed.

Soon afterward I met Étienne. He was in charge of a large area, communications were so-so, and he came on a disintegrating bicycle to look us over. (Years later, in London, I asked him whether he'd been impressed. "Some were better," he said guardedly. "Some were infinitely worse.") His appearance, when I first saw him, was exceedingly scruffy, and he smelled; so did I, and so did the cow shed over which we sat and talked, not only about truffles and Burgundy but about plans. Étienne's plans were those of a gambler and terrified me, but they were worked out in great detail and somehow they came off. He said, "Don't worry so much. The Boches here are all stupid. Except Wessler; you must watch him, that one."

"I know."

"He is dangerous. Not stupid at all."

Till now I have not written of Wessler as I knew him then. Now I must bring him into the story. During the almost twenty years or so before I saw him again at the King's Arms I could at any moment shut my eyes and summon up his face, as

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clearly as though he were present. In a Teutonic way he was good-looking: a hard square jaw, high cheekbones, light-blue eyes, blond hair thick and straight—there could never have been any doubt about his Aryan descent. His left temple bore a diagonal scar. He was a splendid sight in uniform, and he knew it. At that time he must have been about thirty. As an officer he was more than efficient; his men, whether or not Étienne was right about their I.Q.'s, were rigidly disciplined. His French was good, his manners were correct, and all the village hated him.

One gusty and moonless night in May, a German corporal was found dead beside the river with three knife wounds in his back. There were rumors and accusations, but we never found out for certain who had done it. Wessler handled the matter with his usual competence. He picked out ten hostages, lined them up, and had them shot in the cobbled square in front of the church. One of them was the boy André. Another was my wife, who was two months pregnant. The rest of the inhabitants were ordered out to watch. André cried a little, but my wife died standing straight and tearless, without once looking in my direction, for fear her glance would give me away.

I had to go on being Pierre. In the Maquis we took risks that only a maniac would have taken, and they came off. Killing Wessler in the heat of the moment would have been worse than useless; every train and bridge that we blew up brought nearer the day when it would be possible to kill him without the danger of reprisal. We knew the invasion was coming soon. Unfortunately for me, fortunately for Wessler, when the proper time for reckoning did arrive I was in hospital with only one kneecap instead of two, and in no shape to do anything about him. They flew me back to England and spent a long time patching me up. My left knee is permanently stiff, but that doesn't worry me; in the French hospital I'd had recurring nightmares about amputation. I wrote to the Meuniers and learned that the son who had been in the German prison camp was back: one boy, out of four sons and a daughter. I did what I could to help them from across the Channel. I thought about Wessler, but I didn't have the strength or energy to start finding out what had happened to him. Time heals even the desire for revenge, I suppose; and when I was fit again and back on the estate coping with the effects of several years of neglect, which was a full-time job, I never got round to any action. Someone, I thought, will have dealt with him.

Distance rather than time is perhaps the healer; when I caught sight of Wessler across the dining room I felt a hatred as pure and primitive and satisfying as if twenty years had been a day. In that first moment the possibility of mistake never crossed my mind; I had slept or lain awake too often with that face printed on my eyelids. Time had not greatly changed him. He had good bone structure and the kind of build that does not run to fat. The blond hair was less close-cut, and receding a little over the temples, but not graying. The scar had faded from red to white, but you could still see it. The affluent businessman, in an expensive dark suit, engrossed in stuffing himself with roast duckling in an expensive hotel, was transparent as a ghost; through him I looked at Wessler, standing in the sunlight by the church and giving the order that killed my wife, her brother and my child.

My first coherent reaction, I think, was that, having found him, I must not lose sight of him again, but whether it was then that I consciously decided to kill him, or later, I don't remember. I do remember that he paid no attention to me, being so busy with his food that he did not even glance in my direction.

I finished my meal quickly, paid the bill and sat over coffee watching him furtively. If he was staying in the hotel, so would I; but I didn't think he looked like a resident. It turned out that he wasn't. I discreetly followed him outside. His car was new and fairly expensive but of a make noted for comfort rather than speed, and in color an inconspicuous gray. Its registration number, which instantly burned itself into my memory, was local. He got in and started off, and I tagged along behind. We drove north.

While I pursued him, discretion pursued me. Though I was terrified of losing him, I dared not keep too close. Perhaps if I had lost him I could have traced him through his car, but if it belonged to a firm it might have been licensed in another name. Or it might have been hired or borrowed. I had recurrent moments of panic, when he overtook lorries and I couldn't pass them and he disappeared round a bend; but luckily he was a sedate driver and I managed to catch up. On the open stretches, where I could follow at a tactful distance, I had time to reflect.

Reflection brought with it the first pricks of doubt. People can have doubles; I myself was once set on by a total stranger, female, sixtyish and perfectly sober, in a hotel at Southampton, who recognized me instantly as the member of Parliament for Callingham West and went into a long howl of grievance about her rent. I have never met the member for Callingham West, but I am prepared to believe he looks like me. An inoffensive Englishman could look like Wessler, even to the scar on the temple. And was it likely that an ex-captain of the *Reichswehr* would be lunching peaceably in a Cotswold hotel, and then, in an English-tailored suit and an English-made car, be driving northward, unaware of being followed? It certainly wasn't likely, but how unlikely I just didn't know. None of these doubts diminished my resolution. I kept my eyes fixed on the gray sedan till they ached.

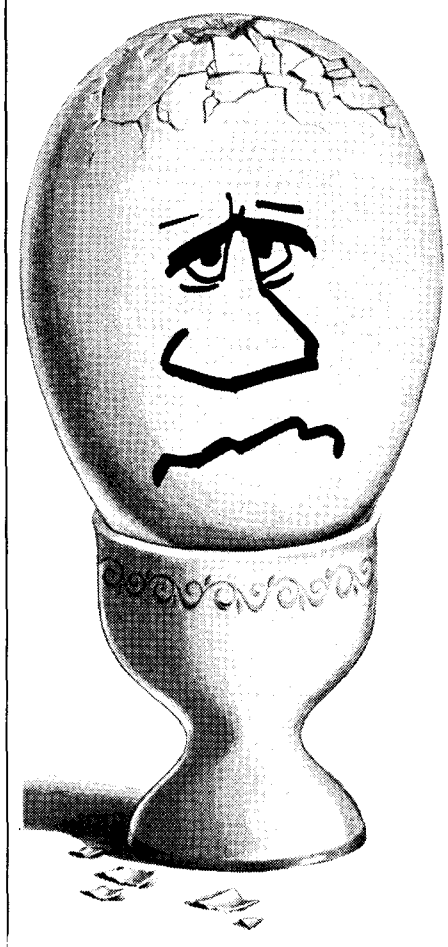
He had, somehow, the air of a businessman, and I discarded the idea that he might be launching himself on a marathon trip to Skye or Inverness; he wasn't dressed for touring. From his registration number, if the car was his, he lived in the same county as I. What I hoped was that he would stop at a hotel, where I could lurk unnoticed, get hold of his address, find out the name he used, hear him speak. I would have to have absolute proof of his identity and do a lot of careful planning before Herr Wessler got what was coming to him.

Perhaps it was the French half of me, and my passion for France, that overrode the English-gentleman half and started me following Wessler. In that belief I made halfhearted excuses for myself, as I tailed him into sterner country under cloudy skies, past the boundary, both architectural and phonetic, that divides the North of England from the South. Soon it began to rain. In the towns I kept close up behind, for fear I should miss him if he turned into a hotel yard or off to a factory, or parked among other cars; but I could see no indication that he knew he was pursued—he did not keep glancing in his rearview mirror, or increase his speed, or slow down and wave me on. He didn't stop for tea either. It was in a gray early dusk, wet and chilly, that we pulled up in a smallish town. Once an agricultural center, it now lay on either side of a river in a ring of minor industrial expansion. The older part had a medieval bridge of dark stone and eighteenth-century quayside houses of blackened pinkish brick, austere but elegant, the color of frostbitten roses.

Wessler drove into a parking space at the rear of the hotel. I left my car a little way up the street. An investigation of the clutter behind me produced a cap, an old mackintosh and a pair of rubber boots. I put these on, thanking heaven that the weather justified them. As a further disguise I added my horn-rimmed reading glasses and pulled a bit of my hair down toward one eyebrow. It wasn't artistic but it was the best I could do. I felt fairly confident that even if Wessler

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"George, do you know anything about a bookie-of-the-month club?"



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SPEEDY IS ITS MIDDLE NAME

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had looked at me in the King's Arms he wouldn't recognize me now. I also felt a sort of exhilaration. It was like being back in the Maquis.

By now, I judged, Wessler should have had time to register and be taken—I hoped—to his room. I went through the entrance and into a large hall, lavishly furnished but some way past its Edwardian best.

In the far corner there was a door marked PUBLIC BAR. This bar proved to be L-shaped and not very big, and connected with the hotel bar by a space for serving and a kind of shutter, now open, through which I could see another door marked DINING ROOM. For my purposes it could hardly have been better designed. The Public, as often happens, was cozier and less pretentious than the rest of the hotel, which, seedy as it was, had an air of being the best the town could offer. In the Public, before a fire of bright coal, carefully banked, two men in caps sat arguing about greyhounds. In the other bar three or four men in dark suits were arguing about race horses.

Even after so long, turning into someone else at a moment's notice was easy. I was now a nearsighted and not very prosperous farmer, and almost without realizing it I had taken out a handkerchief and was polishing imaginary raindrops off my spectacles when the barman appeared. He was square in shape, with ears like jug handles, and seemed friendly. I ordered—for one must suffer in the cause of art—a pint of bitter.

"Nasty night," he said.

"It is that," I said in a Yorkshire accent. One can't be too careful; or was I actually enjoying myself, being nostalgic, playing the secret agent again? I paid for the beer and when the barman had turned his back I moved casually up the bar to where I had a more commanding view, though not of the staircase. The beer was cold and nasty; all the dark suits, I noticed, were drinking Scotch or gin-and-something. In five minutes someone came downstairs, and was greeted with "Hallo, Bill, old boy," by the customers, and with "Evening, Mr. Wilson," by the barman. The replies, as far as I could distinguish them, were in impeccable English. Mr. Wilson accepted a Scotch but stayed maddeningly just out of my sight.

I picked up the *West Midlands Courier*. By tearing a hole in the back page and leaning my right elbow half across the bar and nearly dislocating my neck, I managed to bring into view a profile I could never forget. "I say, Bill," someone called, and he turned his head. That was good enough, I thought. I left my half-finished beer and went out to the hall.

I was lucky again; no one was about. In the visitors' book the last registration was "W. Wilson, Madderfield, Glos." It was not a Continental hand; the writing was firm, black and upright, unlike Wessler's, whose signature I had seen posted in the village square in Marise when I was loafing around being Pierre. Under "Nationality" was written "British." Wilhelm Wessler—William Wilson. People who changed their names, it's said, often keep the same initials. Madderfield is a sizable village twelve miles southwest of where I live. It would be easy enough to find him there. Thanking Providence he hadn't changed himself into J. Smith of Bristol, I went back to the bar and my beer, and stood with ears pricked, staring at an account in the paper of some local activity, probably football.

The conversation at the bar was divided equally between industrial shop and dirty stories. The industrial stuff was beyond me and the stories weren't funny. I couldn't see Wessler now, but after a bit I identified his voice. I have a good ear for languages, and I couldn't detect in it any trace of a foreign accent, which shook me. Even after fifteen years or so in another country there are few people who don't retain a faint difference of intonation or an overemphasis of consonants. Wessler's French had been good, but to me it was unmistakably French spoken by a German. In France, naturally, I had never heard him speak English. It was possible that he had been brought up trilingual, but it didn't seem likely; the Germans would have found other uses for him, as the English had for me. For the time I shelved this problem, and concentrated on listening.

After ten or fifteen minutes he took his leave of the others and went into the dining room, passing across my line of vision, waving negligently to cries of "So long, Bill, be seeing you." The rest of the party, I gathered, were local; they began to drift away to their homes. I swallowed the rest of my beer and with the greatest reluctance ordered the same again. Perfection in all things, Fleming, I told myself. When the barman brought it I said—remembering I was Yorkshire but not laying it on too thick in case he asked which part—"That gentleman as just went into dining room—is his name Morris?"

"One-and-six," he said. "Ta. What, him? No, that's Mr. Wilson. Comes up every Wednesday. Got a factory down Gloucester way, but they've started another one here. Doing all right, they say. Plastics, or summat."

Overwhelmed by all this generously offered information, I got down about a quarter of a pint rapidly, before saying, "Spit image of a chap I used to work for. In Birmingham. Morris he was, though."

"Ar," he said. "Well, they say all of us has got a double, somewhere."

I said, "That's right."

"You're from Yorkshire, though, aren't you?"

I said, "Ay." I could see his next question shaping itself, so I said hastily, "And better be getting back there, or the missis'll be taking on," before remembering I had three quarters of a pint to get through, an amount which I didn't think my stomach would accept at one go. I was saved by a diversion from the other side; while the barman poured a Scotch, I retreated behind the invaluable *West Midlands Courier*, fed bitter to a vase of sickly daffodils, and made my escape. I was sweating slightly. Losing your grip, Fleming, I said to myself. Out of practice. You'll have to do better than this, with what's coming.

With what's coming: Driving south through the rain and darkness, I planned my campaign. There was time and to spare for planning. Wilson was now in the bag. I only needed proof that he was Wessler. Without proof that satisfied me beyond all doubt, I couldn't kill him.

There were places I could have stopped to eat, but none of them looked inviting, and I wasn't hungry. It was late at night when I got home.

In the fan of headlights the house was as unreal and exquisite as a stage set, a cutout in silver gilt on blackness. It was built in 1650, from a design by Inigo Jones, and the stone that made it was hacked from the hillside not two hundred yards away. The quarry is long disused now, and overgrown, a deep, untidy hollow railed off from the lane outside the gates; I don't know how often I have looked down into the tangle of brier and elder below, and back along the drive to the house, and wondered at the miracle that could come from a hole in the ground. All this I would lose, if killing Wessler went wrong.

I had no children to inherit from me. Thinking bitterly of the child I might have had, I went indoors and across the hall to the telephone directory. There were two Wilsons in Madderfield. One was Thomas, a butcher, and the other W.J.—a butcher too, I thought sourly—whose address was Thatchers. My housekeeper had left a tray with brandy, soda and ham sandwiches. I ate lightly and went to bed. The face that stayed with me in the dark was Wessler's, not Wilson's; young, handsome, confident, giving the order to shoot. After a long time I slept.

In the morning the English half of me woke up first. I lay in bed and reasoned with myself. Thin sunlight etched the trees and drew a muted glitter from the cropped grass on the hill and the ewes' fleeces and the black-tipped lambs, and those trees and that hill and the sheep were mine, and war was war and it was all over a long time ago and there was nothing I could do about it that would help, and Wilson might not be Wessler and if he were he might have a wife and five children and repentance in his heart—and more bromides of that kind. But at the back of my mind the other side of me remembered. If there hadn't been a Wessler, I might have had a wif and five children too. If Wilson isn Wessler, I thought as I dressed, then I can leave the whole thing alone. But I've got to be sure.

I had breakfast and dealt with some letters and talked to my overseer; nothing urgently needed my presence. I worked out my method of approach to Wessler. It was the essence of simplicity, and there were few risks in it. I put on corduroys and a tweed jacket, and took with me a pipe; I rarely smoke, but I have noticed that a pipe gives one an air of being a sound chap. Of the three vehicles available, the Land-Rover seemed the most suitable. I collected some props I had prepared and drove to Madderfield, humming tunelessly. It was like the Maquis again. I felt rather good.

Madderfield is one of those villages that are picturesque enough and near enough to Gloucester and Cheltenham to be taken over by types who like to live in the country but have to work in towns, and by retired colonels whose wives need a lifeline to good shops. It looks prosperous and smug, with fresh paintwork showing off the gray stone, and a lot of clipped yew. I visited, as rapidly as possible, the two largest houses in the village, and then, having established my *bona fides*, I repaired to the George and Dragon.

The landlord, I saw at once, had a nice judgment of what would appeal to country-dwelling businessmen and retired colonels in a village pub. I have never been an addict of heavy brasswork ornamentation, and it didn't appeal to me much, but I could see it was good of its kind. The range of bottles was considerable, and they were set out on glass shelves illuminated by concealed lights. Nothing in the furnishing looked tactlessly new, and I felt sure that the public bar had been modernized so painlessly that the locals swore it hadn't changed since their grandfathers' time. It was only half past eleven, but the fire was already lit; retired colonels tend to feel the cold.

I introduced myself to the landlord, who was youngish and fresh-faced. "We're organizing a fete next month to help the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I wonder if you'd mind putting up a small poster?"

"With pleasure," he said.

I produced the small poster. "And we're trying to get a few people to help with prizes, or something for the stalls. It's a bit out of your area, I know, but it's a good cause. I've been to the Lodge and the Manor—is there anyone else might be worth a visit, do you think?" I produced my notebook, feeling a slight glow of virtue from doing some extra work—I really was on the committee—even though I did it with ulterior motives.

"Let's see," he said. "I'll give you a bottle of port or sherry, to start with."

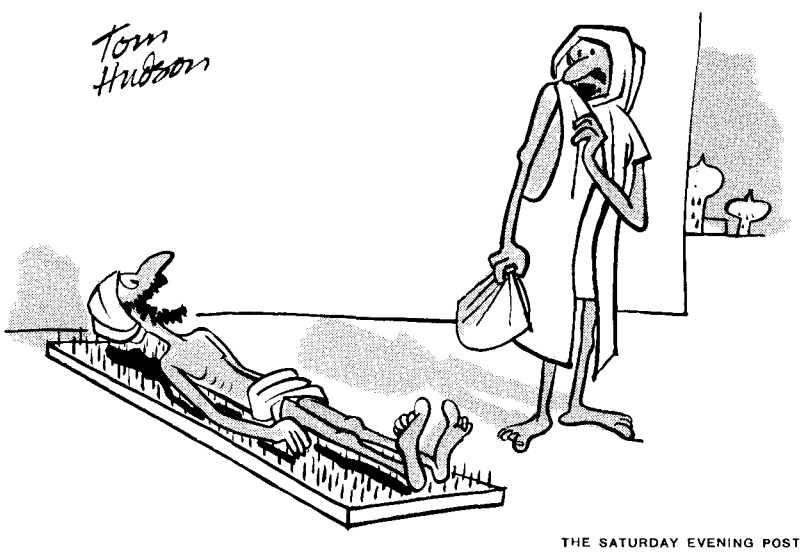
"That's very kind of you."

"There's Colonel Lewis at Greengates. He's pretty good about charity."

"Lewis. I'll try him. Somebody gave me a name—where is it? Yes, Wilson. Any hope there?"

"Thatchers? I don't know them wel. but they'd be worth trying."

"Would that be the Wilson I bought some pigs from, a few years back? Or it might have been Mason—can't remember



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I had the most wonderful dream last night—I dreamed I fell out of bed."

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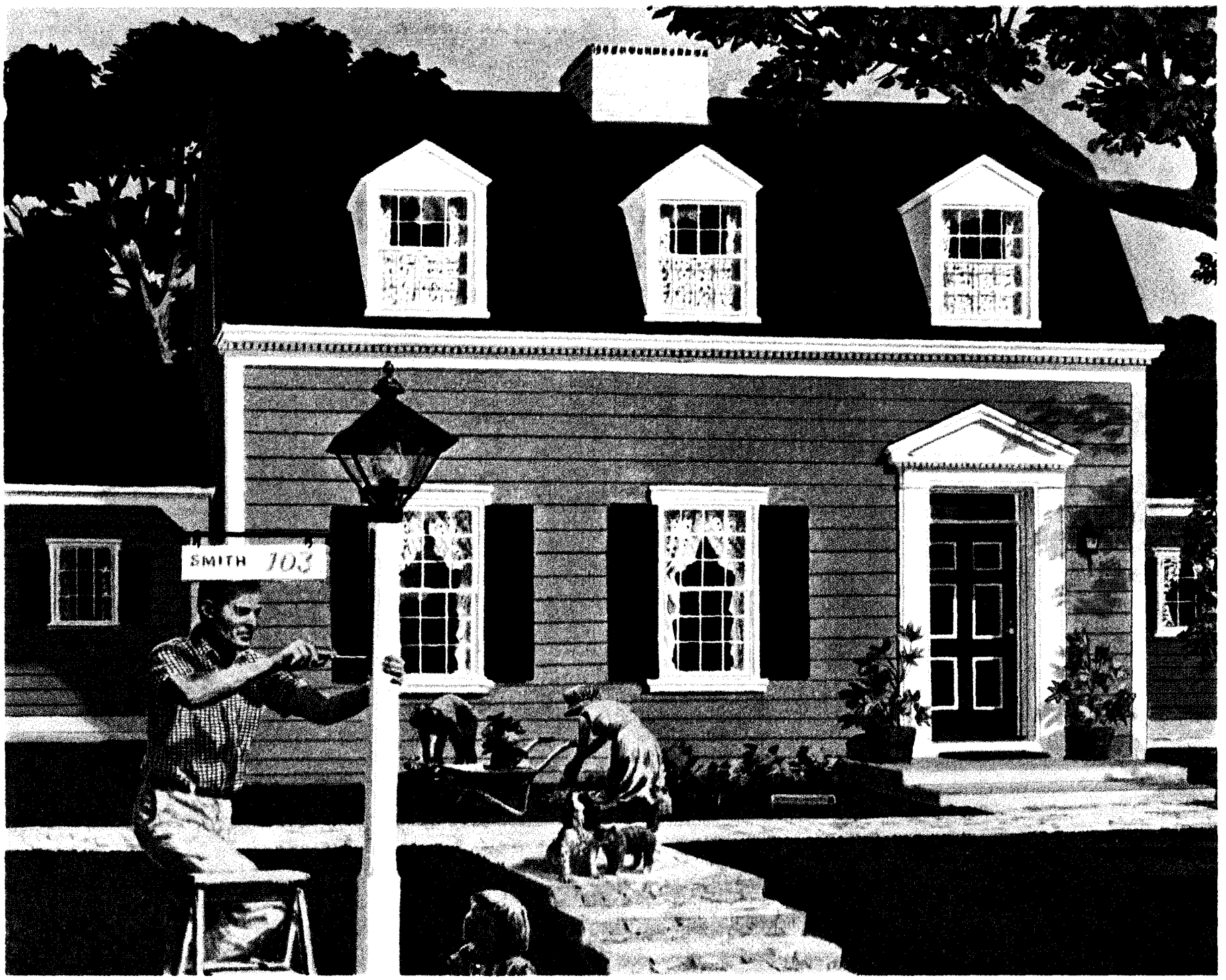

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A personal message from Dr. Frances Horwich to mothers of children from four to ten

A mother's responsibility for her child has increased tremendously in recent years. This age of social and educational change demands new approaches to the pattern of child development.

Constantly you are confronted with new problems in guiding your child, stimulating his creativity, improving his understanding, keeping him constructively amused, and above all, giving him a clearer view of the world he lives in.

There is a wealth of help for you in the pages of JACK and JILL magazine.

In every issue, there are new pictures to study, to be colored, to be cut and pasted. There are factual stories for children to read and imaginative stories to be read to your younger children. There are interesting facts, bits of fancy, poems, puzzles, and games. There is a wonder world of child adventure and sheer fun for fun's sake.

Children in over 850,000 families all over America share the delightful experience of receiving their very own copy of a magazine that is edited and designed for boys and girls from four to ten years of age. In terms of your own child's enjoyment and development, I honestly don't think there is a better way you could spend just thirty-three cents a month.

I want you to know this, too. In my work with children and especially during my years as Miss Frances on "Ding Dong School," I learned how well boys and girls respond to those who understand them and appreciate their point of view. I promise that you will find evidence of that understanding and appreciation for your child in every issue of JACK and JILL every month of the year—including the "Ho Hum" period of vacation when "What can I do?" becomes a familiar cry.

JACK and JILL encourages creativity and growth through an emphasis on fun and entertainment. I hope you will make it possible for us to send a monthly copy to your child very soon.

Frances R. Horwich

Director of Children's Activities
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WITH LOVE FROM THE MAILMAN

MAN IN A CORNER

names. Tall, dark chap with about ten children."

"Not this Wilson, it wouldn't be. No family and no pigs—he's a businessman, plastics or something. His wife's an artist."

"Oh? Any good?"

"Couldn't tell you, but she might give you a couple of pictures to raffle off. He's pretty reliable for local subscriptions and things. I'd have a go."

"Yes. I'll try them and the colonel, then." I didn't really want a drink, but gratitude for all this information and relief at finding that I wasn't going to deprive a large family of its father made me stand him a Guinness and myself a sherry. We had a short talk about agriculture, he told me the way to Greengates and Thatchers, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

Thatchers was two minutes away. I drew up outside the Wilson-Wessler residence and got out of the car, knocking out my pipe on my expensive brogues, and looking, I thought, convincingly squirish and admittable. The house, as its name implied, was thatched. It was a converted seventeenth-century farmhouse, and not bad of its kind. Everything was well groomed—close-cut lawns, daffodils under almond trees, and all that. I speculated that the wife's paintings would be of delphiniums in jugs, or, at best, Chianti bottles with apples. Clasping posters and notebooks to my respectable tweed, I seized some badly tortured wrought iron and knocked.

The maid, and the sitting room, confirmed my impression that Herr Wessler—if that was who he was—had been doing well for himself. The maid was well trained and the room was full of the sort of rustic-modern furniture that costs the earth. It wasn't overdone and looked very nice, I had to admit. So did Mrs. Wilson, who came in almost at once—in fact, she looked very nice indeed. One way and another, Wessler certainly *was* on to a good thing. By now he must have been about forty-seven or so, and she was thirty at the most—small, reedlike, pale, with dark hair short and almost straight, and large, black-lashed gray eyes, and a wide red mouth. Something about the contours of her face reminded me of Nicole. She wore a plain dress of thin gray tweed and a quantity of smoky pearls, an outfit which, though exceedingly becoming, suggested to me that she wasn't much in with life in the village, most wives of her presumed status being probably at this time of the morning still in the jersey-and-old-skirt stage. But possibly, I thought, wishing to be fair, she is lunching in Cheltenham or something.

Mrs. Wilson showed a benign interest when I explained about the fete and promised to give some things for a stall. When she offered cigarettes I asked permission to light my pipe; almost without realizing it, I was emphasizing my Englishness and the fact that I was a landowner, competing, perhaps, with Wessler, who was German (but did she know that?) and a businessman. It crossed my mind that, though I was at least five years younger than he, I had less hair and more stomach and could do with all the charm I could produce. "Someone told me you paint," I said.

I was expecting some reply like "Well, I dab around in water colors, you know, but I'm really no good," but she answered serenely, "Yes."

Taken aback, I said, "What sort of things?"

"Things like those," she said, indicating the wall above the fireplace and the wall opposite the windows.

I'd had time for a rapid look at "those" while I was assessing the room in the few moments before she'd appeared. The look had had to be so rapid that the assessment had got no further than "Taste in art surprisingly good." I had assumed they were reproductions; now that I could inspect them more closely, I saw they were originals, signed "A. Lang." Sharp and thorny and drab in color and semiabstract, they made an immediate and exciting impact. I said, "You did those?"

"I was Lang before I married."

"What is 'A.' for?"

"Aurelia. Fancy, but it's on my birth certificate." Not asking whether I liked the paintings or not, she sat calmly smoking. The gray dress was short, and revealed an admirable pair of legs.

I said, "I don't go to London often—one gets out of touch. But surely you must be a professional."

"I was," she said. "I had a few shows. I still paint when I can, but I got out of touch too, down here."

Meaning Wessler thinks a wife is for the bed, the kitchen and the cocktail party, I thought violently, sucking at my pipe, which produced a noise like a sewer but no smoke. I was framing a question which would sound discreet without being so discreet as to be useless, when she looked at her watch and said, "I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid I must go. I've got to be in Cheltenham by a quarter to one."

I cursed inwardly and got up. At the door she said, "I'll let you have something for the fete. Shall I post it?"

"Please don't bother. I've got some other things to collect—I'll come over, or send someone, if that's all right."

"Of course," she said. "Forgive me for having to rush off. Good-bye."

To appease my conscience, I called on Colonel Lewis. He was, thank heavens, out.

I drove home and brooded for a week, and tried some self-analysis, without coming to any conclusions that appealed to me much.There was a lot of work piling up on the estate, and I found myself doing it absentmindedly and defending myself from the overseer's raised eyebrows with an apologetic snort and a rash reference to sinus trouble. The overseer told me all about his nephew's sinuses and what they did to them up at the hospital. "Once they get you there . . ." he said darkly. I tried to look apprehensive and went off with two basset hounds to inspect some new fencing, pursued by cries about sniffing up salt water and making a poultice of boiled onions and garlic. The lambs were flourishing and the fencing satisfactory.

It was Wednesday—the day Wessler made his weekly visit to his new factory in the North.

I returned to the house at noon, had lunch and telephoned his home number at Madderfield.

It seemed to me a reasonable chance to take. If the barman at that sorry hostelry up north had been wrong about the regularity of Mr. Wilson's Wednesday visits, or if Mr. Wilson was at home with a bad cold, still no harm would be done; I had a legitimate excuse for ringing. All being well, Wilson-Wessler was swarming up the map at a steady forty. Mrs. Wilson

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didn't know I knew he was; how could she?

I needn't have worried. She answered the telephone herself; she said yes, she ·ld help with costumes for the fete if ›ught she'd be any use, and yes, she ..ould have dinner with me, and yes, she'd be ready by seven or a little later. I rang off and took several deep breaths and gave the basset hounds another long walk.

One can't go out to dinner in a Land-Rover, so I took the Austin. She was ready when I arrived. She wore a plain, high-necked black dress and a loose coat of some silky gray-green stuff, and no jewelry at all. I declined her invitation to come in for a drink, on the pretext that I'd booked a table for eight o'clock. I didn't want to hang around the village longer than necessary; there were several people in the district I'd met on committees or at steeplechases. After some consideration that afternoon, I'd decided against Cheltenham in favor of a place I knew in Gloucester; it was owned by an Italian and was small, intimate and dimly lit.

On the way we discussed costumes for a dreary play the village schoolchildren were to do at the fete, about some local skirmish in the Civil War (we'd had to bribe the Roundheads because they all wanted to be Cavaliers). That got us to Gloucester, and I felt I'd done my duty as a member of the committee. The river meadows were bright under the moon and the cathedral towered like a great cat with pricked ears. Mario's was warm and decorative, and Mario himself, after greeting me effusively, restrained himself with an obvious effort from kissing my companion's hand and led us to a secluded table lit by three candles and ·urrounded by a lot of peasant straw-·k and wickerwork and pottery and all .t. I'd told him on the telephone not to hurry over the service; the droop of his eyelids, as he helped the *signora* to her place, expressed an enthralled complicity. She said, "I've never been here. How nice and unexpected."

"I hope you like Italian food."

"I adore it."

My views are more moderate, but I was pleased I'd guessed right. We sat and drank Campari, and talked about painting. She talked about painting extremely well; I guessed she didn't often get the chance to talk to someone interested. Fortunately I knew enough to be able to keep up. Enthusiasm made her even more attractive. I was genuinely enjoying myself, in a way I'd almost forgotten.

A sign to the waiter produced a serving cart, and Mario served the first course with some flourishes and mannerisms that made me suspect he'd been watching Étienne on television. When he left us I said, "Does your husband mind your coming out with me?"

"I doubt if he'd be enthusiastic," she said, "but I haven't had a chance to ask him. He's away on Wednesdays. He has to go up north."

I said, "Oh. What for?"

She gave me a succinct account of the plastics industry. The wine arrived—a fine Montrachet—and I let the subject drop for a bit. Don't rush things, I told myself—unnecessarily, for it was a precept I followed without thinking, I'd muttered it to myself so often, sitting in a field and drooling vacantly at seven cows and rehearsing how I'd fix the charges under the bridge. She handled spaghetti like an Italian, so I asked her if she'd lived in Italy, and she said yes, two years in Tuscany. I once spent a week in Florence; that helped us along to the next course and through some of the Montrachet, and I was still holding off when she brought us back to the Wessler motif by saying, "Are you married?"

"I'm a widower," I said.

"I'm sorry."

"It was a long time ago. She was killed in the war."

"You must have been very young," she said. "And no children?"

I looked at her across the table in the candlelight, and she was beautiful and compassionate. I saw myself, in a depressing instant, as though a shutter had opened and closed again, leaning over a gate with my son or daughter beside me, watching a pony or counting lambs. She was a beautiful and compassionate stranger, but I was taking her out for a different reason. I said brusquely, "No. Have you?"

"We wanted them," she said. "We've been married seven years. I've had every kind of test, but it doesn't seem to work." It wouldn't occur to the Master Race, I thought viciously, that he and not she might be responsible. "It takes two to make a child," I said. (But only one to kill it.)

"Yes," she said. "They couldn't find any reason why I shouldn't conceive. It may be on his side." She spoke directly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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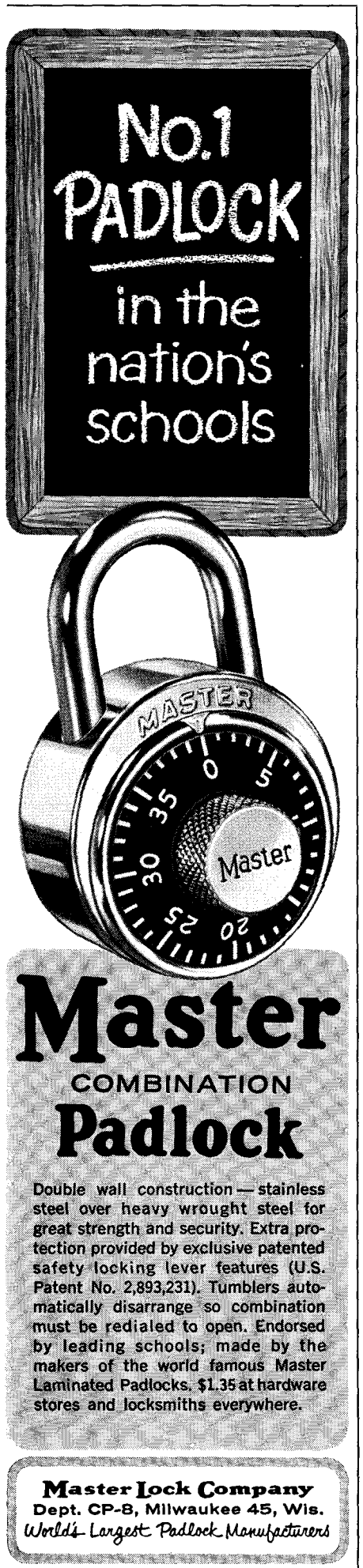
and without embarrassment. In this moment of confidence, I pressed on. "You don't seem like an industrial expert's wife."

"No. I suppose it was a rebound. I wanted children, and security—I'd had a rather dire time with someone so different. . . ." Not exactly withdrawing, but looking as if she wanted to change the subject, she said, "What did you do in the war?"



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I debated whether to tell something of the truth or take a chance on a lie. I chose the lie. How much she knew about Wessler I hadn't yet discovered, and the possibility that either of them would check up on my history was remote. I said, "Nothing interesting. I got one in the leg early on and they fixed it up more or less, and then I sat behind a desk and told other people to go off and get cracking. A lot of them died. As a job, I didn't like it."

What I expected, and was ready to fend off, was some question about when and where. But she only said, "Who would?" and added, to my surprise and confusion:

". . . The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds . . ."

I knew the quotation. I also knew how the speech ends. What on earth put that one into her mind? I asked myself, and repeated in silence,

O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

I was beginning to have a kind of haunted sensation, like Joan of Arc with the voices. Instead of discussing *Hamlet*, I said, "And what did your husband do?"

"In the war? He worked with the Maquis."

This piece of effrontery on Wessler's part nearly made me give myself away. It was plain she didn't know of his change of nationality, and so it was unlikely I could get any proof of his identity from her. But I went on trying. I said, "Which part of France?"

"I don't know," she said. "He doesn't talk about it much. I think he had a bad time. He was a prisoner of war in Germany later."

Poor Wilhelm Wessler, I said to myself, filling up her glass. How he must have suffered. Or was it poor Bill Wilson?

She said, "When he has nightmares he talks in his sleep."

The effort to appear casual brought me out in a cold sweat. "What does he talk about?" I said.

"Often it's in German. He went to a German university before the war. And about someone called Marise. I don't know who she was. I've never asked him. It may seem strange to you, but my husband and I have never talked much about our lives before we met."

I could have told her about Marise. Marise could have been a girl, but wasn't. Marise was the name of the village where I was Pierre and her husband shot my wife and my brother-in-law and my unborn child.

In the morning I telephoned Étienne. Getting on to Étienne was a major operation. I eventually ran him to earth in the studio of a fashionable photographer, who had no doubt just got him nicely posed and was spitting with rage in the background. We spoke French. I said, "Something rather important has happened. Can I see you?"

"But of course. Wait—tomorrow I have a lunch, then a recording. Dinner I could perhaps manage. There is a new restaurant I would like your opinion of."

"I would love to give it. But could I see you in private?"

"What is this mystery, then? Anyway, you can come to London?"

"When and where?"

"Tomorrow morning, at my flat. Eleven o'clock? I have a Marsala you must try. Have you visited the King's Arms for me?"

"Yes."

"It's good, or no?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow."

"More and more mysterious," Étienne said, and rang off.

It takes about three hours to get to London from my house. I started early and arrived before ten, and managed to park in Waterloo Place. I went into the National Gallery and spent nearly an hour contemplating Renoir and Holbein, and then walked to Étienne's flat. His secretary, a lush brunette with a slight French accent, let me in and admitted me to the presence. Étienne was writing one of his underground letters, in purple ink on tissue paper; he was surrounded by *avant-garde* Victoriana: S-shaped sofas, crimson plush, bead fringes, flowers of wax and shells and feathers under a glass dome. Except that he was clean and shaved and expensively tailored, twenty years had made little change in his appearance. He said, "What is this, then? I am all impatience. But first, the Marsala."

I complimented him on the Marsala, which was indeed excellent. After we had discussed its finer points, I said, "Do you remember Wessler?"

"In Marise? That German son of a pig? Naturally I remember him. Why?"

"I went to the King's Arms and he was lunching there."

Étienne put down his glass, groped in his pocket and brought out a beaten-up pack of Gauloises. I hadn't had one for years. The smell and the taste took me right back to France, as if it had been yesterday I'd sat with him in the loft over the cow shed. He said, "You are joking, no?"

"I wouldn't drive all this way to joke."

"But it's impossible."

I told him the whole story.

"Then it must be possible," he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Ask your advice. What would you do in my place?"

"Me, I would have the temptation to dispose of him. But very carefully—one must not hang for a swine like that. Though I doubt they would hang you, if it all came out." Étienne put his fingertips together and considered. "However, it would have to be done on the quiet. An accident, for instance. Or suicide."

"As it happens, I have the opportunity to stage something of the kind." I told him a few things I had learned from Mrs. Wilson, over coffee and Cointreau, two nights before. "On Saturday he's taking a week's holiday. Fishing, by himself. He stays in a small pub in Wales, on a tributary of the Wye. It's a part of the country I know like the back of my hand."

"He might, you mean, with a little assistance, slip on a rock?"

"Too risky. He's at least as strong as I am, and probably stronger. Besides, I want him to know. And once he's seen me, once he's been told, there mustn't be any mistake."

"Yes, you are right. One moment." Étienne uncoiled himself; he is not a tall man and he must be in his middle fifties, but he still moves as if he had a backbone like a snake's. Twenty years ago none of us, young as we were, could wriggle through mud or brushwood, flat on our bellies, as deftly and silently as he could. He went into the next room and returned in a few moments with a French 7.65 service automatic and a box of ammunition.

"It won't be traced," he said. "Wessler, or anyone, could have picked it up. It was Gaston's. You didn't know him—it w before they dropped you into Fran The Boche shot him too; that san Boche. He was seventeen and my nephew, and I kept his gun. This is what one would call poetic justice."

It was a good weapon, properly looked after. Étienne had always been as meticulous about weapons as about cooking. When I took it in my hand it felt familiar and right. I said, "I shall go on Monday; the quicker the better. If you give me this, you won't get it back. I shall have to leave it there."

"I give it to you with Gaston's best wishes. And don't miss."

"If it is to look like suicide, I can hardly miss. It will have to be close."

"And by then he will know, and he is dangerous."

"Yes."

"How he comes to be here, this is what I don't understand. Marrying well, making money, speaking English like an Englishman. He was efficient, one must give him that. And Frau Wessler," Étienne said amiably, refilling my glass "—or should one say Mrs. Wilson—she is attractive, no?"

"Very attractive."

"So much the better."

"I don't think it's so much the better. I think it's so much the worse. Sometimes I wonder about my motives."

"*Pfui!*" he said. "What were his motives when he killed your wife?"

"Yes, well," I said. "At least he has no children."

"And thanks to him, neither have you. Mother of God," Étienne said, "what has happened to you? Wessler is Wessle after twenty years or fifty or a hundre Murdering pregnant women and boys of thirteen is not less wrong because time has passed."

"I suppose I came here to hear you say that."

"Well, I have said it. I have given you a gun. If I were as free and unknown as you are I would deal with that pig myself, though it wasn't my family he finished off. And you can tell him that, if you have time."

I walked through St. James's Square and up Pall Mall, and into the park and back to Waterloo Place. There was thin sunlight on the new grass and the trees, and I'd got so used to country mud that all the cars looked as though they'd just been washed, and the gun in my trouser pocket felt hard against the muscles of my thigh. It seemed a waste to drive all the way to London for half an hour's conversation, but I couldn't think of anything else I wanted to do, so I started home. I lunched at a pub about twenty miles out, one of Étienne's recommendations. The food was excellent, but I hadn't much appetite.

Over the weekend I worked hard on the estate. Also, I studied the local papers and thought about how to cover my tracks, and brooded over some one-inch Ordnance Survey maps, and talked my overseer into persuading me that I ought to go to a sheep sale on the Welsh border.

I hid the gun in the safe till Mond morning, when I took it out and wrappe in a rag and stowed it in the Land-Rover's toolbox, which had a lock and key. I put on tweeds and a mackintosh and a cap, and got out my fishing tackle and a pair

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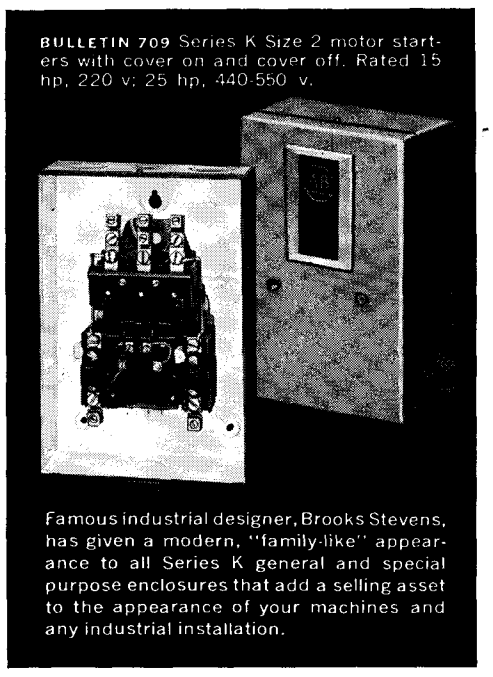

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of field glasses, and set off after breakfast. I'd decided on the Land-Rover because it's the sort of vehicle people don't take much notice of in the country—it melts into the landscape—and because no one would expect it to be clean. A lavish coating of mud makes the number plates less legible.

It was a day of showers and patches of brilliant sun, the hills were blue and green and ash-gold, and I wished I were going after salmon instead of Germans. I went to the sheep sale first and looked around a bit, so that I could give a convincing account to the overseer and provide, if necessary, some sort of alibi, but there was nothing I fancied and I didn't stay long. By midday I was in Ross-on-Wye. I went into a pub I hadn't visited before, ordered lunch for half past twelve, had a sherry in the bar and talked fishing with the landlord. Some friends of mine have a stretch of private water not far from Ross, where I have leave to fish whenever I feel like it, and I let it be understood I was going to try it out for the afternoon. It was some way from Wessler's territory, and in the opposite direction. After a large though uninspired meal, plus half a bottle of claret for Dutch courage, I drove off toward my friends' place for three or four miles and made my way cross-country and across the border into Wales in a rough semicircle. If the law got me for shooting Wessler—always provided I did shoot Wessler and not vice versa—it wasn't going to be because I hadn't taken precautions.

I avoided the village (or rather hamlet—two cottages and a farm) near the pub he was staying at, in case he was having a stroll after lunch, and came out on a lane higher up. The valley is narrow and very beautiful, with trees and rocks and plenty of undergrowth, affording ideal cover. It was probable he was using the hotel's private fishing, a stretch of about three quarters of a mile, and I had a pretty good idea which pools he'd go for. If there were any other fishermen around it would be just too bad, but it was well before Easter and there'd been few signs of activity, even on the Wye.

I left the Land-Rover well above the pub's territory, on the cropped grass between the lane and the river, without attempting to hide it. I unwrapped the gun and put it in my pocket, and slung the field glasses over my shoulder. In spite of the Dutch courage, I had a feeling I wasn't doing it right, somehow; it should have been more melodramatic, more intense, instead of having this sort of flat unreality. I wondered if it seemed flat and unreal because I was only pretending to myself that if I found Wessler I would kill him.

Crossing the river and keeping well out of sight, I tracked downstream above the bank. It was easy enough to stay hidden, and the fall and ripple of water drowned any faint noises. But I was no longer back in the Maquis; I was an Englishman, an undignified one, too old in my forties to be playing cowboys and Indians in a Welsh valley. There were moments when I was tempted to turn back, forget Wessler, make some excuse to Étienne. But I was too far committed. Out of pride or obstinacy, I suppose, I went on following the river's course, through the gray tangle of oak and ash and alder. The sun flashed on the water, turned the grass emerald and the late buds red and the mesh of branches from gray to silver. By the top pool I saw him.

If I hadn't been able to see his face, I shouldn't have known him. Germans tend to overdress for sport, to be too correct and meticulous, but he was perfectly and convincingly English, a chap who'd been fishing for years in the same battered but once expensive clothes. Like the Land-Rover, he was part of the scenery. But he was standing in the water two or three yards from the bank, and I could see his profile. The profile was enough.

I climbed silently farther up the side of the valley, and worked my way along till I could see the whole stretch of river down to the pub, a little whitewashed cube of stone built into the slope of the hill. There was no one else in sight. I skulked back along the hillside till I was directly above Wessler and the pool. I squatted on the damp grass, awkwardly because of my bad knee, and took out the field glasses.

He was still in the same place, fishing with an air of dedication. He was right-handed, which was something I had to make sure of. The glasses were powerful, and he sprang sharply into focus. With his antique hat covering his receding hair, he looked younger. For the first time that day the Frenchman in me got the upper hand. I regained, to some extent, the primitive feeling I'd had when I'd first seen him at the King's Arms. It wasn't difficult to transport him to Marise, from the damp valley to the dusty square, or to summon up the uniforms, and the light striking on blue steel, and myself standing vacantly with hands clasping threadbare elbows, and the foul-smelling beret pulled down over one eye, and the clear face of André facing death at thirteen and trying not to show fear. And I thought of my wife, but now she made me think of Mrs. Wilson. That didn't help much. I kept the field glasses on Wessler, remembering what Étienne had said: "Murdering pregnant women and boys of thirteen is not less wrong because time has passed."

The gun heavy in my pocket, I stood up. I slipped the glasses back into their case and studied the terrain through the screen of branches. How often, in France, had I calculated the amount of cover, the line of attack, the degree of risk? About the ethical aspect I wasn't altogether happy, but I suddenly felt a tremendous physical competence. I looked all around me, in front, up and down the river, and behind. Except for Wessler and some sheep, there was nothing. I went round in a half circle to come up behind him, and as I approached he hooked onto a fish.

Dispassionately, from behind a net of young alder leaves, I watched him catch his last trout. He did it expertly and patiently. It wasn't very large, but he seemed pleased, and irrationally I felt pleased, too, that at least he'd had some sport before the end. The fish was still flapping on the bank when I stepped out of the alders and said, "Wessler!"

He turned sharply; but who wouldn't, if he believed himself alone and a voice spoke suddenly from six yards away, whatever it said? His was not an expressive face, and his training had been rigid; he appeared, if anything, startled and puzzled. I put my hand in my pocket and took hold of the gun, and watched his eyes follow the movement. He said, "I beg your pardon?"

"Wessler," I said, "don't you remember me?"

On the grass by his feet the trout went into a desperate contortion. He didn't look at it. He said, "I'm afraid not. You must be mistaking me for someone else."

"You *were* someone else, Wilson," I said. "It's not a mistake."

"I'm sorry; I don't know what you're talking about."

I wanted to get it over, to end this conversation. He was putting on a good act, but not good enough for me. Through the correct and well-worn tweed I could sense the rigidity of his muscles; he spoke easily, but he watched my eyes with the unblinking stare of a cat. It wasn't going to be easy; but for better or worse, I was in it now, up to the neck. I said, "All right, I'll tell you. I'm talking about twenty years ago. You were a captain in the German army and I was disguised as the village idiot. I was called Pierre. The village was called Marise."

At that he changed color; the scar on his temple showed less white. "Everyone has a double," he said.

"Your wife tells me you talk in your sleep. In German. She thinks Marise was a woman." I took the gun out of my pocket. "Is that enough?"

"Can you ever be sure?" he said. "Can you believe everything? Can *I* believe you know my wife?"

"Her name was Aurelia Lang. She paints. You've been married seven years and you have no children. Your house in Madderfield is thatched. Will that do?"

He made no answer. His face glistened with sweat now and I knew he was defeated. It was an effort to keep my mind in the past; I fought against being an Englishman talking to another Englishman in a sunlit valley, with the river beside us and a trout shining in the grass. A pastoral scene, with only the gun to spoil it.

"I had a wife too," I said, "and a child that wasn't born. My wife was one of the ones you ordered shot. So was her brother, who was thirteen. If you remember, you had the rest of the village herded out to watch. I had to stand there while you——" I couldn't go on talking. He stood looking at me, without moving. I said, "Put your hands up and turn round."

"Do I sound German?" he said.

I released the safety catch.

"I'm Wilson," he said. "I'm English, like you."

"And Marise was a girl you met in Piccadilly," I said. "And I am only half English. The rest is French. Do as I say."

He raised his hands and faced down the valley, with his back to me.

Dully and mechanically, I told myself I had to get closer and sideways on, because suicides do not shoot themselves in the back of the head at a range of eight feet. I had my finger on the trigger; in what seemed an endless pause, the trout flipped feebly, the river sounded loud.

And right then, when I had him helpless, I lost my resolve.

"Damn you, Wessler," I said. "I wish I had your guts for murder," and I turned away and climbed the slope, blundering into branches and stumbling over roots. There was no sound behind me, except the slide and ripple of the river. I would have welcomed pursuit, a chance to fight it out on equal terms; but he let me go. At the top I looked back. He was still standing there, his face turned toward me, not moving. I got into the Land-Rover and drove off.

The journey home remains a blur; I remember glancing automatically at signposts, and feeling cold, and thinking that I ought to do something about hiding the gun, which was lying on the seat beside me, and for some reason deciding not to. A symbol of defeat, perhaps—or of a clear conscience. What did Oscar Wilde write? "Conscience and cowardice are really the same things. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all."

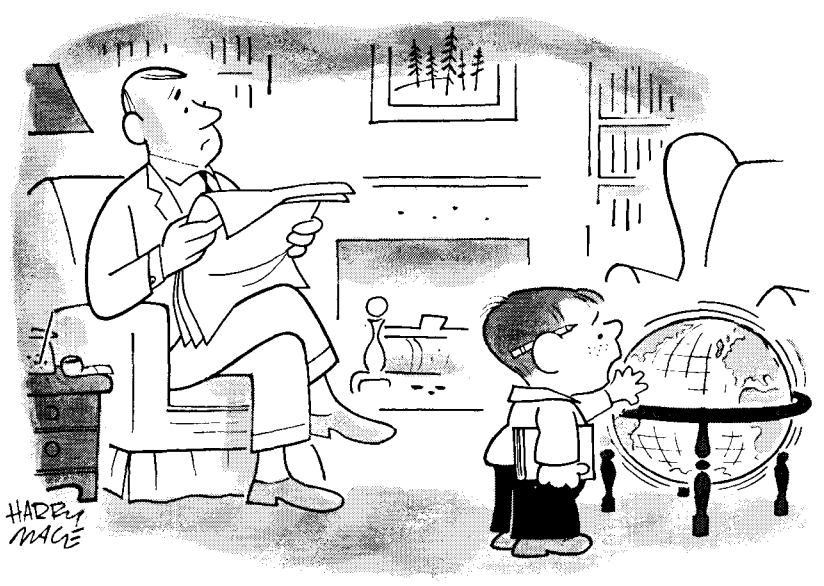
When I got home I pulled myself together, locked the gun in the toolbox of the Land-Rover, gave the overseer a brief and probably inaccurate account of the sheep sale, and went indoors. I had a brandy-and-soda to loosen up, and began to think.

Until then I hadn't got beyond the fact that I'd failed. About failure I was half ashamed and half relieved. It was a relief not to be a murderer, and Étienne's reactions shouldn't matter. He, after all, was not directly concerned; I was. *Was*, I thought, and still am: Wessler has now seen me. He knows I've talked to his wife. He doesn't know who I am, but he will find that out from her. He doesn't know whether I have told her who he is, but he will quickly find out that I haven't.

I walked up and down the room. If I were Wessler, I said to myself, what would I do?

The answer to that one was easy: If I were Wessler, I think I'd do something about Fleming.

Now I cursed myself for ever having started my scheme of revenge. I tried to put myself in Wessler's place. Was it possible that his change of name and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can't find Cuber!"

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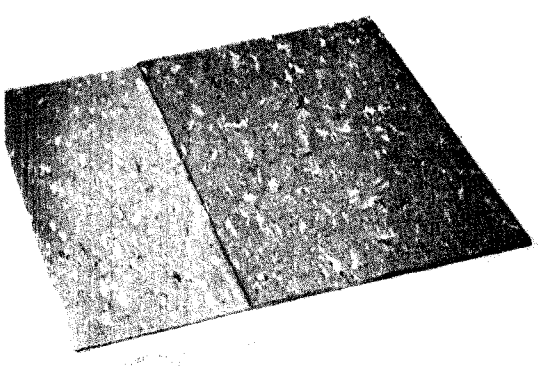

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nationality was legal and aboveboard? Not likely. If it had been, he would surely have told his wife.

I shouldn't have tried to kill him in cold blood. I could have started rumors, jeopardized his home, destroyed his business. But becoming cozily established as Wilson must have cost him a great effort, and even if I had attacked him indirectly—from the rear rather than from the front—I could not have expected to defeat him without a fight. He had too much to lose.

That night I lay awake till nearly dawn, thinking in circles. Rain beat on the windows; gusts of wind bent the trees. Wessler, perhaps, was sleepless too, listening to the river; or had he abandoned his holiday, raced home to find out what his wife knew? Was he awake in his own bed now, planning how to silence me?

In the morning there was another letter from Étienne. Always cautious, suspecting the privacy of a telephone conversation even in a foreign language, he stuck to his almost illegible purple handwriting. I tore the envelope open with some apprehension, expecting a message of congratulation for having finished the job; but it wasn't that. He wrote, in French, "It is necessary for me to be in Bristol on Wednesday morning, to plan a program. On Tuesday, when you will receive this, I can stay the night with you. I will arrive at five-thirty. If you are still engaged elsewhere, no matter; it is hardly out of my way. I hope the news is good." It was signed with a regal flourish, "E."

I read the letter with mixed feelings. There would be some sticky explanations to get through, but on the whole I was cheered up. Étienne would not waste tim on recriminations; what I needed mos was someone I could talk to, who had brains and imagination and knew the whole situation. Only Étienne qualified. Only he could help me decide what to do next.

I brooded over that for a time, till bacon and eggs and coffee reminded me that Étienne would be dining in my house for the first time and I had better get to work on the menu. This involved more brooding. Mrs. Wicks, my housekeeper, though an excellent cook, is an impressionable addict of television, and I had never told her I knew Étienne. If I announced that he was to be my guest, she would send me out to scour Gloucestershire for caviar and plovers' eggs; then she would prepare a five-course meal and probably have a nervous collapse in the kitchen. She had friends a few miles away, whom she visited on a bicycle. I gave her the afternoon and evening off. Étienne, I decided, had ingested so much rich food and publicity that a plain meal eaten in private would please him well enough, and I was going to prepare it. I was pretty good at cooking, and I knew his tastes.

When I had lunched and the housekeeper had pedaled off down the drive, I went along to the kitchen and poked around. Mrs. Wicks had been thoroughly trained by me, and the basic materials were there—a luscious stockpot, a cold roast of beef meltingly underdone and some Brie in just the right stage of maturity. I made onion soup in the French manner, and to go with the beef a salad of celery hearts, chives, beetroot anc sour apples chopped and blended, dressed with oil and lemon and garlic and creamed horseradish. After that the Brie, and then strong black coffee and brandy. Simple, but of first-class quality and nothing out of a tin or a deepfreeze; what more could Étienne want?

I fetched a bottle of my favorite Burgundy from the cellar, and laid the kitchen table. Then, instead of dealing with matters on the estate, as I should have done, I went and pottered in the garden; I had a feeling it would be well to be within hearing of the telephone. It was typical of Étienne to write, "at five-thirty." It meant that whether he had to drive like a maniac or spend half an hour leaning on a gate watching sheep, at five-thirty he would arrive. At twenty past five I went in and washed my hands and had a look at the soup.

He drove up in a black Mercedes. He was wearing tweeds. I reflected that whereas Wessler in tweeds looked utterly right and English, Étienne in the same sort of clothes was unmistakably French; and that Wessler in his German days would never have bought a French car, whereas Étienne had picked a German one. This seemed to prove something; I didn't know what.

"But it is ravishing," he said, looking up at the house. "I had no idea."

"It's a good period."

"All this and no woman," Étienne said, as if to himself. He followed me into the hall and spent some minutes boundin around and exploring and exclaimin Finally I got him cornered and pacified with a sherry. I don't usually have sherry till six or later, but I needed one.

As with the Marsala, we discussed its finer points, rather abstractedly on my

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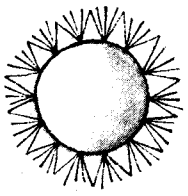

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side. Étienne was always difficult to shift from the subject of wine, unless it was onto the subject of food, and he had the whole evening before him; but at last he stopped, raised formidable black eyebrows at me, and said, "Well?"

Feeling like a third-former up before the headmaster, I took the gun out of a drawer and laid it beside his glass.

"*What?*"

"It didn't come off."

"He was not there, you mean? You couldn't find him?"

"Oh, I found him. It was all exactly right, everything was perfect. Only I couldn't do it."

Étienne made an expressive and vulgar sound, and I lit a cigarette, with a poor attempt at nonchalance. "So, then," he said. "Let us hear this sad story."

I recounted it, without excuses, which never got one anywhere with Étienne. From his expression I could see he was reaching, though more quickly, the same conclusions I had. "And so now," he said, after a pause, when I had finished, "we are what you call in English out of the kettle into the fire."

"Frying pan," I said absently. "Kettles are of fish."

"Frying pan, yes, *n'importe*. You have told him you know who he is. Now you are a danger to him."

"But he can find out I haven't told his wife."

"Listen, this is how that rat thinks. He says to himself, 'The man knows about me, and he knows my wife. He has not the guts to kill me but he has a grudge and he will work it off somehow, and telling my wife would be one way. Or he could tell the whole world.' I do not think Wessler is going to sit down and wait; he is not the type. You and I know what type he is: Murder is easy for him, and he would be jealous like a madman to keep what he has."

"He didn't look like that," I said, "when I nearly shot him."

I walked over to the window. It was a dark evening, with rain coming; clouds were spreading across the sky, but it was still quiet and pastoral, the distant sheep moving in their slow pattern over the grass, the lambs playing. "Yes, well," I said. "What is to be done?"

Étienne lit one of his Gauloises. "He thinks fast," he said. "He will not waste time. He will give up his fishing and go home, in case you should tell his wife. From what you tell me, she has no suspicions. The way he would do it, she would hardly know she was being questioned. So, he will have your name and address. So, if he has a chance of safety, he will not tell her anything; he will first try to dispatch you."

"Yes. I seem to have rather balled things up all round, don't I?"

"Considerably. However, what's done is done. This is more important, what we do now. I don't concern myself with you—you are experienced enough not to be taken by surprise. But there is his wife."

"That's what I was thinking too."

"He can't watch her every moment, that is clear. Any time, he says to himself, you may tell her the truth. Does she love him?"

"It's only an impression," I said, "but I would say no."

"And he is jealous, she implied."

"So?" I said. I filled the sherry glasses.

"The least we can do is to make sure, if we can, that she is safe. Obviously you cannot telephone. For me it is simple. I am Albert Leblanc; I represent a French firm interested in starting a small plastics industry near Rouen. I would like to inspect Mr. Wilson's factory. Yes?"

"Yes."

"You have an extension?"

"In my office."

"Then listen in. The number?"

I found the number for him, and took my sherry with me to the desk littered with forms about pigs and sheep, and lifted the receiver. I heard Mrs. Wilson answer, and my palms began to sweat.

Then I heard Étienne say, "May I speak to Mr. Wilson, please?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "He's not—he's just gone out. Can I take a message?"

"This is Mrs. Wilson, yes? My name is Leblanc, it is a business call, I apologize for troubling you, but I have not much time over here. Perhaps I could telephone later?"

"Yes—I don't know," she said. She sounded distracted, very close to tears. "I don't know when he'll be back. He—I'm so sorry. Could I ask him to ring you?"

"Please don't worry. I am staying in the district—as it happens with a friend who would like to speak with you. A moment."

I said, "Mrs. Wilson. This is Fleming. You remember me?"

"Of course. But ——"

"Monsieur"—in the state of mind I was in I nearly gave her Étienne's real name, but I stopped myself in time—"Monsieur Leblanc is staying with me."

"Mr. Fleming," she said after a hesitation, "you haven't—I suppose you haven't seen my husband?"

I said, "Is anything the matter?"

"Something is," she said. "But I don't know what. He came back from Wales today, instead of next week. He started asking me about you, all sorts of questions—who you were, where you lived—I couldn't imagine why. I didn't—he looked so strange and angry, as if he'd had some kind of a shock. I didn't understand what it was all about. How could he have ——"

"Where is he now?" I said.

"He went out—oh, about twenty minutes ago. I thought of ringing you up but I didn't want to bother you. He hasn't taken his car—I suppose he's gone to the pub. That won't help either. I *am* sorry, but it's rather worrying."

"Madame," Étienne said on the other instrument. "Forgive me for interfering. I think it is very important that you should come over here at once. I cannot explain on the telephone. Please believe me. Ask Mr. Fleming if he agrees."

"Yes," I said. "It is truly very important."

"But ——"

"You'll have to trust us. Will you please come, *now?*"

"All right," she said. "How do I get there?"

I gave her a few simple directions and rang off, and carried my sherry back to Étienne.

"This is the—what was it?—kettle of fish," he said. "To put fish in a kettle, that is strange. How long will it take her?"

"Less than half an hour, unless she gets lost. If you feel like kicking me, don't hesitate. If not, we might as well eat. I know it's too early, but it looks like shaping into one of these evenings better faced on a full belly. Agreed?"

"Me, I am all for filling up. What are we having?"

"Some muck I threw together, off the kitchen table. This way."

I wasn't hungry, but not even the Wessler situation could distract Étienne altogether from food. He fell with enthusiasm on the soup and beef and salad. I said, "You think we ought to tell her?"

"But of course. What else can we do?"

"Hell, I've done enough. I don't want to make things worse."

"Look, she has to know, now. She has to be warned. If one starts something, one must see it through. You know as well as I do what Wessler is capable of. Stop being so English, I implore you. The Brie looks excellent," Étienne said, picking up the cheese knife.

Whether its taste was as good as its looks I never knew; we heard the sound of a car, and Étienne stiffened, the knife poised in midair. I shut my eyes for a moment, then got up and crossed the hall and opened the front door.

She had come in a little black sedan I'd seen in the garage when I called at Thatchers. It had begun to rain, and the car glistened with drops. She was bareheaded and dressed in a thick jersey, light-colored slacks smeared with paint, and sandals. In these clothes, and with little makeup, she looked enchanting. She stood there in silence. I said, "Do come in. It didn't take you long. You found the way without trouble?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm a good navigator. Your house is very beautiful."

I led her across the hall and into the living room. Étienne appeared from the kitchen, swallowing what was doubtless Brie. She said, "Oh—but you're ——"

"That is so." Étienne, never one for false modesty, bent over her hand with one of his flourishes. "It was necessary to use a false name on the telephone. You understand?"

"Please, what is this all about?"

I kicked the log fire and seated her by it, poured her a sherry and looked despairingly at Étienne, who said, "Madame, it is a long story and we are desolated to have to tell it to you. But as things have turned out we think it is better you should know. It begins in the war, in France." He described our work in the Maquis and my disguise as Pierre, and my meeting with him and my marriage and the affair of the hostages. Being Étienne, he told it colorfully, though accurately. She listened attentively, but puzzled, watching the smoke of her cigarette. When he paused she said, "But what has this to do with me?"

"The name of the village was Marise."

She looked directly at Étienne. She said, "You mean Wessler ——"

"Wessler is William Wilson."

In the silence that followed, a log slipped and crackled. Outside, the wind blew rain against the windows. Finally she said, "I can't believe it."

"You had no idea?"

"None at all. Now you've told me, I suppose it's possible. He's never talked much about his past; he does speak German; he's mentioned Marise in his sleep. I don't know German. I thought—I just thought it was a girl. How did he get here, become British, never any suspicion from anyone? How could he do that?"

I wasn't looking forward to the next bit, but it seemed to be my turn. I said, "We don't know. There are ways, I dare say. We found out because I was lunching in a pub at Hamptonford and he was there. I recognized him." Wishing I could be switched by some magic to an oasis in mid-Sahara, I recounted flatly, like a policeman giving evidence, my inglorious movements from the King's Arms to the

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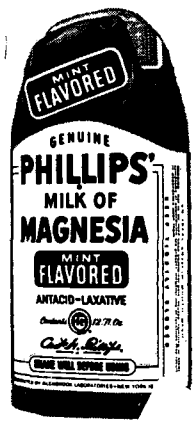

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hotel up north, to Thatchers with a false excuse, to my prying dinner with her at Mario's in Gloucester, to Ross-on-Wye and the banks of the river in Wales. It didn't sound a very pretty story, but I put it all in. I said, "As you see, I've made a general mess of things. I can only say I'm desperately sorry. We thought you ought to know."

"It was nice of you to tell me," she said. She looked pale, but gave me a composed smile; she made no attempt to defend her husband. She said, "What do I do now?"

"Madame," Étienne said, "forgive me if I ask you this. Do you love him?"

She said slowly, "No. I ought not to have married him. The successful businessman's wife isn't my thing. I want to paint and raise children. He doesn't approve of the one and he can't manage the other. I suppose you mean I should leave him?"

"It would be safer. Would you be happier?"

"Probably I would. I think it would have come to that anyway—it's not the first time I've considered it. I can earn enough to keep myself and do the work I like doing. . . . You mustn't blame yourself," she said to me.

"But I do."

"In the meantime," said Étienne, impatient with all this British show of conscience and forgiveness, "we must think what is to be done, immediately."

"Yes," I said. The immediate future presented some difficulties. Letting her go back to Wessler was out, even if I had to lock her in the cellar. Étienne, perhaps, could take her to Bristol and then to London; with Étienne she would be safe. I got up and walked around the room. It was dark now and a wild night, raining hard and with a gale rising and howling through the trees. I started drawing the curtains, a thing it might have been advisable to think of sooner, but normally it's my housekeeper's job and in the stress I'd forgotten. Étienne went to do the other window, a large one with a glass-paneled door in the middle, leading to the garden. "Well, anyway," I said, pulling red velvet across the storm, "you can't go back tonight, if he's there."

"He's not," Étienne said gently, over his shoulder.

"What?"

"I said, 'He's not.'" He had one hand on the curtain. I turned and looked past him through the wet glass into the dark.

"Herr Wessler," Étienne said, opening the door. "*Kommen Sie herein, bitte.*"

There was a draft of wind and a billow of smoke from the fire as Wessler came into the room. His hair and the shoulders of his raincoat were wet, but no more of him. The sound of a car driven quietly, I realized, could not have been heard over the loud wind. He had his hands in his pockets, and he looked wild and distraught, not glancing at his wife but fixing his eyes on me. Étienne, with the speed that I remembered from Maquis days, shut the door and moved over to the low table where I'd left Gaston's gun. He sat on the arm of a chair, within reach of it, and waited for Wessler to make a move. I stood with my back to the other window, feeling foolish, almost sorry for the man, and more than sorry that I'd ever been to the King's Arms; and, on top of these emotions, apprehensive. The weather outside was like background music for *Macbeth*. Should I, I wondered, break the tension, give Wessler a chair and a cigarette, treat this as an unfortunate social situation best discussed frankly? Étienne's expression as he watched Wessler, and Wessler's as he watched me, decided me against it. Mrs. Wilson, with admirable calm, sat smoking. I couldn't stand it any longer. "Listen ——" I said.

"You've told her," Wessler said.

"Since you had not," Étienne said, right back in his element, "we thought it best."

With no change of expression, Wessler said, "I've often wondered where I'd seen you before."

"It is to be excused," Étienne said. "You did not see me more than I could help, and I looked very different." He picked up the gun and held it flat on his palm. He said, "This was my nephew's; perhaps you remember him. He was seventeen. First you questioned him, if I may put it that way. Then you disposed of him. Well?"

"It was twenty years ago. Since then we've made something of our lives. Then, it was war. You fought us and we fought you; it was our duty."

"Look ——" I said.

"The English," Étienne said, brushing me aside, "are not good haters. Fleming is half French, but the English side of him is stronger. He has reason enough for shooting you, but give him an inch and he will forgive you instead. An inch, and he will be saying, 'From this nation came Bach and Beethoven and Goethe and Schiller, and war is war, and it was indeed twenty years ago.' He has courage and he has fought, but he has not seen his own lands raped by the Boches as I have twice in my lifetime. I am French and my grandmother was Jewish, and I cannot forget the children packed naked into gas chambers and the old professors driven to suicide, and the innocent people shot, as you had them shot. These things I remember."

"You left your country," Wessler said, "to live here too."

"Legitimately," Étienne said. "I teach the English to cook. They know I am French. Do they know you are a Boche?"

Wessler shrugged.

"Look, Wessler," I said, "why did you come to this house?"

"To find my wife," he said, "and take her back. But I see it's no good."

"At least," Étienne said, "unlike Fleming's wife, she is alive. She can answer for herself."

Turning his head a little, but still watching me, Wessler said, "Are you coming, Aurelia?"

She looked at me too, in silence for a moment, and then she said, "I can't. Knowing all this, I can't."

"Very wise," Étienne said, still holding the gun. His eyes were narrowed and he wore the expression I associated with a scrub of beard and a stinking beret and plans of bridges drawn in chalk on a table, behind locked doors. A number of sinister ideas crossed my mind, like black headlines shouting TV STAR SLAYS TYCOON IN COTSWOLD MANOR, and Étienne's career finishing at the Old Bailey, and myself in a cell, charged with being an accessory before and after. I wasn't thinking very clearly. "Look ——" I said. It seemed to me I'd spent most of the evening feebly saying "Look" or "Listen." Wessler took his hands out of his pockets. Étienne stood up. I moved automatically between Wessler and his wife. His face had changed; it struck me, for the first time, that he'd had a good deal to drink. He said, in German, "This I will tell you. If it were war, I would do it again."

He turned quickly and ran out the door. Étienne dived after him, calling over his shoulder, "Stay there!"

Even now, the habit of obeying Étienne's commands was still with me. They had always been precise and right; we had always trusted them. I shut the door, with a feeling of complete unreality—after so long, this *can't* be happening.

Mrs. Wilson sat shivering in the chair. "Don't worry," I said idiotically. I waited for a shot, but none came. Instead, through the wind and rain, I heard a car start and the scream of tires in the drive. I went and took her hand, which was cold. "You must trust Étienne," I said.

"Yes."

The sound of the crash was like an electric shock through our fingers; I remember feeling as if my whole arm were dead. "Please," I said, "please stay here." Then I found myself running awkwardly up the drive, tripping over branches blown down by the gale. The drive is short, and leads into a minor road not much used. Through the trees, near the sharp bend along the lane, I could see lights. Somehow I got outside the gates, panting and sweating. The headlamps were Étienne's Mercedes; they shone on an empty lane, a gap in the underbrush and the twisted ends of torn railings at the edge of the quarry.

Étienne came toward me out of the darkness, breathing hard, but sounding calm. He said, "Do exactly as I say."

"But Wessler ——"

"I was following, to see he went away. He took the bend too fast. So, a skid; the car went over."

"Is he dead?"

"Look for yourself," Étienne said, and he gave me a flashlight. The light reached faintly, down among the brambles, to what was left of Wessler's car. I felt sick.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Étienne said, "I must make sure. Where can one descend?"

"Along to the right, about twenty yards. There's a sort of path from there. Would it be better if I went?"

"No," Étienne said. "Now, listen, because I have things to do. Is there any other way from the house?"

"There's a track," I said. "It comes out lower down the lane." Étienne had always been able to pull me back from moments of panic; he could still do it.

"Go and tell her," he said. "She must be at home as soon as possible; and it's better she doesn't come this way. Then wait for me. Are there houses near, that might have heard?"

"Only two cottages, a quarter of a mile away. They'll be glued to television."

"And traffic?"

"With luck, nothing."

"Go, then," Étienne said, and disappeared into the dark.

I blundered back to the house. She was still huddled by the fire. She said, "Who was it?"

"Your—it was Wessler's car. He skidded over the edge into the quarry."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes." Or if not, I thought grimly, he will be any moment.

I took her hand again and said, "Listen—I want you to do as Étienne says. It happened in the lane. No one knows he has been here. I want you to go home right away, before we ring the police. They'll let you know, and you must be there. Ring me up when you get back. Pretend it's a wrong number, just so I'll know you're safe. I'll telephone you later. You needn't go by the drive—I'll show you a track that brings you out down the lane, through a gate. No one will see you, unless we're dead unlucky. If there is anyone, keep your headlights full on. Turn right after the gate, and right again after a mile, by the Cross Inn, and you'll be on the road you came by. Will you do all this?"

"Yes," she said. She was pale, but perfectly calm; more than ever she reminded me of Nicole. I said, "You are very like my wife. She was brave too. Do you think you can ever forgive me?"

"I see nothing to forgive," she said.

We went out to her car and I showed her the track. The rain was pouring down now, and the track was muddy, but she would get through all right, and the rain would wash away the tire marks. I longed to go with her, but that was impossible. I said, "If you should get stuck, I'll see from here. But you won't. Please don't worry."

"No."

"You'll have to get out to open the gate."

"So when I get home I must change my shoes. I'd thought of that."

"You would have been good in the Maquis. Listen . . ." I said.

"Yes?"

"No, not now. I'll telephone."

Standing by the hedge, with one ear cocked for sounds from Étienne, I watched her lights go down the track, stop before and after the gate—a woman in a thousand, I thought, who in such circumstances could think of the importance to a farmer of not leaving gates open—and disappear among the trees farther down the hill. I went back to the house. By this time I was soaking wet. In a minute Étienne returned. I poured two stiff randies.

"She is safely away?" he said.

"Yes."

"In five minutes we will arouse the police. He was coming up the lane, they'll think, and we heard the crash, and I took my car and went to help, and you followed on foot. This I took out of his pocket." Étienne produced an automatic. "Perhaps better, I thought, they should not find a Boche gun on the English Mr. Wilson. Hide it, and the other gun too."

I went into my office and locked both guns, Wessler's and Gaston's, in the safe. For the second time that night I was reminded of *Macbeth*, the murder of Banquo:

. . . Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

I got back to my brandy before my teeth began to chatter; I'd hardly have been surprised to see Wessler, like Banquo's ghost, sitting there waiting for me. I said, "Étienne?"

"Well?"

"Did you ——"

"Would I risk my neck," said Étienne, "when he has the sense to break his own?"

That was a year last spring. An inquest was held on William Wilson of Madderfield in the county of Gloucester, and the verdict was "accidental death." Six months later I married Aurelia; six months from now our child will be born, with Étienne to be its godfather. This is everything I ever wanted, but I still dream some nights of Marise, and of Wessler. Aurelia kicks me awake, saying, "Try to forget. It was a long time ago." I do try to forget. I must go on trying. THE END

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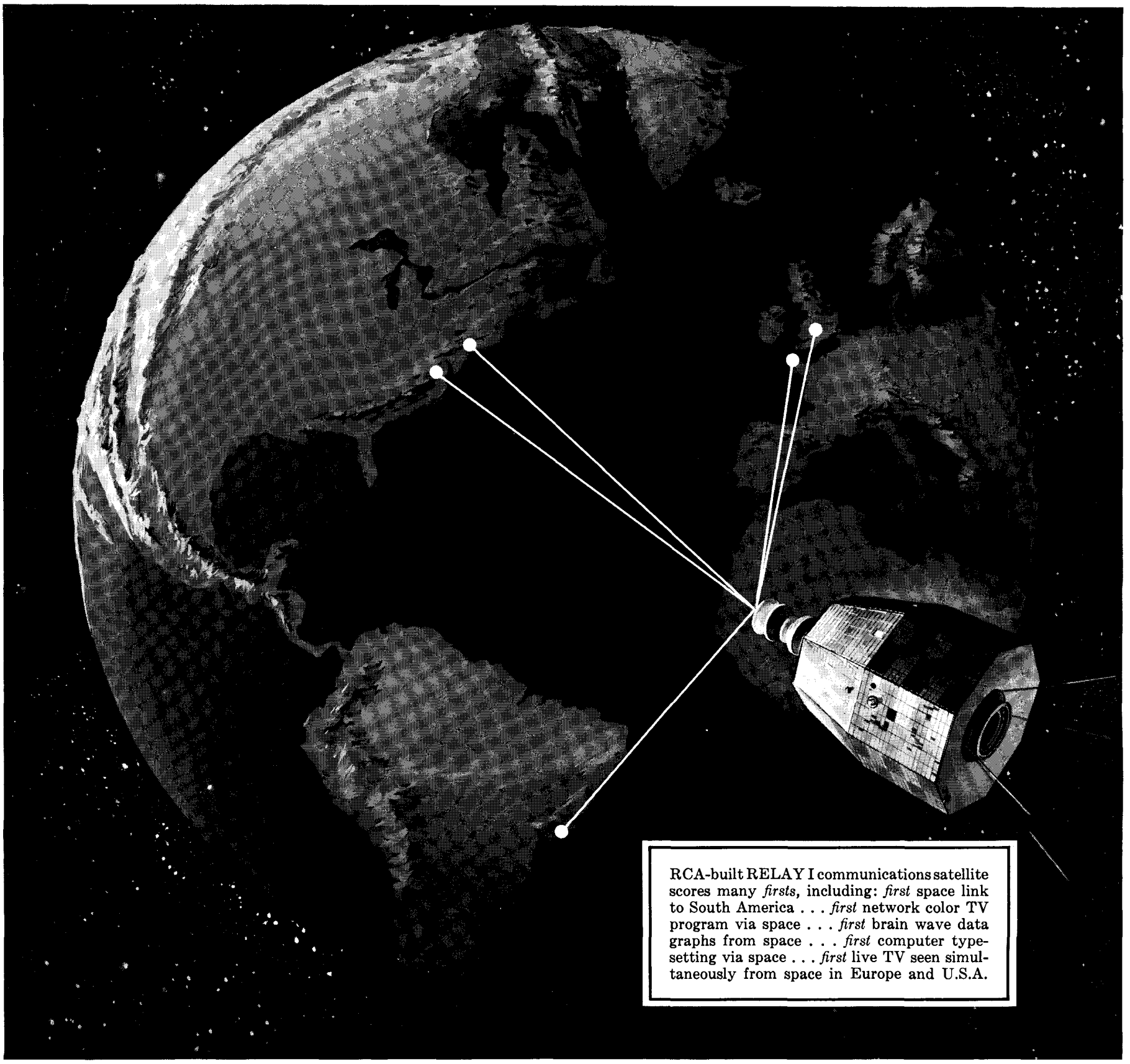

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By ALAN L. OTTEN and CHARLES B. SEIB

THE KENNEDY CLANSMAN NOBODY KNOWS

Politically illiterate when he married the President's youngest sister, Steve Smith will manage big brother's reelection campaign next year.

Smith and his noted brother-in-law discuss political strategy outside latter's White House office.

During the 1960 presidential campaign a woman volunteer at Democratic national headquarters in Washington needed some desks and was told to see a Mr. Smith. He was, she recalls, a "nice young man who seemed to be in charge of that sort of thing," and she hounded him for several days. When the desks finally arrived, she called on him to help arrange them as she wanted.

Mr. Smith obligingly peeled off his coat and manhandled the desks into position. Then he went back to his own desk, in a cubicle next to Bobby Kennedy's office, and resumed his job of trying to raise several million dollars in campaign funds. For the unimportant-seeming Mr. Smith, as the woman presently discovered to her horror, was Stephen Edward Smith, husband of the youngest Kennedy sister, Jean.

Yet the woman's mistake was perfectly understandable. "Steve has always been self-effacing," says his wife, herself the quietest and least extroverted of the Kennedy clan. "He just doesn't like to push himself."

As next year's presidential campaign gathers momentum, however, Steve Smith is likely to find himself more and more in the spotlight, since he is the man whom his brother-in-law, the President, has chosen to manage that campaign. The advantages of having a family member in the job are manifold, the Kennedys feel. His loyalty is unquestioning. He is attuned to the Kennedy way of thinking and doing. And, the President explains, "Anyone can talk to him and feel he's talking to the candidate himself."

This is particularly true in Smith's case because, most co-workers agree, he has no deep political beliefs of his own and takes his philosophy ready-made from the President. "His political philosophy? His philosophy is John F. Kennedy," says one associate.

"This is a fascinating and challenging business, this politics," Smith himself says. "I've been at it for better than five years now, and I've met a lot of people in government and out. I feel very strongly there's no one I'd rather have running the country than John F. Kennedy. If I can help him, I'm happy to do it."

There's no doubt that the Kennedys feel he has been very helpful indeed. "Steve has shown good sense and judgment in every job he's held," says the President. Smith got his first political job in 1958, when the whole clan mobilized in Massachusetts to roll up a record reelection margin for Sen. John F. Kennedy.

"When Steve arrived, he couldn't even spell 'vote,'" recalls Richard K. Donahue, a young Bay State lawyer now on the White House staff. But the new clansman learned fast under the expert tutoring of brother-in-law Bobby and other pros. When the campaign entered its final stages, Smith was, in effect, business manager—raising money, controlling spending, directing the headquarters staff. Equally important, his proven ability had established his place on the family team.

Except for his lack of political experience, Steve already had impressive qualifications for membership in the clan. Like his brothers-in-law, he has looks, brains and a moneyed background. His handsome boyish face—he is 35 now—gives him the look of "a tougher Freddie Bartholomew," one acquaintance says, and he has the build and grace of a natural athlete. In fact, the energetic Kennedy boys half proudly, half grudgingly admit that he is the best all-round athlete in the family—golf, tennis, skating, skiing and, of course, touch football.

Once Smith had proven his political skills in the Kennedy Senatorial victory, he began building the Kennedy-for-President organization in Washington. One of his jobs was scheduling speaking trips for the candidate, and a secretary recalls hearing him once set up a four-day, 12-stop Kennedy cross-country tour in 20 minutes of telephoning.

He accompanied the candidate into 33 states, arranging transportation and hotel

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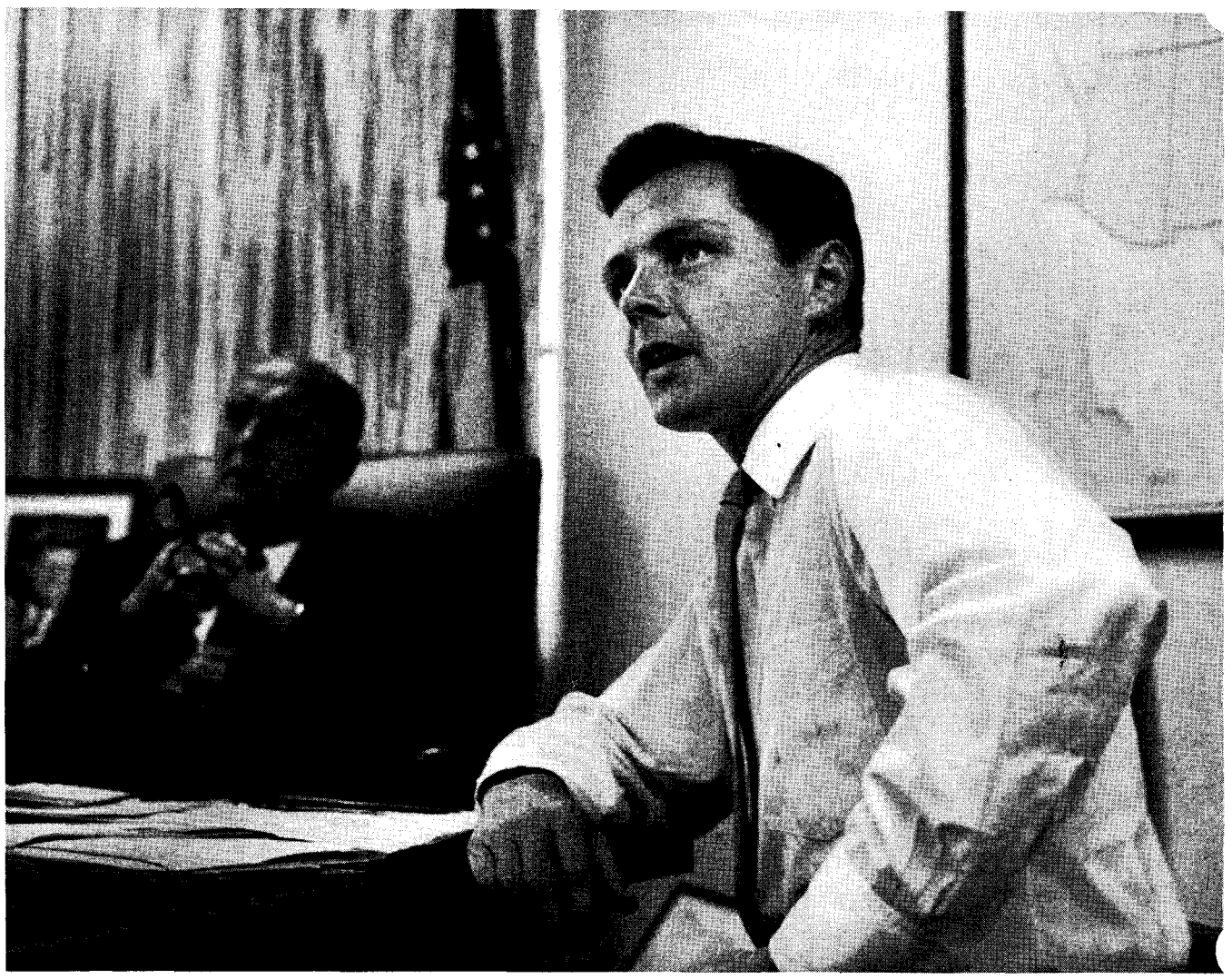
Liberals charge that Smith writes off reform groups as visionaries who cannot deliver votes.



At Democratic headquarters, shirt-sleeved Smith labors with party chairman John M. Bailey on plans for 1964.

rooms, handling press queries, spying out the local political situation. When Kennedy delivered a speech, Smith would listen from the rear of the auditorium, dash down front to signal the candidate to slow down or talk more loudly, then rush to the rear again to start the cheering at the right moment.

As other old Kennedy hands gradually came aboard, Smith began to devote more of his time to raising money, and when the nomination was achieved, he was tapped to supervise fund-raising and spending for the national campaign. At a Hyannis Port brainstorming session, he suggested an eight-million-dollar campaign budget and was hooted down as wildly extravagant. As it turned out, the campaign cost over $10 million.

Smith's crystal ball has not always been that clear. His most bizarre miscalculation was his drastic overbuying of the Frank Sinatra recording of *High Hopes*, the Kennedy theme song in 1960. Smith thinks he bought 100,000; most of them are still stacked in odd corners at Democratic headquarters. "I really don't know what I could have been thinking about when I placed the order," he admits. "I guess I just went blank."

From time to time, Smith has made more serious mistakes. Late in the 1962 campaign, while he was running Ted Kennedy's race for the Senate, the managers of Endicott (Chub) Peabody, Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, decided Peabody's only hope for victory was to wrap himself tightly in President Kennedy's great popularity in the state. They therefore began to key their entire campaign to the theme that "The President wants Chub Peabody."

After a few days of this, Smith angrily called a Peabody aide and told him to lay off. "Pat Brown's doing it in California and Mike DiSalle in Ohio," the Peabody man retorted. "Why can't we?"

"Our polls show Chub can't possibly win," Smith told him. "If you keep this up, his defeat will be interpreted as a slap at the President in his home state."

"You have the man in the White House tell me that and I'll stop," the Peabody man announced. The man in the White House never did call, the Jack-wants-Chub pitch continued, and Peabody just did squeak into office.

Smith's miscalculation reflected his zeal to protect the President, whatever the cost. It also illustrated something about his general approach to politics. Within the Democratic Party there is far from unanimous approval of Smith's brand of politics. Many liberals argue that, like all the Kennedys, he is too ready to do business with machine politicians and too inclined to write off reform-oriented citizen groups as impractical visionaries who can't deliver the votes. Liberal columnist Murray Kempton, for example, has charged that Smith and the Kennedys aren't remotely interested in building local organizations equipped to govern their states well and to send good men to Washington. Their motto, says Kempton, is simple: "The first thing to do with a state is to carry it."

Smith's answer is that most conflicts between regular-party organizations and reform groups in any city or state are local in nature and must be solved locally. "Imagine the screams," he says, "if I tried to move in and impose my solutions in New York or Pennsylvania."

It is clear, however, that the idealism of reformers finds little response in Smith. "Certainly," he says, "I did not come from a crusading political background." The youngest of five boys of a well-to-do Irish-Catholic family, Smith grew up in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, went to private school there and then to Georgetown University in Washington as a history major. Summers he worked as a deckhand or as a waterfront trouble-spotter for Cleary Brothers, the family business, which then operated tugs and barges on New York's upstate canals and in New York harbor.

After graduation from Georgetown, he entered the business with his older brothers—his father had died when he was four. A company decision to ease out of barges and tugs and into oil sent him to Texas to learn the oil industry, and he was a rising business executive in 1956 when he married Jean, whom he had first met at Georgetown and dated off and on for years. Cardinal Spellman married them in the chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral. "Daddy gave me the choice of a big wedding and a small present or a small wedding and a big present," Jean says. "I picked a small wedding and a big diamond pin."

The least politically oriented of the Kennedy girls, brunette, blue-eyed Jean prefers a home-centered existence to the clamor and glamor of public life. She enjoys redecorating their five-bedroom co-operative apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue, and likes being a full-time mother to her two sons, Stephen Jr., six, and William Kennedy Smith, who is three this month.

As a new and nonpolitical member of a political family, Smith originally went to work on another aspect of the Kennedy clan's affairs. About a year after Smith married Jean, father-in-law Joe Kennedy asked him if, as an oil expert, he'd be interested in helping to expand the Kennedy investments in that field. "Steve and Daddy were always very *simpatico*," Jean says, and Smith began to learn the ins and outs of the family financial empire. Today he spends part of each week managing the Kennedy portfolio of investments, estimated at upward of $300 million. He politely refuses to discuss the subject except to concede that the investments "seem to provide enough for everyone to get along on."

Now that he has gradually shifted over to the Kennedy family's main occupation, Smith's chief responsibility is to repair cracks and chips in the regular Democratic organizations around the country and to build a strong volunteer structure for the 1964 campaign. He is putting heavy effort into trying to bring order to Democratic disarray in four vote-rich industrial states that elected Republican governors last fall—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. To a considerable extent, John F. Kennedy's future will depend on how well Smith succeeds in these states.

In late 1964, when his current political assignment ends, Smith will face an agonizing decision about his own future. Some acquaintances insist he'd be perfectly happy to quit politics and devote full time to the Kennedy business interests, and Smith gives support to this theory. But other friends—probably the majority—believe politics has spoiled Smith for a strictly business life. "You try to talk about the market or sports or other normal things," one reports, "and he swings the conversation right around to politics. It's all he thinks about now." Smith himself says, "There's no fuller use of your faculties than politics."

Some friends suspect he might someday try for elective office. Jean thinks "he'd be marvelous at it," and most friends and relatives agree. But Smith passionately protests he has no such intentions, and the President says, "He is one of the few I believe when I hear them say that."

Almost certainly he could, if he wanted, continue as a behind-the-scenes campaign manager, but he seems reluctant to undertake such a role for anyone outside the family.

"Casey Stengel looked great managing the Yankees, and I can look good managing the Kennedys," he says. "But anyone would look good with the Yankees or the Kennedys. If I try managing someone else, I could end up looking like Casey Stengel with the Mets. I wouldn't like that." THE END

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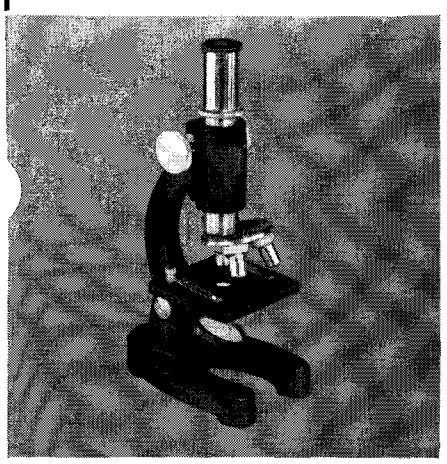

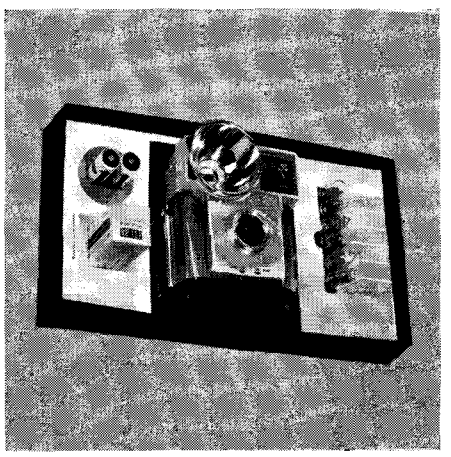

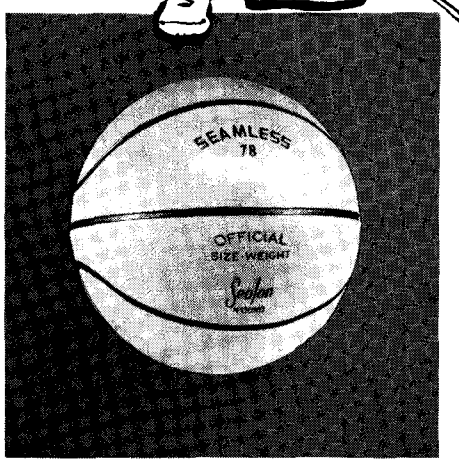

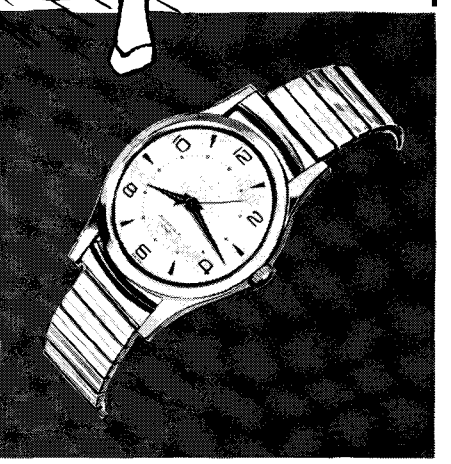

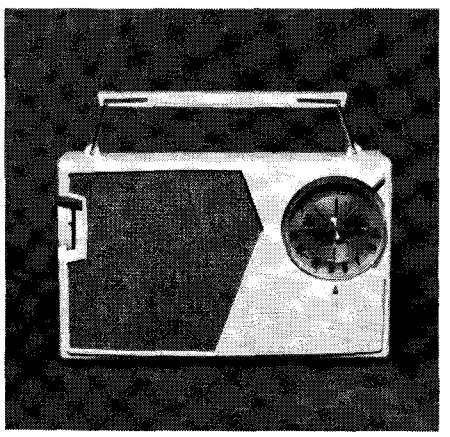

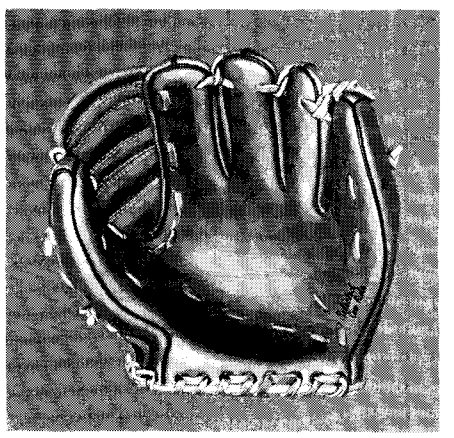

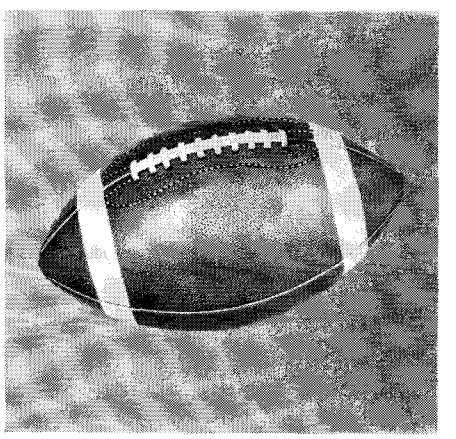

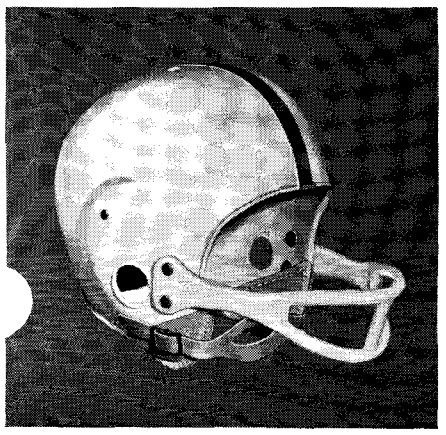

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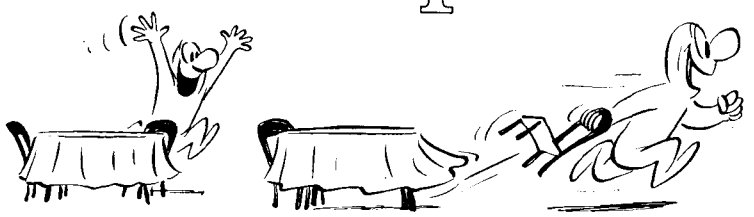
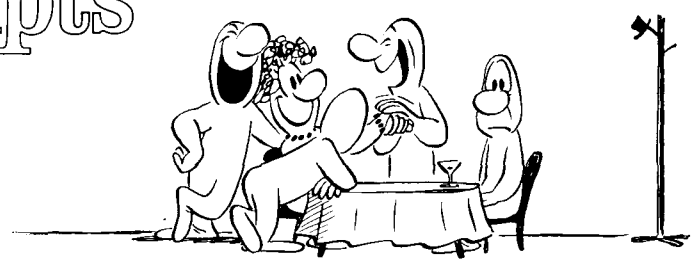
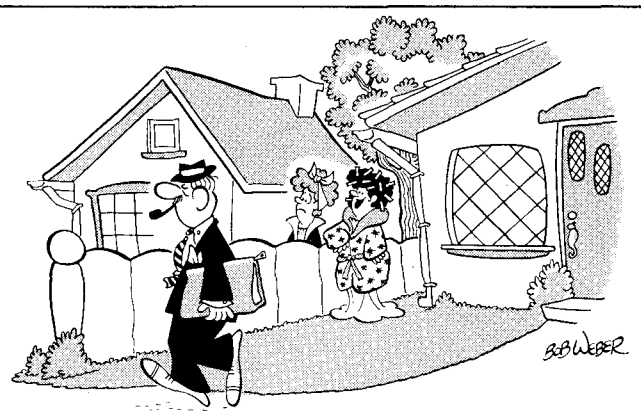




"Oh, there's Edgar!... Yoo-hoo, Edgar!... Edgar's in my group therapy."



"Getting Fred's breakfast is no chore at all. I just tell him he's eaten it, and off to work he goes."

"Would you mind kicking your feet? We don't want the potatoes to burn."

IF YOU'RE GOING AWAY

If you plan to leave your home, take precautions so that thieves are not aware of your absence. Leaving all the lights on is a shrewd move, and the electric company will appreciate it. Robbers will think either you're at home or you forgot to turn off the lights. It will make them stop and think, and that may cause them to rob the folks next door who never returned your lawn mower anyway.

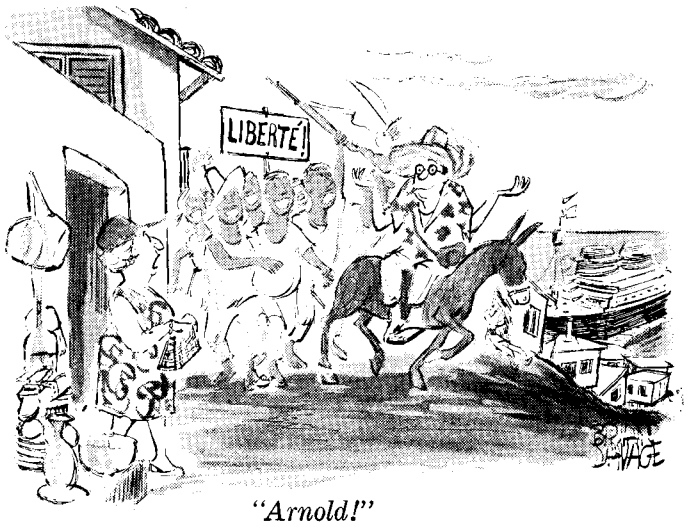
Sometimes it is helpful to put a note on the door saying, "We are home." Or adding, "Even if we aren't, there isn't anything worth taking." In fact, a brief essay that crime doesn't pay might be helpful.

The police should be informed you are going away, unless you are going away to avoid the police, in which case the less said the better, huh?

Probably the best way to protect your property when you are on vacation is to leave someone at home. How about your wife?

—ROBERT FONTAINE

"For a while there, dear, I thought you weren't going to make it."



"Arnold!"

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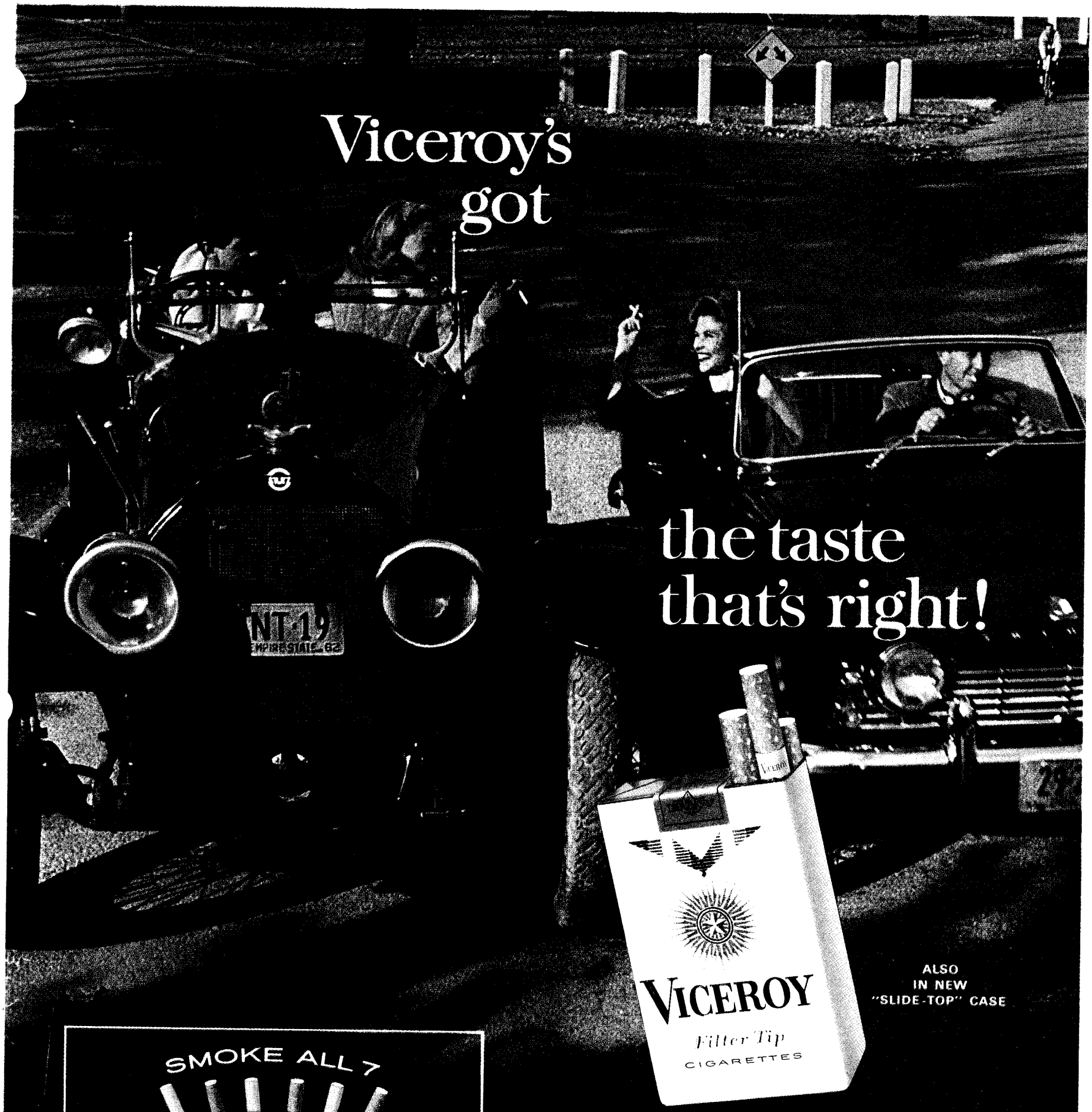

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Gown by Lilly Daché

What restaurant could furnish a setting as romantic as this?

GOURMET PICNIC

Eating outdoors doesn't have to mean hamburgers. For a change, here's a way to enjoy an autumn outing in style.

RECIPES BY ESTHER SOLOMON

When the picnic season began this year, Esther Solomon, author of the best-selling cookbook, "Instant Haute Cuisine," rebelled against the standard American outdoor meal: warm potato salad, cold baked beans, hot dogs and tepid soft drinks. In a harsh indictment of the lazy American picnicker Mrs. Solomon says: "Why is it too much trouble to prepare special dishes just because you are eating outside instead of in?" She suggests the menu of classic French recipes below, all of which may be prepared in advance. The pictures above and at right show her ideas of crabgrass cookery as it ought to be served.

Menu—all readied in advance—features pâté, strawberries, wine.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE

1 teaspoon gelatin
1 cup liver pâté
1 tablespoon brandy
¼ cup heavy cream, whipped
1 truffle (or substitute 4 black olives)

Soak gelatin in two teaspoons of cold water. Melt over hot water. Stir into pâté. Combine pâté, brandy and whipped cream. Cut a slice from center of truffle and reserve. Chop remaining truffle and add to pâté. Fill a stone crock with pâté, placing reserve slice of truffle on top. (Follow same instructions if using olives.) Cover and refrigerate until picnic time.

ROASTED ROCK CORNISH GAME HENS

¼ pound butter
½ teaspoon dried tarragon or 1 fresh sprig
6 Rock Cornish game hens
Salt and pepper
Preheat oven to 400°

Melt butter with tarragon. Dry hens thoroughly. Brush inside with the melted butter, salt and pepper. Truss: With breast side up, close cavity and tie drumsticks together; with breast side down, hold neck flap closed and tie wings together. Dip trussed birds in melted butter so that they are thoroughly coated on all sides. Roast hens on a rack in a shallow pan uncovered for 45 minutes, basting with tarragon butter several times. Hens will be nicely browned and drumsticks tender. Cool, then wrap in foil or plastic bag and refrigerate.

Optional but nice: GLAZED HENS

Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over ¼ cup cold chicken broth and let stand 5 minutes. Heat ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon with 1 cup chicken broth. Add gelatin mixture to hot broth and stir until dissolved. Cool broth in ice bath until it is the consistency of corn syrup. Brush gelatin mixture on cold hens. Refrigerate until set.

Decorate hens with a sprig of fresh tarragon, pimiento, truffles or black olives by dipping each piece in gelatin and then placing on hen. Chill. Then apply another coat of gelatin to each bird. Refrigerate. If gelatin hardens, place in warm water until melted.

RATATOUILLE NIÇOISE

1 medium eggplant, unpeeled and cubed
1 large zucchini, unpeeled and sliced
Salad oil or olive oil
1 green pepper, sliced
2 medium onions, sliced
1 clove garlic, crushed
4 medium tomatoes, unpeeled
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Salt and pepper

Sprinkle eggplant and zucchini with salt and let stand 1 hour. Rinse and dry on paper towels. Sauté eggplant and zucchini in small quantity of oil until lightly browned, doing a few at a time. Remove from pan. Sauté green pepper, onions and garlic until tender, adding a little oil. Cut tomatoes in half and squeeze out juice and seeds. Chop tomatoes coarsely then add to green pepper and onions. Cook quickly until tomatoes are tender. Place a layer of tomato mixture in 1½-quart casserole, season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Arrange a layer of eggplant and zucchini over tomatoes. Repeat, ending with tomato layer on top. Bake at 350° F. for 35 minutes. Cool at room temperature, then refrigerate. Serve cold.

ALLEZ AUX FRAISES

1 quart hulled strawberries
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup cognac
2 cups iced champagne

(If you don't want to depend on gathering wild berries, pack your own.)

Put strawberries, sugar and cognac in a giant brandy snifter. Allow berries to marinate 3 hours in this mixture. Just before serving, fill snifter with champagne, making sure it is well iced.

BREAD, CHEESE, FRUIT AND WINE

You can't have a picnic without long loaves of French bread that you can tear apart with your fingers. If you can't find a bakery that has this loaf, there is a brown-and-serve French bread that is delicious. Cheese: Brie, a semisoft, delicate cheese with a white crust you can eat. Fruit: A basket of the fresh fruit of the season. Peaches, plums, grapes, wedges of melon, pears, apples, fresh raspberries, ripe purple figs. And wine—absolutely.

Photographed by Burt Glinn

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"WE HAVE NO CHILDHOOD"

By cajolery, devotion and hard work a determined priest teaches his young wards an answer to poverty.

By RICHARD LLEWELLYN

"This is the most exclusive parish on earth," said Father Sincero Lombardi, high above San Carlos de Bariloche, the lakeside tourist capital of Argentina's vacationland. "No car driver would risk his precious springs over these stony tracks. No tourist ever comes up here. We look down our noses at them. We enjoy absolute privacy, a minimum of modern inconveniences—we have no running water or sewerage, of course—and the air isn't polluted by industry's unpleasant breath. We become adult long before our time. We have no childhood. We are the flowers in misery's own garden."

Weatherbeaten as any gaucho, six feet tall, with the shoulders and fists of a heavyweight, Father Lombardi looked at the circle of 50 or more Indio children, from merest infant to 10 or 11 years of age, standing around the sandpile they had just tidied at his order. Some of his boys held scoops whittled from a piece of lumber, and the girls carried baskets they had woven from bark.

"This is my family," he said. "They are my parishioners. They're my transport, and my machine for digging and heaving. Later they'll be my masons and carpenters. We shall all learn together. We're going to build a church."

Behind us the Andes Mountains ripped at fat clouds, but the rain fell miles away. All around us the months of drought had burnt the earth to dust, and weeds bent under blowing powder that set gold patches on the shoulders of the priest's threadbare cassock.

"They are all the children of the odd-job Indio men and women working down in the city during the tourist season," he said. "Before winter sets in, most of them will be off to Chile. This village will go back to the rats. These children will grow up as they may, wherever they are, and take their chances. That's why I'm here. Their parents might in truth be lost to the devil. Very well. But on the day I came I told them that all the children belonged to me. Nobody argued.

"Schools are a problem here, so I teach various classes all day," he said. "After lessons we work. No child is too young to learn the principle of working for the daily bread. These people have never worked. Where do we seek the remedy? With the three R's in the schoolroom, first. And secondly, in the school yard with the three S's—system, sweat and sanity."

The land had been cleared of weeds, and the foundations were already dug. At the back, on the boundary line, a crucifix of rough timber embraced the lake.

"Today we finished loading and dumping enough sand to make concrete," Father Lombardi said. "Tomorrow I shall beg for the cement. I am a *salesiano*. We are a mendicant order. We beg our way. Many people in the city have a little they can spare. I shall go down to beg for enough to build the walls. Then the roof. We shall have shower stalls in our church. We shall have laundry troughs, and—think of it!—an oil barrel made into a boiler for hot water. . . . Let me show you where our hopeful scholars live."

Father Lombardi led me off the wide track, called a road from courtesy, and up toward rows of shacks.

The shacks seemed to lean against one another in drunken confidence, though any storm could have blown them away piecemeal. Rocks weighted the roofs, and the chimneys were simply blackened holes. A buzzing lid of flies rose from the trash heaped in the waist-high weeds, settling in silence when we passed. The village curved about the steep slope in roof lines of battered metal, looking like the dreamy experiments of a medieval armorer. Hundreds of thousands of overlapping tin cans shone in the evening light, with dark blotches of doorways three or four paces apart. The children screeched together, and the families came out to watch us. Nobody called or waved.

"They are strictly reserved in their attitude to privacy of the person," Father Lombardi said. "This is a paradox, but it should be understood. They may be the most shiftless creatures on earth by our standards. But they live by their standards. Therefore, they say, 'We don't want your ways. Keep your distance.'"

The wind brought a noxious odor from the trash piles. Night moths whirred, burdened weeds crackled, and suddenly, as though on signal, dozens of dogs leaped down the slope, howling, snarling in a circle a yard from us. But the children ran down and stoned them away.

"The root problem is how to get these people to live in a civilized manner," Father Lombardi said. "They are the native Indio, with a small admixture of the European migrant. This is the basis of the population in every country and the millstone around every national neck in South America. These are the breeding places for revolution. It could be Communist. I doubt it, because these people wear their own concept of freedom as a second skin. You see the danger? They could be led. Which way?"

Evening came slowly, and the hillside dimmed in afterglow. Lights from small kerosene lamps, candles or cotton dips floating in oil flickered across tin rooftops. Hundreds of lighted doorways might have been the windows of a palace afloat among the stars.

"Now you see our Babylon in the trappings of poesy," Father Lombardi said, looking back on the way down. "Thirty and forty people in a room. Children sleeping on shelves. Old people sleeping and dying among the dogs outside. We are fortunate. The strong winds blow day after day. They are the cleansing element. We rarely have outbreaks of disease. Tuberculosis, naturally, is rife, but the Indios are hard creatures."

Down below, the town of San Carlos de Bariloche is predominantly Swiss, German and Austrian, because of migration. Most of its houses are built in the chalet style with fine gardens, and the streets are planted with lindens and roses. It seemed that everybody out for a stroll on the main avenue next morning knew Father Lombardi.

"I never beg twice in one month at the same place," he confided. "Any beggar is resented. But they know I live as my Indios. Those children need what I can beg. So the contempt that many of these good people use toward me, or the excuses they give for not giving, or the insults that often come to me, I accept them. People forget we wear trousers under the cassock. We aren't angels. We can become angry. But the Lord loves a cheerful giver. I think of my duty, and take my silly hat next door."

He walked along the paved street until he came to a well-stocked dry-goods warehouse and paused, looking up at the sun. He altered his position by a pace, making sure that his shadow fell across the interior, and walked in, to a loud groan from the proprietor.

"Wait," Father Lombardi said. He put a heavy cloth bag on the counter. "I believe I have enough in here to buy twenty bags of cement. More or less."

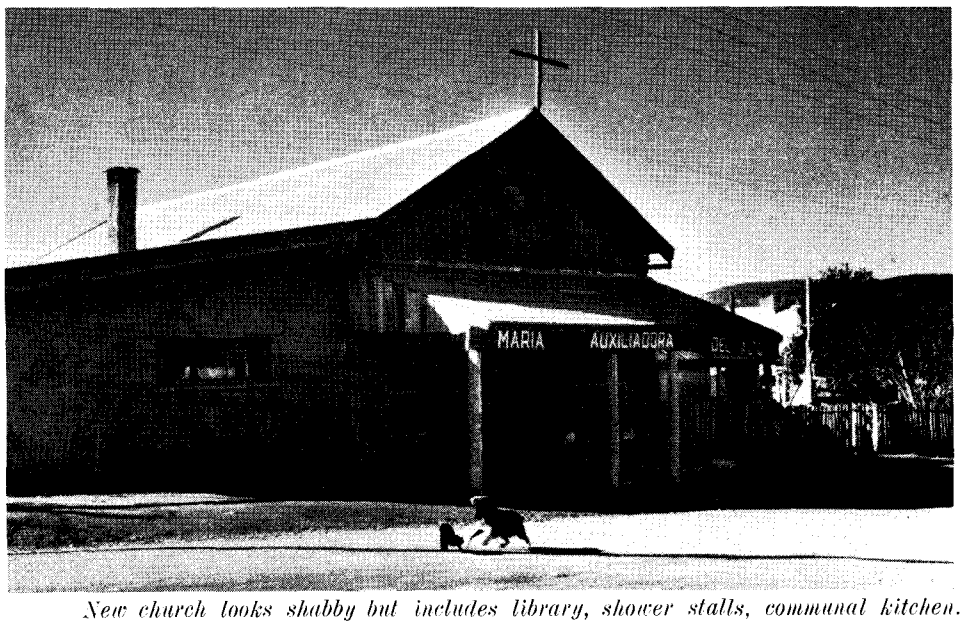
"More or less!" scoffed the proprietor, an elderly Lebanese. "You're like a leech and a plague of locusts in one. Isn't enough money here for twenty bags. At the lowest price, sixteen."

Father Lombardi shook his head. "Pity," he murmured. "The prices I saw gave me twenty bags for that amount."

"Prices of ten years ago," the Lebanese said, clasping his hands and leaning on the counter. "You people up there, you live in the fogs of bad wine."

"Doubtless," Father Lombardi said. "You and your brethren sell it to us."

The Lebanese looked down, nodding at the shadow. "I'll give you seventeen



New church looks shabby but includes library, shower stalls, communal kitchen.

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"he parents may be lost, says Father Lombardi, "but the children belong to me."

›ags," he said at last, in a voice of quiet lesperation. "One more than this amount alls for. That's my contribution. We an't all afford to build a damned hurch, and it's not even my religion!"

"Remember, the children pray for ou," Father Lombardi said. "We take pecial pains for our heathen friends!"

The Lebanese struggled with his face, ut then he laughed, pointing to the door. I told you last time," he said. "Come ack in ten years. I hope I'm dead!"

"Our prayers will keep you alive and ı abundant health," Father Lombardi old him. "The children will come this fternoon to carry up seventeen bags."

"Listen, I was going to tell you," the ebanese called. "If you're looking for ricks, there's a big pile round the back hotel, down here ——"

er Lombardi waved his hat, and t out at a long stride. "That's my wind-ll," he said, all excitement. "I didn't have nearly enough money for sixteen bags, much less for seventeen. I shall use twelve on the foundations. I'll have almost enough to make walls and a floor for the showers. A wonderful morning!"

Round the back of a new hotel, a huge dump of half-bricks and split pieces widened his eyes.

"Think of my walls!" he whispered. "I must go up immediately and send the children to carry it all away. Every crumb and morsel. They'll be so proud!"

A small rattletrap bus—"I can't afford fodder for a horse, or the time to look after it"—took us partway back, and Father Lombardi climbed the remaining two miles with the speed of a goat. His parishioners saw him coming from a distance, and a crowd of boys ran, shouting, dancing small tornadoes in the dust. He called to them, and some ran up to the shacks to bring out the other children. The rest ran on down to the city.

"Before night everything will be up here, to the last handful of brick dust," Father Lombardi said. "They are very thorough. I teach them thoroughness in everything they do. If you ask why I don't build houses for them instead of a church, I simply tell you that their fathers would sell windows, doors, roofing, concrete blocks, anything to buy more wine. Overnight there wouldn't be a house in the place. But with the church we have a public laundry and space to hang the washing. Hot-and-cold-water baths for everybody. At the side, a sewing room for the women. I hope to beg a sewing machine later on. Next door, a quiet room where they do their ironing. Another room for pupils to study or read. There's no peace or quiet up there. At the end, a shady place where mothers can cook a family meal while they work. It will serve a great need. I hope it will bring the grownups. But if the children attend, I shall be satisfied. It's their church. They built it."

In the hours before noon on any sunny day in the months that followed, Father Lombardi's shadow darkened stores, hotel lobbies, offices and the driveways of private homes, both in the city and for miles all around. Impatience there may have been; insults there were. Many a time he might have been thrown out if he had been a smaller man. But his smile saved him far more than his size.

Every day the troops of children mixed cement, plastered, sawed, hammered. Father Lombardi walked among them, doing the heavy work, giving advice where needed, or keeping well away and letting the children use their heads.

"It came with prayer."

"For the first time they are able to use responsibility," he said. "For the first time they see in front of them something solid that they built. It came out of their will, from their hands, with the prayers we said in our little church-without-a-roof. They have proof of the value of prayer. Lesson Number One. It's practical. It works."

Some of the fathers after work, began to join their sons and daughters, but they did only what they were told by the children's committee. About 30 of the boys and girls had found they were brighter or more forceful than the others, and, after a talk with Father Lombardi, they made the decisions.

"But they can become a little too enthusiastic," Father Lombardi said. "For example, we lacked piping for the showers. Suddenly it all appeared, with faucets, bolts, everything. I was delighted, of course, until I heard it had been stolen from a building in the city. It had to go back. Ah, my friend, but the children were so angry with me!"

He looked up at the walls, almost completely plastered, and the skeletal beams of the roof being nailed by a dozen boys and girls sitting astride the cross timbers.

"It grieves me to think how much of the material must have been stolen and used behind my back," he said with great gravity. "Still, it was put to good use, and I do nightly penance, and I think my little sinners may be forgiven. They stole with smiling hearts. And, of course, they weren't caught!"

Neighbors hardly believed that a horde of beggarly children, even led by a priest, could build a church seating a hundred people, with library, laundry and family kitchen. But the complex was finished, the roof was sealed, and the altar was in place just before the autumn rains began.

The first Sunday brought everybody in his best clothes from miles around. The four hitching posts were ringed with ponies. A crowd filled the space outside, and Father Lombardi called for boxes so that the elderly might sit through the service, and then he preached on the steps to reach the multitude. In the following week an electrician fitted a loudspeaker gratis outside the front porch; a sewing machine appeared; there were gifts of soap and towels, books, paper, pens, combs and curlers for the children's hair.

"You see how it happens that we help ourselves, and we are helped," Father Lombardi told the children on their last meeting. "We have other needs. Think about them while you're away. Remember that a heart beats for you. Listen for a voice at night, and in the morning. If you forget your prayers, never fear, I shall ask forgiveness for you."

Smallest to the tallest, the scores of faces were hard, adult. Indio eyes can be iron pellets, even in the youngest child. With no sound they went up through the scrub, and dust hung where the bobbing heads of black hair passed, with no look, and only a whisper from the weeds.

"They show no emotion unless they wish," Father Lombardi said. "The facial expression is controlled so that no inner process of thought is ever shown. They are passive. The passive man is either a sick or a sinful man. We live in misery's own garden. That's one of the reasons why."

That night many of the families moved out. Nobody came to say good-bye. During the next two days most of the shacks were battened down from the outside. The mountainside was quiet.

Father Lombardi sang in an echoing church. The children had gone.

"They'll come back next year, and we'll build a football field," he said.

He looked up at the loudspeaker in front of the church.

"No use to give money to bankers or industrialists," he said. "It goes down the same drain. Schools are the first necessity. Industry can't thrive without schooled workmen. Here, and in places like this all over South America, this is where we need the things money will buy. The Indio is the root of the problem. More than twenty million of them. Unemployable, incorrigible, indolent, drunken, vicious. But you see what can be done with the children?"

He walked out in the dusty road and looked up at the ramshackle terraces, at paper blowing in rain wind, and around at the church.

"All I need is a peal of bells, and the House is in order," he said. "Alas, we can't make bells or buy them. We need too many other things even to think of them. But can you imagine a peal on this mountainside morning and night? They speak a language not to be misunderstood. They are the Voice of God. *Adeste fideles.* Ah, my Indios, my children, I think of you!" THE END

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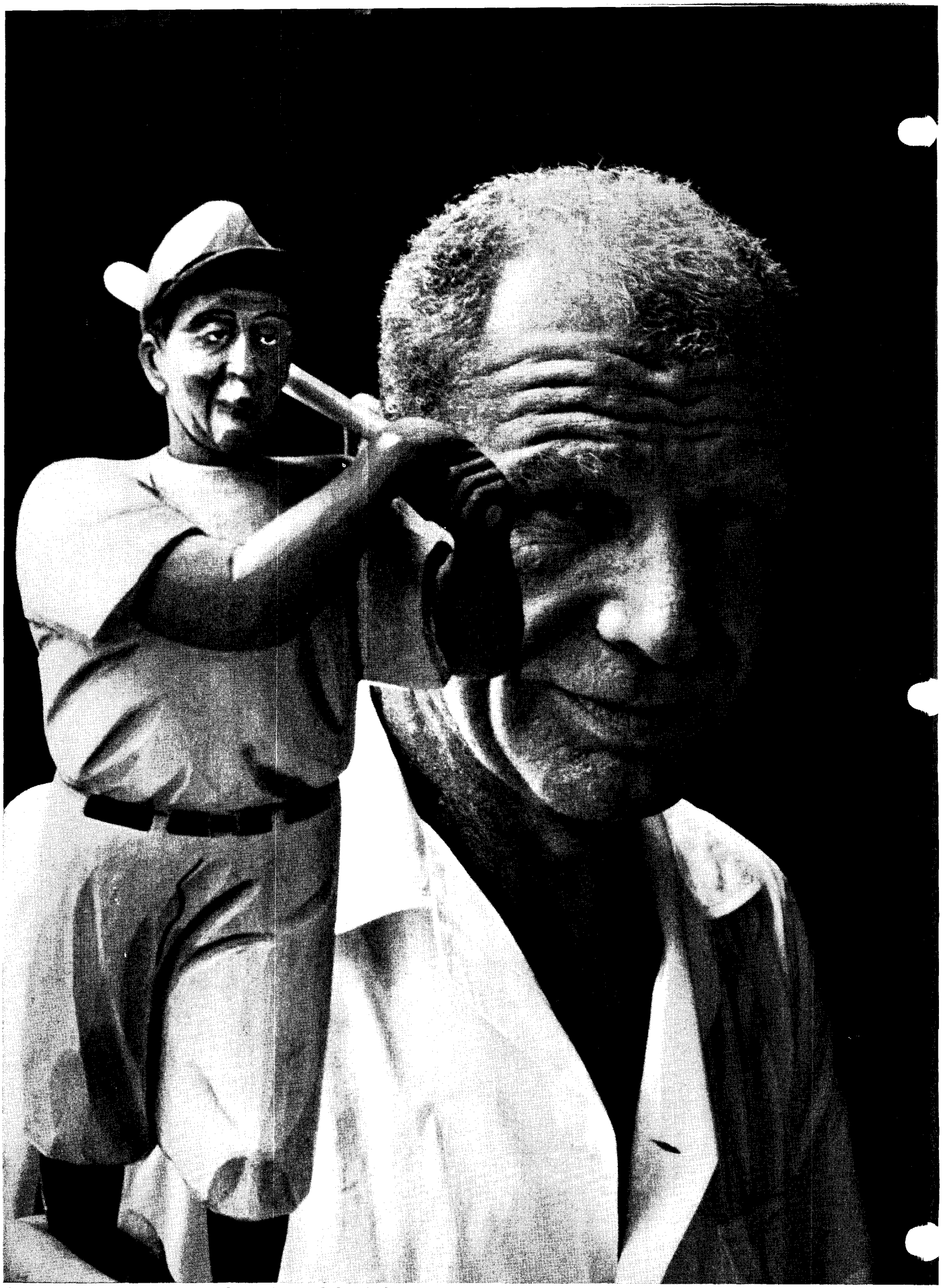

Veeck with music-box ballplayer that whistles "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Like the baseball business, the song dies halfway through.

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By BILL VEECK
with Edward Linn

How I didn't buy a ball club

The game's shrewdest showman tells how and why baseball is in the poorhouse.

Being of sound mind and in full possession of my faculties, I made a game attempt earlier this season to buy the Washington Senators, a collection of rejects and misfits who are sometimes identified by the kept press as a major-league baseball team. The reason I tried to buy the Senators is that I am pure of heart and noble of spirit and I believed I could make a barrelful of money.

Only a pure-hearted fool or a noble-spirited optimist could make that last statement. As things stand today, baseball would seem to rank high among the world's lousier investments.

Item: There are, at this moment, four big-league baseball clubs which are up for sale, and my predatory instincts tell me three others could be had by anybody who wants to thrill the owners by making them an offer.

Item: Almost half the major-league clubs are losing money. Without TV-radio contracts and concession receipts, the only clubs showing a profit would be the Los Angeles Dodgers, the San Francisco Giants, the Chicago White Sox and, possibly, the New York Yankees. This means that baseball has worked itself into the position of presenting a ball game just so that it can make a little money by parking cars and selling hot dogs and beer to the fans.

Item: The new operators of the Milwaukee Braves put out a stock issue this year, fully confident that the sheer glamour of owning part of a big-league team would send the citizens hammering at brokers' doors. The citizens took one look at the prospectus—which showed the club had lost almost half a million dollars over the past two years—and decided to put their money into something more substantial, like raising chipmunks in their cellars. Less than 15 percent of the issue was subscribed.

I have it on excellent authority that the Yankees also intended to go public this year, under a neat little formula which would have allowed owners Dan Topping and Del Webb to pull out $12 million in capital gains for 60 percent of the stock. Either the Yankees took one look at the Milwaukee returns and decided to hold off for balmier weather, or the Securities and Exchange Commission discouraged them by making a few pointed suggestions as to what facts and figures should be included in *their* prospectus.

Rumors have reached me that I am known among my more classical-minded admirers as baseball's Cassandra, forever leaning against a Doric column and shouting "doom." They do me too much honor. I am only little old hustling Bill Veeck, scratching my ear and shouting, "Come on, fellows, don't you have a sneaking suspicion by now that somebody is doing something wrong?"

Baseball is the most illogical of businesses, because you have nothing to sell your customer except the illusion that he is going to have a good time. Once the game is over, you send him out into traffic with just a memory. If this memory brings on either a sharp pain or a long yawn, his likelihood of rushing back to the box office is not large.

Faced with this challenge, baseball has done its usual splendid job of ignoring it head on. Baseball still insists upon selling the won-loss column and the American Flag, thereby dooming 18 of the 20 teams to hard times. What makes this even more ridiculous is that a winning team is the one thing that doesn't have to be sold. It sells itself. As for patriotism—well, vaudeville discovered 30 years ago that you couldn't save a bad act by breaking out into a flag-waving finale.

The most illogical part of the illogical business is that baseball is run so poorly, even though most clubs are owned by men who have been enormously successful businessmen in their own field. Which is precisely the point. Since baseball does not follow any ordinary business logic (there is no product being sold), the more successful a man has been in his own business, the less successful he is going to be when he tries to apply his customary business tactics to his ball club. Mr. Phil Wrigley, president of the Chicago Cubs, stands forth here.

As an ex-employee and sometime student of the life and times of Phil Wrigley, I can guarantee you that he has taken his father's gum factory and built it into an international colossus. I can also assure you that he has made a shambles of his ball club, both on the field and in the counting room.

Wrigley's great contribution to the chaos of our times was his revolving-manager system. Wrigley's theory was that if he hired a "managerial team," comprised of acknowledged experts in every phase of the game, they would be able to train the employees and coordinate the individual departments just as they do down at the gum factory.

Under this sound supervisory program last year's Cubs achieved the incredible total of 12 managers—and the incredible triumph of finishing in ninth place, behind a first-year team, the Houston Colts.

The difference, of course, is that in baseball you are not dealing with either "labor" or machinery Part of the fascination of operating a ball club is that you have nothing to deal with except people, both customers and players. When you are manufacturing gum, you know you can make a certain number of packs per hour, per machine. If the operator of the machine leaves town, you have only to pull some other guy off the street, show him which buttons to push and the production schedule remains unaffected. In baseball you are dealing with a very special and specialized talent. You cannot hire your best friend's son to play left field. You may, in fact, allocate 20 percent of your player purchases each year for 10 years toward finding a good, big-league left fielder and still end up—a million dollars later—without one. For further details, I refer you to the Cincinnati Reds.

This is why baseball has become the last outpost of the slave mart. Having found a good ballplayer, you wrap him in a contractual death grip that makes the embrace of a python seem like an affectionate hug.

All this being true, you are entitled to examine the motives of the businessmen who, having studied the balance sheets in the full of the moon, still buy ball clubs. When I sold the Indians at the end of 1949, the head of the purchasing syndicate was Ellis Ryan, an insurance man with headquarters in Cleveland. The moment he bought the club, Ryan became a public—and publicized—figure with automatic entree into circles he had never penetrated before. Ryan's business prospered mightily. The Indians? I don't know—whatever did become of them?

The Del E. Webb Corp. would hardly have become one of the world's largest construction companies without the glamour of the Yankee tie-in. Del Webb's ability to pass out World Series tickets to his customers and to the friends of his customers is, as he will admit, a business asset beyond all reckoning. Clarence Miles, who headed up the Baltimore syndicate that bought the Browns from me, hoped to use baseball to become a U.S. senator. Gene Autry, whose personal reputation is a great help to his radio-TV empire, revitalized himself these past three years through his ownership of the Los Angeles Angels. Baseball has been used, in short, to advance the outside activities of just about everybody except a society osteopath.

Two things should now be obvious:

1. Baseball is in difficulty because it is being genially mismanaged by the teams' absentee owners.

2. The value of a baseball club to these people can hardly be extracted from the balance sheet.

Having made these points, I must now add that if you are a good, hardworking, one-legged operator—hustling nothing on the side—the balance sheet is just as meaningless. Which brings us face-to-face with the Washington Senators, a club which, at first glance, would seem to repel any man of normal sensitivity. As a new franchise in a city that had become well accustomed to having a lousy team in the *old* Senators, the club has all the liabilities of the other new teams without enjoying the initial benefits of the "big-league" label. The Senators don't even own their own park, the only solid asset a baseball club can have.

And yet, I offered five million dollars for the Senators, as against the three million the original owners had invested. Why five million instead of four or six? I don't know. Five million is about the going price for a lousy ball club these days. In case anybody is wondering where I got that kind of money, Nate Dolin, who had just sold the Cleveland Indians, put up half of it and a bank loan set up for the other half.

For my five million dollars I was buying three things:

1. The franchise, which is the right to sit in on the game and draw cards.

2. The players' contracts, which, considering the Washington club's record, were hardly appetizing.

3. *What I thought that I could do with the franchise.*

In short, I was buying my own illusion and my own dream, because I happen to believe that the Washington franchise, as hopeless as it might look, is the best franchise for me. To me, there is an

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untouched potential in Washington. The Griffith family always ran the old Senators as a private six percent investment. The new franchise was under the command of Gen. Elwood Quesada, who ran it about as effectively as I would run an air force. The ball club itself was so bad it had to improve. The city was so ripe for anything that would provide fun and excitement that it was literally impossible to make a mistake.

And Washington has many values that are not visible to the naked eye of an accountant. The club's greatest asset—and this is the most illogical statement yet—is its long record of utter futility. Washington hasn't had a winner since 1933, and *the longer a city has been without a pennant, the more valuable, to my thinking, it becomes.*

We are, you must remember, selling dreams. We are selling our customers a personal identification with the ball club that represents their city—and which therefore represents each of them to the outside world. When you produce a winner for people who have become accustomed to losing, you are releasing an enthusiasm that has been storing up for years. You are—let me make this clear—affecting their inner lives, because you are telling them that they can still get up off the floor and be a winner too.

A more tangible advantage not listed in the Senators' balance sheet is the proximity of Baltimore, a happy geographic accident which opens up all sorts of possibilities for a spirited and profitable rivalry, much like the rivalry that once existed between Brooklyn and New York. And because the Senators are by far the poorer of the two teams, I would be the master of the revels. For Baltimore to pick on poor little Washington would be like Goliath, that big bully, picking a fight with David. But David, that brave little fellow, can stand there, heaving those rocks northward, and everybody will shout with glee when they strike home.

A feud is fun, just as yelling at the umpire is fun. I had the most outrageous and insulting things ready to say about the Baltimore ball club, most of them—fortunately—true. Anytime the two clubs met we could expect that every citizen with any civic pride or bloodlust would be in attendance.

There are other built-in assets. Because Washington is a government town, it is the most stable of cities, especially during a time of depression. As Barry Goldwater will tell you any old day, Washington is going to get bigger and bigger and more and more bureaucratic. And as I will tell Mr. Goldwater any old day, if *he* becomes President it will still get bigger and bigger and more and more bureaucratic.

Washington is particularly amenable to promotion because it is filled with government workers who live alone in little rooms and are eager for something to do, somewhere to go. It is filled, in particular, with unattached women looking for a place to meet young men under respectable auspices. It is filled with politicians, who are never averse to taking part in anything that will get them a little publicity. It is filled, in the summertime, with tourists, who mill around and ask each other, "Where should we go *now?*"

We had, to put it simply, pages upon pages of promotions aimed at filling all these needs.

There were also a few problems. It has been whispered to me from all sides that Washington's racial problem is impossible and insuperable. I say, in all modesty, that this is a problem only when you refuse to face it. I say further that once you do face it, it becomes, if anything, a benefit, if only because it forces you to go to work. Wherever I have operated I have been able to make a contribution to race relations, not because I've been pitching for any brotherhood awards, but because when you operate on a short bankroll as I do, you have to keep your eye on your primary goal—which is to get the most people into the park. On one of my first visits to a ball park when I was a little boy, my daddy, who was president of the Chicago Cubs, pointed to the day's receipts, piled high on his secretary's desk, and said to me, "It's a funny thing. You look at that money and it all looks the same. You can't tell who put it into your box office, can you?"

You know something? You can't.

I had a whole slew of ideas here, most of which I am not particularly anxious to hand over to the current ownership. But, just as an example, we planned to run Little League clinics every day during the season, sending white ball players, for the most part, into the Negro neighborhoods. Here you have a common interest—baseball—that not only obliterates color lines but which sets up a situation where the man of the opposite race is an admired—and even idolized—figure.

The real problem was the team itself. What do you do when you begin to operate a team that bad? Well, the one thing you have to do is *something*. You have to spend money in the face of your losses, because another of the more irrational facts about baseball is that the worse your team is, the more money you have to spend to promote it. You have to make the sensational offer of $200,000 and three players for one player of real talent, because if you can make that kind of deal you are doing two things. You are showing your fans that you are in there trying, and you are also getting yourself a player around whom you can build your team.

One of the oldest axioms in baseball is that you cannot buy a pennant. You cannot. But you *can* buy respectability. We had allocated $1,250,000 for Washington player purposes, and another three quarters of a million for farm development. In other words, we were prepared to spend two million in our first year.

Now, deficit spending is great if you are a duly recognized government with the power to print money. The owner of a ball club is empowered to print nothing more valuable than tickets. Where was the money going to come from? My philosophy has always been that if you run a good operation, the money will somehow come back through the box office. If you don't believe you can operate, you should stay home.

There is one other source of quick revenue: television. Washington now has a TV-radio contract that brings the team only $125,000 a year. With the increased interest, I could anticipate that this could very easily be doubled the first year and tripled the next.

And while you're dreaming about those rich green fields of television, you are also entitled to drool over the *Game of the Week* show, which pays the home club a very healthy $25,000 a shot. As things now stand, the Yankee domination of the American League is so complete that the *Game of the Week* practically made them the host club this year by giving them a special contract carrying a guarantee of something like $750,000. The other nine clubs, being mere spear carriers, have had to content themselves with taking whatever open dates are thrown their way. How many games have been thrown Washington's way, students? Right. Zero.

But the winds are rising here too. The spear carriers are on the edge of rebellion, and if the American League isn't very careful, this Yankee monopoly may end everybody will become solvent, and th Yankees will begin to get a little competition, a radical departure from the grand tradition.

Once you have a good television deal, the whole deck is reshuffled. Taking all areas of income into account, we figured to be able to break even in Washington by drawing 800,000 people. From that moment on, the ticket money of every person coming into the park would become almost wholly profit.

This is what makes baseball such a potentially great business. Once you cross the break-even point, the profits can really explode.

I saw no reason why I could not come very close to the break-even point *before the season started.* Sheer arrogance? Insufferable egotism? Sure it is. Except that in both Cleveland and Chicago our advance ran over a million.

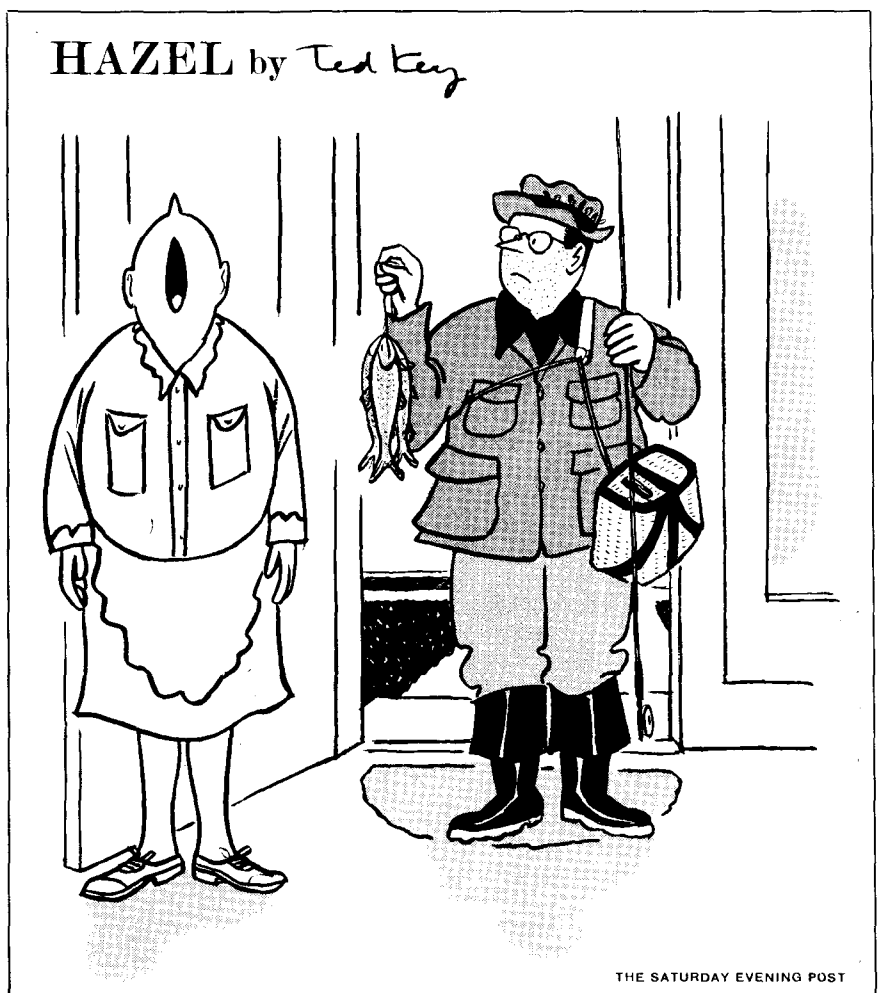
The strange thing about baseball owners—and this runs a direct line from the old pioneers to the current breed of insurance hustlers and bridge builders—is that the moment they come into possession of a big-league ball club they feel they are running it by divine right. Phil Wrigley, from his castle in the sky, won't sell advance tickets at all. Most clubs have only two ticket plans. They will permit you to buy a season ticket or a ticket for all their Sunday and night games. If you want to buy a couple of advance seats for, say, your kid's birthday, you are out of luck. Pull two tickets? Too much trouble.

Not for me it ain't. I was prepared to offer every ticket plan the mind could conceive plus whatever personal plan anybody wanted to propose. What it came down to was that if a guy wanted to buy one seat for a game in August, we were prepared to clasp him and his $1.80 to our bosom.

A large advance does something else for you too. Once you are sure of 10,000–15,000 for most of your games, you are also sure of a high level of enthusiasm even when the team is going bad. People enjoy being part of a crowd. A huge crowd becomes part of the entertainment. If there is one basic rule of promotion, it is that enthusiasm feeds off itself, and so does attendance.

In case anybody is interested, we didn't get the club only because it had a setup unique in baseball. The new Washington franchise had been formed not as a corporation but as a small-business partnership, so that the nine partners (who owned the 10 shares of stock) could write off their original losses against personal income. The initial vote was eight–two to sell to us, which would have given us the 80 percent we needed to liquidate the old company, buy out the other two partners and set up a new corporation for tax purposes. Unfortunately, we ran headlong into a buyer-seller agreement which gave any of the original partners the right to match any outside offer. The two holdout stockholders decided to match our offer, and bought out the others. That was the ball game and we were the losers.

But still . . . if the fans of Washingtc want to riot in the street to bring me in, I could not, to quote 500 or so part-time residents of the city, find it in my heart to ignore the call. THE END



"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!"

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Visiting by phone is in a class by itself

It makes you feel so good to call folks you love
...to talk and laugh and share each other's news.
And it's easy as "A, B, C"! Call soon and see.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Keep in touch by Long Distance

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*Methyl—® trademark for antiknock compound

If you need your windshield cleaned (but you don't need any gas), why not stop in and have your windshield cleaned?

We take a dim view of dirty windshields. They're not safe. They're annoying. So we're always glad to clean 'em.

Of course, we hope that when you do need gas, you'll try one of the three Chevron gasolines. Why three? So you can choose a gasoline made to fit the requirements of *your* car—without paying for extra power you can't use.

All three gasolines have Methyl* power—a research breakthrough in antiknock compounds that stands up under the extreme temperatures of high compression engines. Unlike others, Methyl spreads evenly to all cylinders, giving uniform antiknock performance. And it combines with all the other ingredients required for the best performance a car can deliver.

For the very highest-powered cars, use **Custom,** highest-powered gasoline in the West. For all other high-compression cars, fill up with **Supreme.** For cars designed to run on regular, choose **Chevron.**

You'll get on-the-road proof we take better care of your car.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

CHEVRON DEALERS · STANDARD STATIONS, INC.

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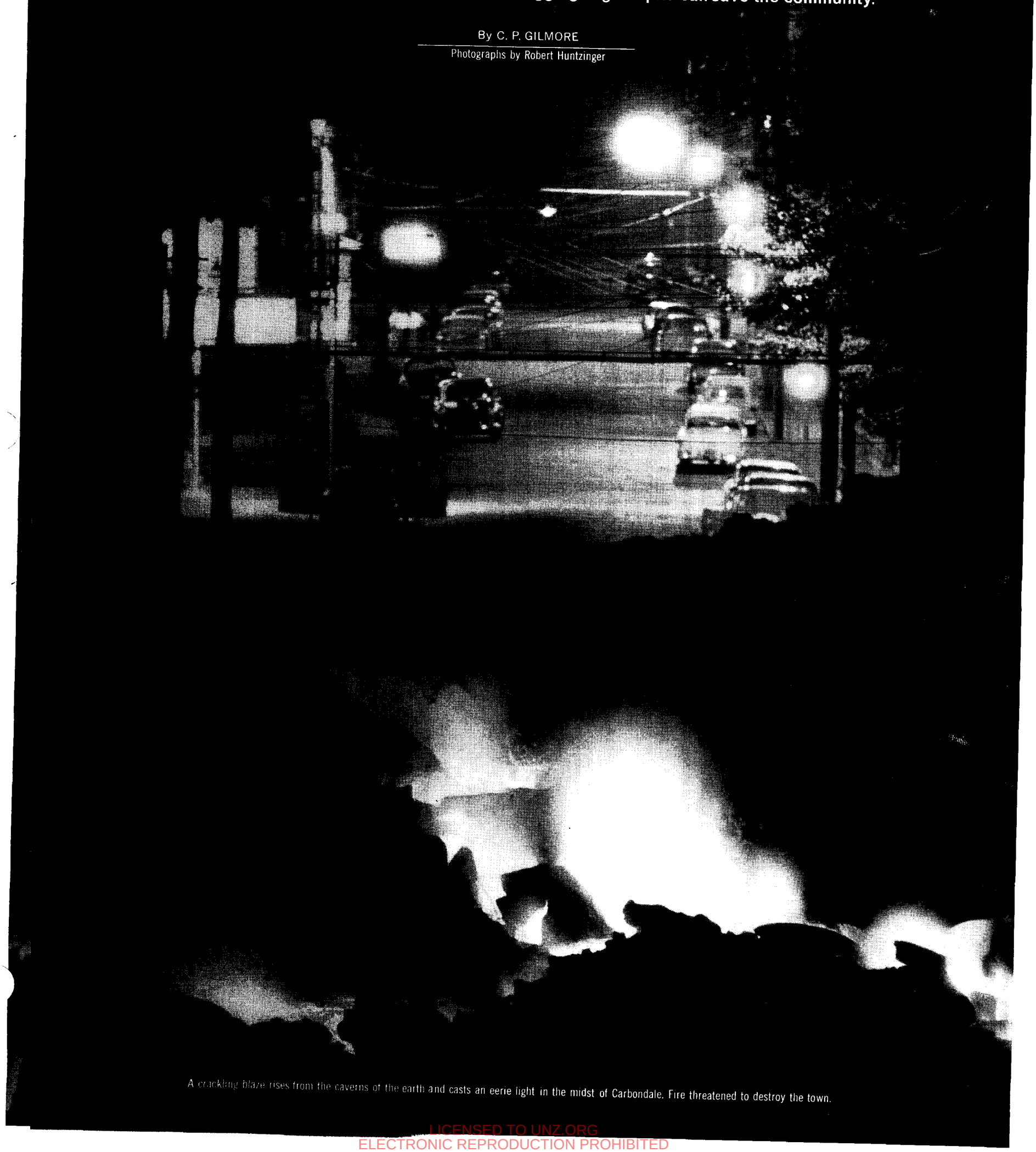
A CITY ON FIRE

For 17 years the people of Carbondale, Pa., have lived in fear. Raging fires sweep through abandoned coal mines under the town. Deadly gases seeping into homes have killed townspeople in their sleep. Only the digging of giant pits can save the community.

By C. P. GILMORE

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger



A crackling blaze rises from the caverns of the earth and casts an eerie light in the midst of Carbondale. Fire threatened to destroy the town.

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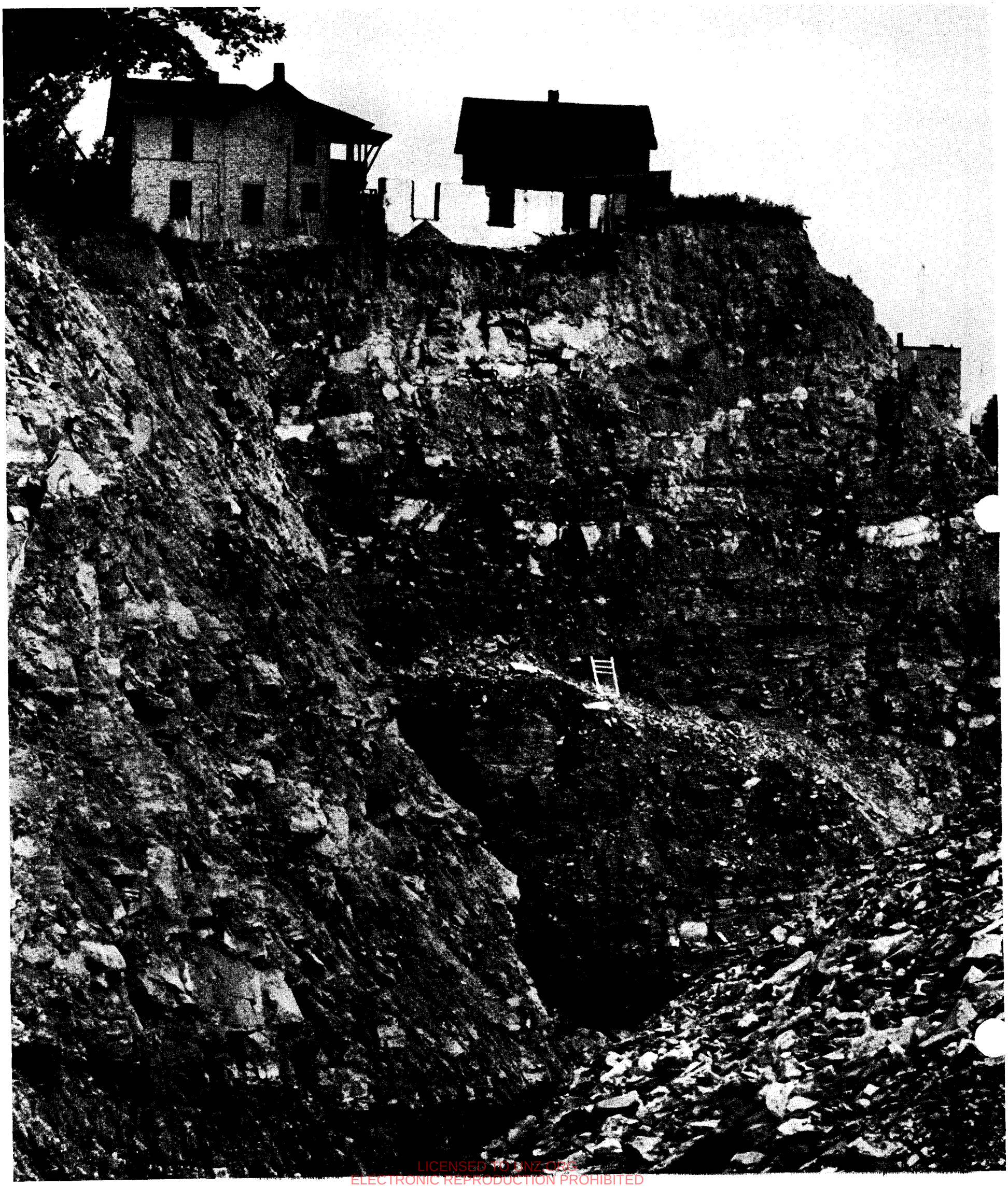
The earth opened, disgorging flame. "Mother of God," he exclaime



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"we could have been cooked alive."

"My boy Bob—he was just five years old then—had come into the backyard with a pitcher of lemonade my wife had made. As I took it, Bob screamed, 'Daddy, the ground is falling.' I looked down and I didn't know what to think. The ground was opening up under him. I grabbed him by the shoulder and threw him behind me. Everything went down, and it kept going down and down. I flung myself back away from the hole and clawed up the bank.

"When it went down, this debris and thick yellow smoke and flame came up out of the hole. Some men up on Willow Avenue about a half mile away saw it and thought the house was on fire."

Santo Perri, a short, dark, powerfully built ex-railroader, father of eight, paused and drew a breath. "Mother of God, we could have been cooked alive."

Perri's dramatic backyard brush with death hasn't been the only one in his community of Carbondale, Pa. Until recently he and 1,200 of his neighbors in a west-side residential section lived in constant peril, victims of one of the strangest catastrophes ever to befall a town.

Their nightmare began in 1946, when trash dumped into a pit caught fire and touched off exposed veins of coal. Inexorably, the flames spread through scores of abandoned but still coal-rich mines that honeycomb the earth under Carbondale. As the blaze chewed at the town's foundations, the burning earth shivered and fell, houses tilted and crumbled. Noxious gases created in the underground inferno crept upward through cracks and fissures into cellars and bedrooms.

The hellish existence of Carbondale's west-siders was made even more bizarre by the incongruity of the setting. By any standards, Carbondale provides an unlikely backdrop for tragedy. The sleepy little town of 13,000, nestled in a narrow valley in the green mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania, seems completely tranquil. Tree-shaded streets are lined with comfortable-looking, old-fashioned, two-story frame houses. The pace of life on Main Street—a little gone to seed—is casual. With the slump in the coal industry and the decline of mining since World War II, Carbondale hardly even looks like a mining town anymore. Only the long gashes in the mountainsides above the town—scars left by strip miners who peeled back the rocky earth with steam shovels to get at the anthracite beneath—give it away.

In this setting, the people of Carbondale had trouble believing the fire was serious. For the first few years they tended to regard the conflagration below their feet more as a nuisance than a menace. But their complacency was suddenly shattered one day in 1952. A west-sider named Jim Collins recalls the incident: "One day we noticed through the window that the table at my uncle's house next door was set, but we didn't see him or my aunt. The next day the table was still set exactly the same way. We got worried. The door was locked, so we broke in."

They found the elderly householders, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Collins, dead. The killer was carbon-monoxide gas, generated in the fires beneath the house. It had crept in and claimed its victims while they were still asleep.

Mayor Frank P. Kelly declared a state of emergency. Pennsylvania Department of Mines men swarmed over the area with gas detectors and found that many cellars throughout the area were filled with lethal concentrations. Inspectors went on 24-hour duty, checking houses every few hours. All cellar doors were left unlocked for their visits.

Inspector Martin Campbell found gas in one cellar and went upstairs to warn the lone resident. "I found her in the kitchen, knocked out," he says. "I got her outside and called the police and told them to send a doctor. Fifteen minutes more, the doctor said, and she would have been dead."

Families in the danger area set their alarm clocks, got up once an hour through the night, and roused sleepers to make sure that all were safe. Through the winter—and for many winters to come—residents in what one newspaper called Monoxide Gardens had to sleep with their windows open, even in subzero weather.

Families forced to leave

When inspectors found rising concentrations of gas, they sent householders to local hotels for the night. The Red Cross arranged to pay the bills automatically so there would be no delay in getting threatened residents to evacuate. Days—occasionally weeks—went by before gas concentrations fell low enough for families to return to their homes.

"We used to get surges of the gas," said former Mayor Kelly. The tall, soft-spoken, grandfatherly-looking man who was Carbondale's chief administrator from 1952 through 1960—the town's worst years of crisis—leaned over the counter in his drugstore and recalled the scene. "The air currents in the mine would change. One of our worst experiences came early one Sunday morning. People were getting up to go to early Mass. A number of them woke up dizzy and vomiting. They roused members of their families and then called the neighbors. We had about 20 or 25 that were just able to get out of their houses and into the air in time to recover."

Gas was only one menace generated by the flames. Heat was another. Large areas of the ground on Carbondale's west side began to get warm, then hot, as the fire spread through the mines a few feet below the earth's surface. Even while snow lay over the surrounding countryside, grass in the mine-fire area stayed green. This was pleasant enough, but other effects of the heat were not. "I remember one house," says Inspector Campbell, "where the concrete in the cellar was so hot it would burn your feet. The fire was right under there. The vapor would be rising off the walls. When you went in there, you'd just want to get out—right away."

As the fire burned on, cave-ins—always a danger in mining country—became more common. Leo Coleman, a railroader who lived in the mine-fire area, ordered two tons of coal and had it delivered into his cellar. "Just after I got the coal in there, a big cave-in came right under the coal, and the whole pile went down in the mines. It took everything."

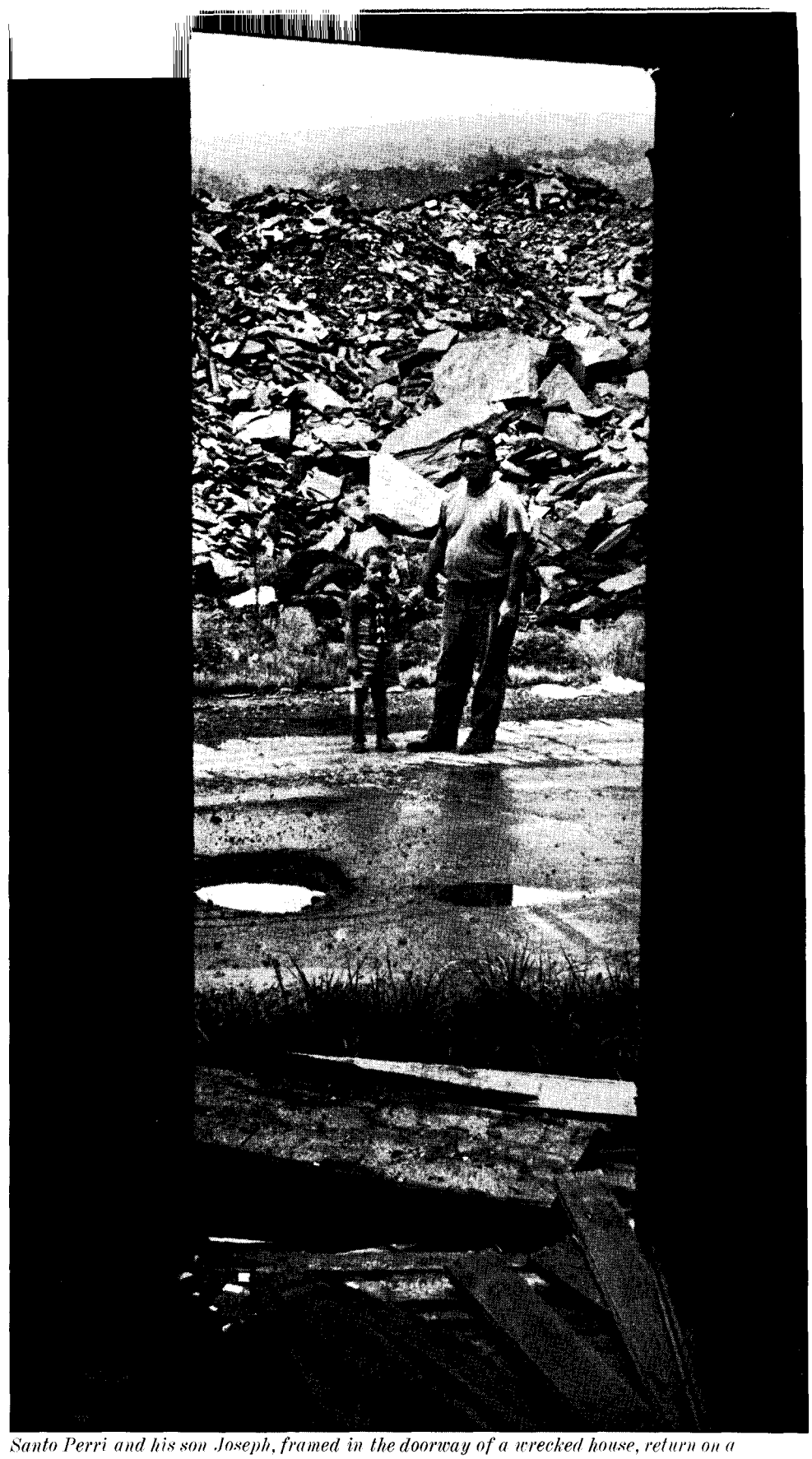
When the ground quivered and sank, houses were strained, twisted and broken. "We couldn't take anyone into the parlor," says Coleman. "The wallpaper was torn, everything was busted, and there was plaster falling all over everything. They jacked up the house four times, but it would sink again." Cellars became forests of jacks as householders struggled to keep their homes upright.

They weren't always successful. Despite the efforts of west-sider Stanley Cominsky, the house he occupied with his wife and three children continued to tilt until it was hard to walk across the floors without slipping. Cominsky propped the teetering structure with boards, but still it threatened to tip over. "The walls were busted, the sewer and water pipes leaking, and everything was falling apart," says Cominsky. He finally gave up and moved away.

Paul Elbrecht and his mother put blocks of wood under their bedposts to try to make the beds level enough to sleep in. Other blocks propped up their dining-room table so that dishes wouldn't slide off. The Elbrechts eventually capitulated and left too.

Most families, though, defied the gas, the underground heat, the cave-ins and sinkings, the cracking homes. They stayed. Visitors were amazed. "People would always ask, 'Why don't they get out?'" says Mayor Kelly. "Well, where were they going to go? This is everything they owned. They didn't have any other place. They couldn't sell their property and buy another home. Who would buy a house over a mine fire?"

"We were afraid," says 75-year-old William Cooper, a 50-year resident of the west side, "afraid of going to bed at



Santo Perri and his son Joseph, framed in the doorway of a wrecked house, return on a nostalgic visit to the place where their home used to stand. Now it is only a pile of rubble.

Families had to abandon their homes now perched on the edge of excavation.

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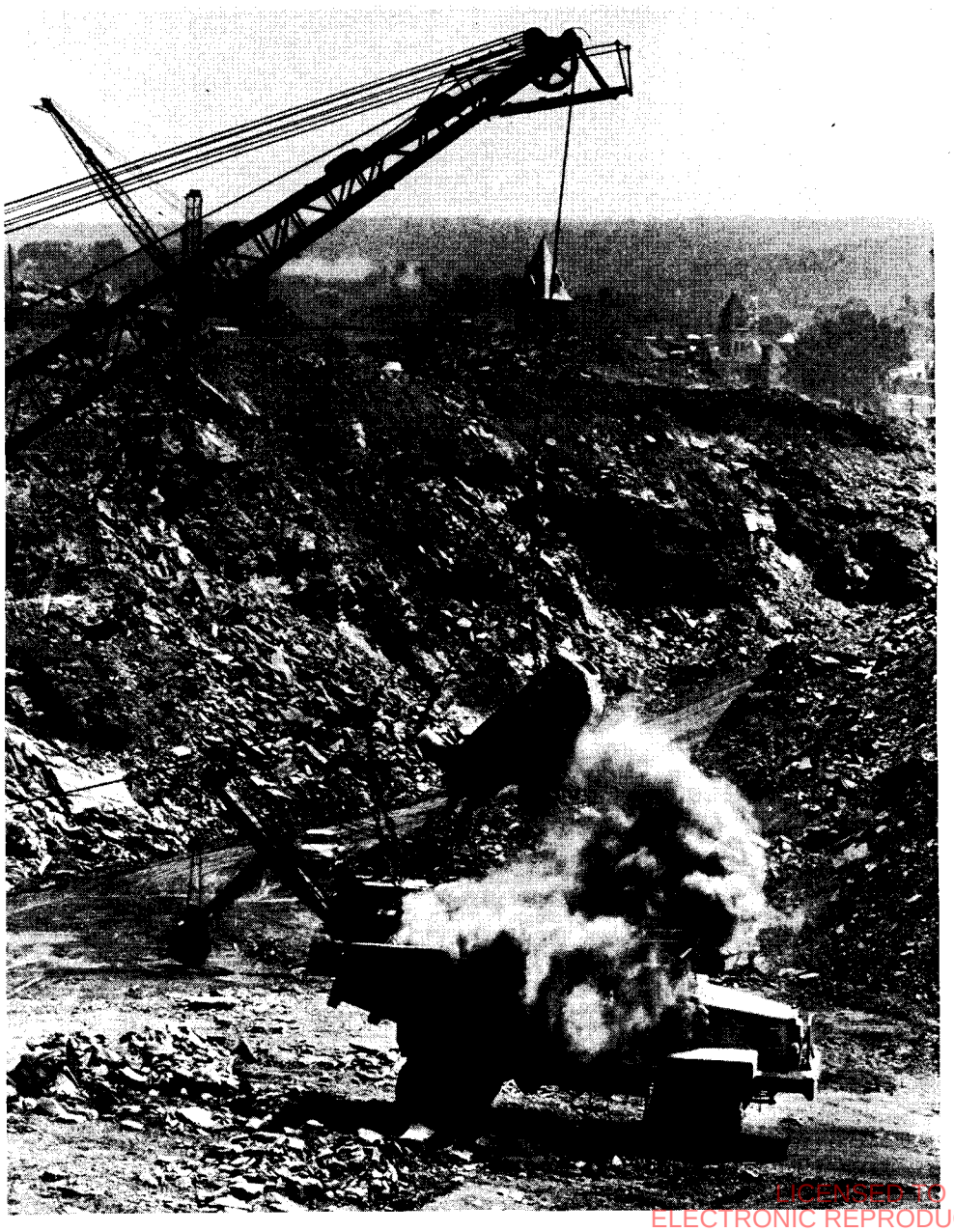
In a cliff-hanging finish, workmen stopped underground blaze only 20 feet

night. The children would say, 'Do we have to get out tonight?' But what could you do? They have a lot of bad things some places, but still people stay. Cyclones blow down their homes and they build them again. I don't know why; people just seem to stay."

At first, city fathers and mining officials were hopeful that they could control the fire. Since mine fires are not uncommon—more than 200 currently burn in coal seams across the country—techniques have been worked out for fighting them. These methods are frequently successful. Sometimes covering the ground above the fire with earth or clay will seal cracks and choke off the air supply. Trenches may isolate burning coal and keep fire from spreading. Carbondale's fire, though, presented special problems. First, it was bigger than most. And its location—under a residential area—complicated the situation. The most promising technique for Carbondale, experts decided, was "flushing"—filling tunnels and blocking off the fire.

Workmen drilled hundreds of holes. Truckloads of silt were washed down into the mines throughout the fire area. But it was a losing battle. "They'd start to flush; then when the money would run out, they'd have to stop," says Mayor Kelly. "Then the fire would make an end run and take in a bigger area. We'd have to wait for a new fiscal year to get a new program. But the fire didn't operate on a fiscal year, and it kept getting bigger."

A crane at Carbondale excavation site dumps hot rock into a truck. The blaze which breaks up out of the ground can singe a truck's tires. When it rains, the earth sizzles.



Through the 1950's the fire continued to worsen. Engineers began to suspect that flushing, in Carbondale's labyrinthian mines, could never work. The rich veins of anthracite that lie under the city had been mined since the 1820's. Thousands of tunnels, many unrecorded and forgotten, formed an unending maze. Carbondale's abandoned mines were full of highly combustible coal debris. Air to feed the fire came from thousands of unknown sources. Mine experts not only couldn't block off tunnels—they frequently couldn't even tell for sure where the fires were burning.

Finally, three years ago, with the blaze threatening to spread under the city's business district and east-side residential areas, officials came up with a massive plan to beat the fire.

In the early 1950's, Mayor Kelly had gone to nearby Scranton to hear federal officials describe the newly enacted urban-renewal plan, which provided federal funds to help cities wipe out blighted areas. It suddenly occurred to Kelly that although the law had been intended to help fight blight above the ground, perhaps it could be stretched to include underground blight as well.

"The idea required a lot of selling to the people in Washington," says Kelly. "But they finally decided that the act just said blight, and didn't specify that it had to be aboveground." With this encouragement, Kelly appointed a planning commission of leading citizens to work out a plan which would both meet urban-renewal specifications and put out the fire.

Although the fire had been burning for years, engineers reported that many millions of tons of coal still remained in its path. But the Carbondale Coal Company, which owned the mineral rights—and hence the coal—had taken out all it could by conventional tunnel mining. The only economical way to dig the rest was to strip-mine it—that is, to bring in power shovels, open a tremendous pit, and haul the coal out with trucks. So long as houses were on the land, of course, it couldn't be stripped.

Under the Carbondale plan, a special urban-redevelopment board would condemn the entire 130-acre tract under which the fire was burning, buy the houses, and tear them down. Then Carbondale Coal could come in and strip-mine its coal. In return for being allowed to strip-mine, the company would dig out the fire and refill the land. Carbondale Coal also agreed to pay a small royalty on the coal it removed to help defray the cost of acquiring and clearing the land.

Federal officials approved the plan and made $2.8 million available for land acquisition. The state of Pennsylvania put up another $1.1 million. The coal company, engineers figured, would spend $12 million digging the coal out and refilling the pit. For its trouble, it would get $13 million worth of coal for a profit of one million dollars. Of this, it would pay out approximately a half million in royalties.

The plan, despite its promise, didn't meet with universal approval. Some householders in the affected area still felt that there must be some way to put out the fire without destroying their homes. "There wasn't," says C. B. Tomaine, board chairman of the Redevelopment Authority. "That fire is a cancer. You've got to go in and dig it out. If you get it all, it's done. If you don't, there's no telling where it will break out."

By the end of 1960 Tomaine's Redevelopment Authority, established to run the massive project, had condemned and bought the first sections of land and begun moving residents out. A housing authority, set up to help those who qualified for public housing, opened the doors of a community of newly built duplexes to receive the displaced families. In January, 1961, the shovels began to bite into the earth and work down toward the fire. A few weeks ago I went to Carbondale to check on their progress.

The work scene is awesome. Men with giant shovels, bulldozers and trucks are now swarming over the site. Before they are through, they will dig out an area almost a mile long and a half mile wide down to bedrock—on the average, a hundred feet or more. In the process they will move more earth than the builders of the Panama Canal—and, hopefully, stop the fire which is threatening the city's existence.

Already, pits big enough to swallow a battleship have been gouged out of the earth. Clouds of smoke billow upward from cracks and crevices. Flames leap in underground chambers revealed by the digging. Glowing coals cast an obscene crimson light over the area at night. The draglines cut and bite, tearing the hot coal from the earth. The smell of burning sulfur fills the air.

The bottom of the pit, where men ar machines work, is flooded. The shove. drop the burning coal in the water to quench it, then load it in the trucks to be hauled away. It is a nasty job. "It's hard on equipment, real hard," says foreman Gino Marchetti. "Working in water, you can't keep shovels greased right. But you need that water."

Frank Olshefsii, a gravel-voiced bull of a man who has been strip-mining for 30 years, says, "I never believed the stuff would burn like that underground. Walking past the burning chambers is like walking past an open furnace. The heat hits you in the face."

In spite of the working conditions, officials optimistically predict that the job will be finished by 1968—two years ahead of schedule. About 25 percent of the project has been completed. Still, it is only within the last few months that victory over the fire has seemed assured.

The grand strategy was to isolate the burning coal with a 300-foot-wide trench around the area, then dig out the central region. It almost didn't work. As crews made the last cut on the area's eastern perimeter, the fire raced ahead and nearly broke through a crosstown seam into deposits under the business district and east-side residential section. Workmen stopped it 20 feet from disaster.

"That sewed it up," says Mayor Frank Howard, who took over from Mayor Kelly in 1960. "Until then, we weren't sure we had it cut off." The mayor, who runs a service station when he's not directing the city's affairs, finished filling the tank of a car and hung up the hose He wiped his forehead with one sleeve o his sweatshirt. "We were really holding our breaths until then. If the fire had got under the railroad track, we would have really been in trouble. That was the boundary of the redevelopment area. If it passed the boundary, we weren't authorized to tear down buildings and go after it. By the time we could have gone through all the necessary red tape to clear the way, there's no telling where the fire would have been."

Eyeholes in a skull

While most west-side houses have been demolished and giant holes now gape where they stood, some reminders of the past remain. Cellar doors of the few remaining homes are still unlocked for the inspector's visits. The house where the Collinses died still stands, decayed and desolate, windows like eyeholes in a skull. Cellars—minus their houses—dot the hillsides. Here and there a well-maintained home, still inhabited, stands out in strange contrast to the panorama of desolation. Neatly trimmed lawns and blooming flower beds seem out of place in the scarred landscape.

With the digging job well under way, a few west-side residents still aren't convinced that the cure isn't worse than the fire. Strangely enough, many still are reluctant to go.

"It's really heartbreaking to pick up and leave after thirty years," says Mrs Jennie Fortuner. "I raised my childr in this home, and now three of them a. married and the other one is supposed to be married sometime next year. I wish I could stay here until then."

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from disaster.

William Cooper was digging in a flower bed when I walked into his yard. He didn't know if he would be there when the flowers he was planting came up, but he went on planting.

Joseph Cerra is a small, tough, wiry man, deeply tanned and spry as a gamecock. He doesn't look his 70 years. "My wife's father gave me this lot when I came home from the service in 1919," he says. "My mother gave me a present of $500, and I built this house. The place is paid for and everything. I thought I was set. I can't go back to work now. But I can't get another house for what I'm getting for this one."

Living in danger for so long has made area residents curiously immune to fear. Jim Collins, who discovered the bodies of his aunt and uncle, is one of the last hangers-on. He still lives in the house next door. The constant threat doesn't bother him. "It's all right as long as you keep the windows open," he says.

As the last few remnants of the west-side community face the inevitable day of evacuation, city officials are busy blueprinting the future. A reborn west side, under their plans, will become a thriving industrial park, bringing new jobs, new vitality to the town.

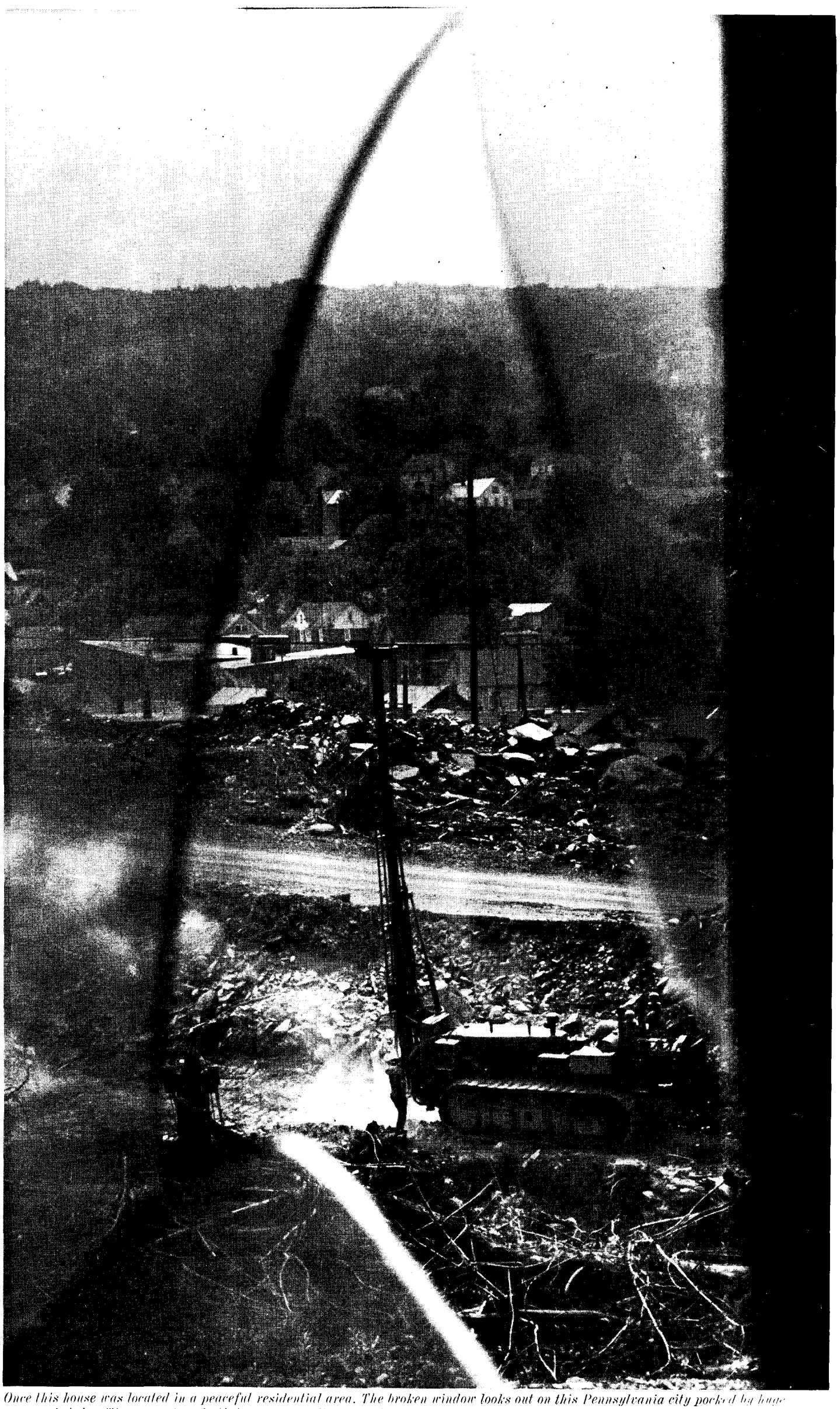
For the first time since the decline of the coal industry in the 1930's, there is real hope in Carbondale. With victory in the underground battle in sight, the town is stirring with new vigor. Business and civic groups are working to bring new industries to town and have several new plants to show for their efforts.

Planning Commission chairman Joseph Farrell, whose clipped way of speaking gives his words a driving intensity, puts it this way. "This used to be a good town. But with mining over, it was going downhill. Then strip mining came in and made a mess of it. Then this damn fire. Now that the battle has been won, we're ready to move. Now we've got citizen participation. The fire was the spark plug."

Mayor Howard adds ardently, "The industrial site that we're going to build on the reconstituted fire area will be the salvation of this town. Carbondale is the city of the future."

But while the scars in Carbondale's smoking earth will soon be smoothed over, those in the minds of its residents may take a long time to heal. Mrs. Santo Perri could be speaking for all whose lives have been irreparably changed by the underground menace. Her memories are still vivid: "We had to leave. The hole in the backyard kept getting bigger and moving toward the house. The children would wake up sick and vomiting from the gas. We had a beautiful big cat we raised from a kitten. One day we found her dead in the cellar. We lived in that house nineteen years and we didn't want to leave. But no home was worth what we had to go through."

Mrs. Perri slowly looked at the neat living room of the Housing Authority duplex on Carbondale's east side where she and her family now live. "Every once in a while we go over and look around where our house used to be—to torture ourselves, I guess. But we haven't been there for a while now. I don't want to go anymore." She paused again and sighed. "But it was beautiful over there. I'll never forget it." THE END



Once this house was located in a peaceful residential area. The broken window looks out on this Pennsylvania city pocked by huge man-made holes. The excavators, in their attempt to dig up the blaze, will move more earth than the builders of the Panama Canal

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WHAT RISKS IN A NUCLEAR TEST BAN?

When President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev agree on a "disarmament treaty," to the accompaniment of popping champagne corks, it's hard for anyone else to get a word in. "This treaty," says Khrushchev, "is just what the doctor ordered." "This treaty," says Kennedy, "is in our national interest." But is it? And what did which doctor order?

During the past weeks a parade of Administration witnesses, including the reluctant chiefs of staff, have told the Senate that they support the test ban, and most Washington oracles have predicted Senate ratification. Not everybody is completely convinced, however, by the flood of oratory from Washington and Moscow. In our SPEAKING OUT department (page 10) Rep. Craig Hosmer, ranking House Republican member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, raises some strong objections that deserve a fuller hearing. Hosmer believes the test ban will enable the Russians to gain on us in antimissile defenses—perhaps even to overtake us in over-all nuclear power. Such distinguished figures as Lewis Strauss, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Edward Teller, the scientist chiefly responsible for building the hydrogen bomb, have similar objections.

We don't fully agree with Representative Hosmer's argument—SPEAKING OUT is not an expression of the *Post* editors' views but a forum for controversial opinions on major issues. But we don't agree with the Administration's high confidence either—still less with the idealists who think the test ban means the end of the Cold War.

One important thing to keep in mind is what the test-ban agreement *isn't*. First, it isn't a complete test ban. Since nobody could agree on how to inspect and control underground explosions—the treaty has no international inspection of any kind—underground testing will continue. More important, the treaty is not a disarmament agreement. The U.S. arsenal of nuclear warheads, numbering in the tens of thousands, will not be reduced one bit—nor will the Soviet arsenal. Nor will this agreement prevent the spread of atomic weapons to France and Red China, since they refuse to sign it. Nor will it prevent any nation from using its atomic weapons whenever it feels it must.

In other words, the agreement is by no means as momentous, for either good or evil, as both its advocates and its opponents sometimes claim. Then what *does* it accomplish? For one thing, it ends the often-exaggerated but still worrisome spread of radioactive fallout. For another, it tends to slow, but not stop, the East-West arms race. The most important aspect of the treaty, however, is political rather than military. It's an old rule of bargaining that even the most limited agreement can lead to more important agreements. And though we have considerable doubts, we'll agree with Dean Rusk's statement that the test-ban treaty is "a good first step, but only a first step." When Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko comes to the U.N. General Assembly September 17, we'll see what the next step is—toward real disarmament, toward a settlement of such problems as Berlin, or toward a new deadlock.

WHEN "CRUELTY" IS NECESSARY

In another SPEAKING OUT (*Post*, July 27–Aug. 3), Cleveland Amory, author of *Who Killed Society?*, charged that "the era of big science . . . has . . . brought one hideous result—cruelty to animals on a staggering scale." In this case we don't just have reservations about our contributor's views; we think he deserves to be challenged on a number of points.

Mr. Amory accused scientists of needlessly inflicting pain on animals, but he did not explain the purpose of their investigations, which is to find ways of alleviating pain and staving off death in humans. The Harvard flame experiment with dogs and pigs, described by Mr. Amory, was an emergency research program requested by the National Defense Research Committee during World War II to save American soldiers attacked by Japanese flame throwers. The men were dying in concrete bunkers, often with no external burns, and the precise cause of death was not known. The Harvard study threw light on the mystery and aided in saving many American lives. Contrary to the impression given by Mr. Amory, seriously injured animals were completely anesthetized until death.

Similar lifesaving results have stemmed from other experiments attacked by Mr. Amory. He cited "the crushing of muscles, the breaking of bones and other mutilating injuries." The experiment in question involved the use of a smooth-edged wooden press, which did not crush bones, but compressed a muscle to simulate an injury to humans trapped in bombed buildings. Doctors were puzzled by the fact that the bomb victims appeared to suffer little pain but died from shock soon after being rescued. Experiments showed that these people could be saved if they were *not* given anesthetics as shock developed. As a result of other animal experiments, the treatment of shock victims was reversed. Thenceforth they were kept cool instead of warm, with a tremendous saving of life.

A number of bills to regulate animal research are now pending before Congress. Mr. Amory, we believe, misconstrues the forces behind these animal-research bills. He said that "not one of them [the bills] is an antivivisection measure," and that, "on the contrary, the bills' supporters accept experimentation on living creatures as essential to scientific progress."

Yet the fact is that one of the most active agitators for the bills, Mr. Amory's own Humane Society of the U.S. (he is a director of the organization), includes many antivivisectionists among its members. Fred Myers, organizer of the Humane Society of the U.S., once stated that "every single member of our board and our staff, I think, is opposed to vivisection as a matter of moral principle."

Medical scientists, who for years have had to defend their research from the harassment of antivivisectionists, see in the activities of the Humane Society of the U.S. a regrouping of old forces under a new name. If the author of *Who Killed Society?* continues to support these forces, he may one day be asking himself, "Who killed research?"

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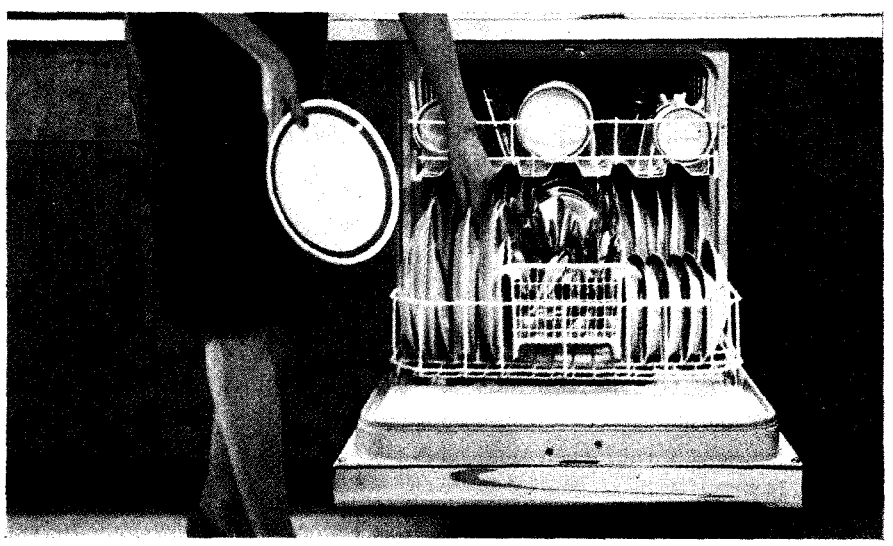

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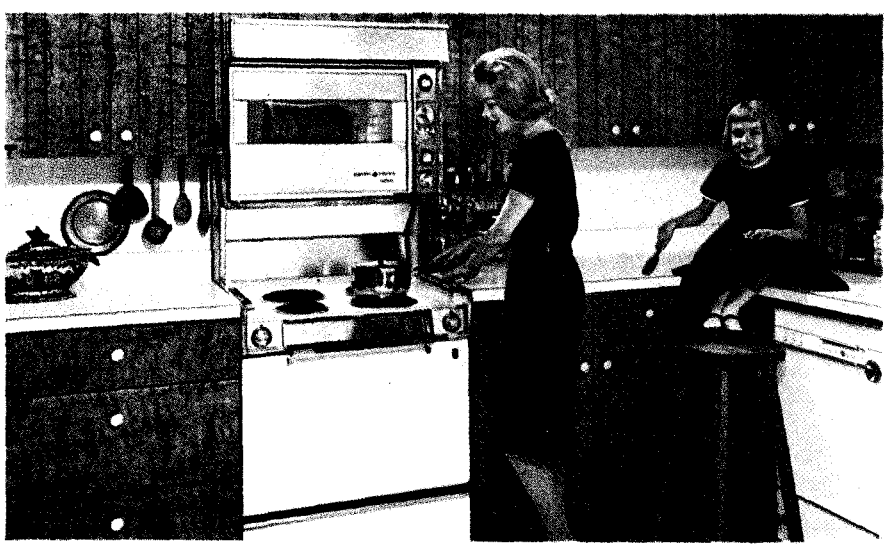

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